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MYSTERIES OF POLICE AND CRIME

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MYSTERIES OF POLICE AND CRIME

MYSTERIES OF POLICE AND CRIME

A GENERAL SURVEY OF WRONGDOING AND ITS PURSUIT

BY

MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS

AUTHOR OF "MEMORIALS OF MILLBANK," "CHRONICLES OF NEWGATE," "SECRETS OF THE PRISON HOUSE," ETC.

"JOHN HOWARD" GOLD MEDALLIST, AND ONE OF H.M. INSPECTORS OF PRISONS

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CONTENTS

VOLUME II.

Part V. (*continued*).—MURDER MYSTERIES.

CHAPTER		PAGE
XX.	Some French Cases	1
XXI.	Concealment by Burial	37
XXII.	How some Murders have been Detected	56
XXIII.	How Detection is Aided and Hindered	77

Part VI.—THE POISONERS.

XXIV.	Female Poisoners	97
XXV.	Male Poisoners	136
XXVI	General Aspects of Poisoning	157

Part VII.—CRIMES OF GREED AND ACQUISITIVENESS.

XXVII.	Burglaries	177
XXVIII.	Burglaries (*continued*)	194
XXIX.	Bank, Post-Office, and Kindred Robberies	213

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXX.	Jewel Robberies	231
XXXI.	Robberies with and without Violence	271
XXXII.	Some Varieties of Theft	289
XXXIII.	False Doubles, Claimants, and Great Impostors ...	308
XXXIV.	Forgery and Fraud	357
XXXV.	Gigantic Banking and Financial Frauds	378
XXXVI.	Frauds upon the Currency	401

Part VIII.—ASSOCIATIONS OF CRIMINALS.

XXXVII.	Miscellaneous Associations	419
XXXVIII.	Political and Anarchical	458
Index	... ...	473

MYSTERIES OF POLICE AND CRIME.

Part V. (*continued*).

MURDER MYSTERIES.

CHAPTER XX.

SOME FRENCH CASES.

Comparison between English and French Detection of Dismemberment Cases—L'Huissier—Barré and Lebiez—The "Woman of Clichy"—Prévost—Voirbo—Extraordinary astuteness of M. Macé, a young Commissary of Police, afterwards the famous Chef de la Sûreté—The parcel and what it contained—Other fragments and clear indication of crime—Macé fixes it on a Tailor—His Search for Tailors—Identity of Victim cleverly established—One Bodasse, who was missing—His friend Voirbo—Voirbo's antecedents—Bodasse's Apartment broken open—The Cuckoo Clock—Stolen Securities traced—Suspicion of Voirbo strengthened—His Apartment visited, but nothing found—Desperate Game between Hunter and Quarry—Macé at fault, but boldly arrests Voirbo and gets conclusive Proofs—The Jug emptied on the Stone Floor—Full Confession—Suicide of Voirbo.

"COMPARISONS are odious," and it would be unfair, impossible indeed, to compare very closely the English and French police, or, more exactly, the London and Parisian. Both have their strong points, both have achieved great and commendable success, each in their own way. Our police system depends largely on its admirable organisation and extensive machinery; in Paris the police have greater and at times even arbitrary powers, which help much in the pursuit of crime. Common report credits French officers of justice with more astuteness in detection, deeper insight, more scientific analysis, a better skill in reasoning from first premises and building up clever and elaborate theories, but these are to be traced, perhaps, to

the romance writers, the Gaboriaux, Boisgobeys, and Chavettes who have invented such types as Père Tabaret and Monsieur Lecocq. Some of our English novelists have helped rather to belittle the usefulness of the English police. Dr. Conan Doyle's great creation, Sherlock Holmes, is an amateur, whose marvellous achievements in detection, so dramatically and powerfully told, are against the regular police force. Sherlock Holmes always laughs at official methods, and either puts them contemptuously aside or triumphs over them by his more perfect intellectual processes. Our latest detective fiction has effaced the memory of such remarkable characters as Wilkie Collins's Sergeant Cuff in the "Moonstone," or the first heroes of old Scotland Yard introduced to us by Charles Dickens under the names of Inspector Bucket and the rest—characters all drawn from the life in the days when detection was young.

At the same time the fact remains, however it may be explained, that in crimes of the character now dealt with French detection has been more successful than English. No doubt it has had more scope, and many more opportunities of action owing to the much greater frequency of the crime in France than in England. While the London police are still left absolutely in the dark as to the real actors in the terrible dramas of Whitechapel in 1888-89, or of those connected with the discovery of human remains at Battersea in 1873, at Cropton Pickering in 1872, or at Waterloo Bridge in 1857, the police of Paris can point to many similar mysteries they have successfully unravelled. There was the famous case of Voirbo, in 1869, in the Odéon quarter, the story of which, condensed from that told by the chief investigator, I shall give directly; the Villemomble case, as it was called, in 1886, a most ingenious crime of sequestration and subsequent murder; the mystery of Barré and Lebiez; those of Billoir, Prévost, Gilles and Abadie, Menesclou, Avinain, Vitalis, all of which are mentioned in these pages. As a matter of detection, the first named, the case of Voirbo, exhibits, perhaps, the most extraordinary skill, but I will take first some less elaborate instances, reserving that of Voirbo to close this branch of the subject.

As far back as 1835, the discovery of bodies and fragments of bodies was by no means uncommon in the Seine and other parts of Paris. On the 25th of April in that year certain workmen engaged upon the Pont de la Concorde picked up a big bundle or bale out of the river. They opened it, counting upon a stroke of good luck, but it was the same story of disgust and disappointment. The contents were human remains, and on the most prominent fragment someone had pinned a piece of paper inscribed "*Le Journal du Carnival.*" The bale was a common corn-sack inside a cover of packing-cloth, the whole tied with cord in a peculiar fashion. A second parcel similarly enveloped and tied was found above the *entrepôt*, and the contents were of the same character.

The whole, collected and put together at the Morgue, constituted a body which was soon recognised as that of a woman named Ferraud who kept a drinking-shop near the corn market.

The police soon unravelled this mystery. The woman Ferraud had been last seen with a man named L'Huissier. She had just moved her residence, and he had helped her with the furniture. It was to gain possession of this that he killed her, having lured her into the lonely house which was to be her new residence. He was easily arrested, as he had made no attempt to cover up his tracks, and although he denied the charge to the last he was convicted and executed.

BARRÉ AND LEBIEZ.

In April, 1878, human remains were found in a bedroom of the Hôtel Jeanson in the Rue Poliveau—two legs and arms, a woman's, wrapped in black glazed paper. Other articles were with them: a black petticoat, and three male shirts in red and blue stripes. The parcel was tied up with thread and old binding. There was a mark of a recent burn on one arm which had been healed with an ivy-leaf. The hands were wrinkled and horny.

These remains had been hidden in a cupboard, and lay there just a fortnight. They had been brought by two youths who engaged the room, but only for a night, and who then

disappeared. One of these young men was fair, the other dark-complexioned. The latter signed the lodging-house register (kept for the inspection of the police) as Émile Gérard, born at Blois, and he wrote in a firm but rather thick hand.

At first the hackneyed explanation of medical students and their grim jokes was offered. Some doctors supported this theory, but the most eminent scouted it, on the ground that the dismemberment had been carried out by unskilled hands, and that the cuts could not have been made by any surgical implements.

Then followed a keen hunt for Émile Gérard, a no less eager inquiry for women missing, and a dozen or more false tracks. One Émile Gérard was come upon at an hotel, arrested promptly, and released next day, when it was found that he had only borrowed the name, without knowing the inconveniences it involved. Presently two men were overheard by a tobacconist whispering at her counter that this was the very place at which they had bought cigars on the day "the limbs" had been brought to the Hôtel Jeanson. A hot pursuit was instituted, the men were captured and discovered to be two well-known reporters discussing the details of the crime.

The first real clue was picked up by a journalist, M. Peyrocave, of the *Liberté*, a devoted amateur detective, who often attached himself to the police and gave his attention especially to disappearances. He went carefully through the list of women missing and at last fixed upon a milk-woman named Gillet, who lived in the Rue Paradis Poissonnière. She had not been seen since the 23rd of March, almost the exact date on which the remains had been brought to the Hôtel Jeanson. He had ascertained that this woman Gillet had the cautery on her arm.

Friends and neighbours were now sought out and taken to view the fragments and articles at the Morgue. The arm with the cautery was identified as Madame Gillet's, the black petticoat was recognised as hers. The first step in the inquiry was now made good, the identity of the victim was established. Through her it might be possible to arrive at the murderers.

She had many friends, intimate and familiar friends, and a neighbour who read her letters to her (for Madame Gillet was quite illiterate) came forward to say she had recently received an invitation to dine at Belleville with a shoemaker Herbelst. The latter was arrested, and with him a couple of his friends. None of them could be recognised by the proprietor of the Hôtel Jeanson.

Then came another clue. It was reported that Madame Gillet was closely allied to a young gentlemen who did her money business for her, a certain Barré, recommended to her as an agent by a friend who kept a fortune-telling place. Barré had not been seen since the disappearance of Madame Gillet, but his address was known, and the police had no difficulty in laying hands upon him.

Barré denied all knowledge of Madame Gillet. But the police knew better. They had obtained a number of compromising facts against him, mainly through the information volunteered by a certain commissionaire-collector, one Démol, who had executed many commissions for Barré. Démol, an old soldier, and a sturdy, responsible person, spoke out without hesitation.

It appeared that Barré had been a notary's clerk and had thus become acquainted with Démol, who collected money for the office. When Barré left the notary's and set up in business for himself as what we should call an "outside broker," he still employed Démol. Barré bought and sold for clients, Madame Gillet among the number, and speculated on his own account in a small way. His operations were generally unfortunate, and he found himself in March on the point of being declared bankrupt by the broker who acted for him.

On the 25th of March Barré sent three shares in the Orleans railway, by Démol, to this broker, with orders for him to dispose of them, pay himself, and remit him the balance by the commissionaire. This was one of several such transactions. Barré, from having been short of funds, was seen to be quite flush on the 24th of March. He exhibited a handful of gold to Démol that evening, and paid him certain sums he had borrowed from him.

One other fact deposed to by Démol was the purchase of a small portmanteau in black wood. Démol had gone with Barré to the Temple for the purpose. The box was to be sent with a present of clothes to a friend in Mans.

This box became presently an important link in the evidence. It was traced down to Mans and found in the left luggage office, where it had been lying some days. It was now remarked that it gave off a very disagreeable smell. The portmanteau was opened in the presence of the chiefs of the police, and, inside, among a quantity of linen rags, a human head was found far advanced in decomposition, but recognised as that of the missing milk-woman.

There was no longer any doubt as to Barré's guilt, yet the case had nearly fallen through. When confronted with the landlady of the Hôtel, Madame Jeanson, she failed to recognise him as the Émile Gérard who had signed her lodgers' register. Again, although it was known to her neighbours that Madame Gillet possessed a small fortune in stocks and shares, it had been impossible to trace these securities through the brokers, until at last, Démol, the commissionaire, remembered some of the numbers.

After this, Barré confessed his crime, but he taxed a friend with being an accessory, a certain Lebiez, a medical student who lived in the Latin quarter, not far from the Rue Poliveau, who was at once apprehended. The profession of this accomplice rather contradicted the testimony as to the rough, unskilled hacking of the remains, but that was no doubt done on purpose, as a blind.

The murder was first conceived by Barré. Madame Gillet brought him his milk daily and talked with him rather incautiously about her affairs. One day she told him that, being rather short of money, she meant to realise a few of her shares. Barré offered at once to see to the disposal of them for her, but Madame Gillet would not entrust him with the securities. Then he resolved to make away with her and acquire the whole of her property.

Lebiez, when the scheme was proposed to him, fell in with

it readily. It was arranged that he should join Barré at his lodgings in the morning before the hour of Madame Gillet's visit and do his share. Barré began by striking the unfortunate woman on the head with a hammer; Lebiez finished her with a scraper.

Then Barré took Madame Gillet's keys, went to her apartment, ransacked it, secured the scrip, and, as we know, realised a portion at once. Then he returned and joined his accomplice in the dismemberment and distribution of the remains. One part was taken to the Hôtel Jeanson, to become the first clue to the crime; the rest was packed off to Mans, whither the murderers meant to follow, so as to get rid of their ghastly burthen as far as possible from Paris.

Lebiez threw all the blame upon Barré, but when confronted with the corpse reconstituted and lying in silent testimony, he in his turn confessed. He was a curious specimen of the modern freethinker, and posed as above ordinary human emotions. On the 12th of April following the crime, three weeks afterwards in fact, he delivered a lecture before a public gathering upon "Darwinism and the Church," which was remarkable for its cynical disbelief. It was also said, as a further proof of his hardihood, that he had constantly assisted the Préfecture of Police, as a representative of the press, during the time the Gillet murder was creating so much excitement.

It was a clumsy murder, followed by very rash and short-sighted manœuvres, and its perpetrators may be classed with the "stupid" criminals. Both suffered on the guillotine.

THE WOMAN OF CLICHY.

The case of the "Woman of Clichy" is of an earlier date by a couple of years than that in which Barré and Lebiez were concerned. On the 8th of November, 1876, two children were playing together on the banks of the Seine between Clichy and St. Ouen. One of them noticed a great bundle sticking fast to the timbers and piles by the shore and tried to bring it to land. The child found it too heavy and called

to some passers-by. When the bundle was dragged ashore and opened, it was found to contain the head and part of the body of a woman.

The police took up the case at once, the head was photographed and copies circulated everywhere. The result was astonishing, but not satisfactory. The photograph was recognised readily in a dozen different directions, but always as belonging to a different person, and always the wrong one. There were no fewer than 183 mistakes of this kind!

One day it was declared to be the head of an Arab woman attached to a vagrant troupe of gymnasts. No such woman could be heard of in any company exhibiting in or around Paris. Next day it was said to be the head of a shoemaker's wife who had disappeared after a terrible quarrel with her husband. She was discovered to be in perfect health and safety. Then a gentleman from Tours recognised the head as that of a nurse of his who was missing. Within a day or two the nurse was found alive and well.

A much nearer solution, as it seemed, was that offered by a cook, who was certain the deceased was a friend of hers. She was taken to the Morgue and was more than ever positive when she saw the remains. She appealed to a friend, who came and corroborated her opinion and gave the address of the deceased. Then another person interposed with a correction as to the address. The police came eventually upon the woman who was said to have been murdered, and found she was able to answer for herself that no accident had happened to her.

The real recognition came by pure accident. Someone who had idly bought one of the photographs handed it round for the inspection of his friends at a certain *café* in the Boulevard Ornano.

"I know it," a man said positively; "it is the wife of the man with the decoration." This was an old soldier, one Billoir, an *habitué* of this same *café*, who often came and brought his wife with him. He wore the military medal, hence his nickname, "the *decoré*."

There was no doubt among the company as to the identity

of the photograph, and the fact was forthwith communicated to the police.

Inquiries were made, the address of Billoir was ascertained, and he was summoned to answer to the grave charge. He steadfastly repelled all suggestion of foul play, but he could give no explanation of the disappearance of his wife beyond the commonplace excuse that she had left him. He could not say why or where she had gone.

He was arrested, and kept for a time, always indignantly denying his guilt, and he was on the point of being set free when the police thought of making a close search of his lodgings in the Rue des Trois Frères. Here some further and most unmistakable evidence was found; no less than more human fragments and a quantity of female hair.

Now Billoir stated that he was prepared to confess, but not to premeditated murder, only to having accidentally killed his wife. His story was that she had returned home the worse for liquor one evening, had broken some glasses, and so exasperated him that he had kicked her brutally. She fell dead. Then (this, it will be remembered, was Greenacre's position), according to his own statement, finding himself face to face with the corpse, the strongest evidence against him, he decided to make away with it as best he could. He proceeded to dismember the body.

This explanation was at once contradicted by the medical experts. It was declared that the body had bled profusely, and that the knife must therefore have been applied when the woman was still alive. Moreover, there was no trace whatever of any kick of a very severe kind. There were believers for both stories in this conflict of evidence. It was very probable that Billoir thought his wife dead, equally likely that she did not actually expire until he began his horrible task. The law gave the weight of opinion to the side of murder, on which charge Billoir was arraigned.

"The doctors have sent me to the guillotine!" he cried when he heard this decision, and there can be little doubt the proof of murder depended mainly on the medical evidence.

PRÉVOST.

Two more cases, and I have done with dismemberment: the one of Prévost, the other of Voirbo.

The murder by the police sergeant Prévost was detected almost immediately, owing to his own imprudence. There would be nothing to give this murder a place among mysteries were it not that it led to the detection of another anterior to it which had altogether escaped detection.

One evening in September Madame Thierry, a respectable housewife in the Rue de la Chapelle, was seated at her doorway enjoying the cool air when she remarked a man on the other side of the street very oddly employed. He was strewing the roadway with scraps of meat, and at the opening of a sewer he threw down a larger piece which looked like a whole joint. Her suspicions were aroused, and seeking an acquaintance, they went together to report the circumstance to the commissary of police of the quarter.

Search was at once instituted, with the assistance of M. Macé, who was now head of the detective police, and very keen in such cases, encouraged by his earlier success in that of Voirbo and the Rue Princesse. The result was the discovery of many more fragments, all undoubtedly human remains, and enough nearly to reconstitute the body, the head alone being still wanting.

Now Madame Thierry came forward with a strange statement. She had dreamt of nothing but the strange incident and had been haunted perpetually with the shadowy resemblance of the man with someone she knew. It was a police officer, a former neighbour of hers in the Rue des Rosiers.

"He lived next door," she said—"a tall stout man, a police sergeant, who, when in plain clothes, was uncommonly like the man I saw the other night."

The suggestions had at first been ridiculed, but now it was remembered that a stout police officer named Prévost was attached to the division which included the Rue des Rosiers. Further inquiry elicited the fact that on the night in question, this Prévost had exchanged duties with a comrade so as to be free that evening for his own affairs.

Prévost was summoned from the police station. The messenger found him openly discussing the recent discovery. It was a favourite topic of his, it seemed, the possibility of committing murder without detection. "I should never allow myself to be caught if I did it," he was fond of saying. "If I killed a man I should disfigure him so that no one would identify him; I'd cut him up and get rid of him in such a way that no one would find the pieces." He persisted that the concealment of crime was perfectly easy; that many murders were never discovered.

In this particular case, at the very moment they came for him, he was insisting that the criminal would never be caught —he had taken his precautions too well.

Soon after that he was confronted with Madame Thierry, who at once identified him. All his assurance left him, and he then and there avowed his crime.

A jeweller's traveller, named Lenoble, was in the habit of calling upon Prévost and offering him his goods. One day Lenoble brought a fine watch and chain, to be paid for by instalments. But Prévost hesitated, and Lenoble returned again to tempt his client with various articles of jewellery.

Prévost at last agreed to take a small locket, and was to have time for payment. Lenoble sat down to prepare the acknowledgment for signature. The whole of his stock in trade was spread out in front of him upon the table, and the show of glittering baubles was too much for Prévost. Irresistible greed seized him, and, without further thought, he took up part of a heavy chain, struck Lenoble one blow at the back of the head, and dropped him lifeless upon the floor.

After that he drew the cavalry sabre he had worn when in the Cent Gardes, and decapitated his victim.

The head was the sole portion of the murdered man's remains that was still undiscovered. Prévost was pressed to say what had become of it. After a pause he pointed silently to the fire-place.

The head had been stuffed up a chimney. When it was dragged down it is said to have looked exactly like a barber's

block: the face was handsome, the features were perfectly regular, the complexion was as clear as wax. To complete the resemblance, the dark moustachios were carefully trimmed, and the deep-toned chestnut hair was curled closely round the head.

Prévost had carried out the dismemberment seemingly without difficulty. The murder, too, had passed quite unobserved. He kept no servant, there was no one to babble about unusual washing and cleaning. He had all a soldier's love of neatness, his lodging was as bright as a Dutch housewife's—he looked after it all by himself. He had proposed to boil the head so as to render it quite unrecognisable. But his prompt arrest had prevented this.

His self-possession was great. The day after Madame Thierry's report at the first discovery of remains, the porter at his lodging began to talk to him and tell him the story. "I shall hear it all when I get to the station," said Prévost, interrupting him.

Extreme surprise was expressed by the police authorities at Prévost's confession. Till now he had borne an exemplary character. There was not a single bad mark on his record. He was trusted by his superiors as a model policeman.

But now other suspicions were aroused. It was remembered that a woman with whom Prévost was acquainted disappeared soon after she had paid him a visit. He had, in fact, been interrogated on the subject, but his assurance that he knew nothing about her had been readily accepted.

The woman had been a housekeeper to a gentleman who had left her a small independence. She presently tired of living idly on her means and proposed to buy the good-will of a small business on which she had consulted Prévost. At his instance she realised a part of the property, and with the proceeds in her pocket rashly accepted an invitation to dine with him.

She was murdered at dessert. The details of dismemberment are much the same as in the Lenoble case. The fragments were distributed in the same way; the head, when

severed from the body, was buried in the glacis of the old fortifications. Prévost obliterated the blood-stains made in the process of cutting up by pouring ink on them.

The money he acquired by this foul deed he applied so cautiously that he attracted no attention. He gradually paid off his debts and bought furniture for his lodgings. There can be no doubt that Prévost would have enjoyed absolute immunity over his first crime had he not been so easily led into a second. Probably, too, his success in disposing of the first corpse made him over-confident. No doubt, but for the chance recognition of Madame Thierry, he would have again escaped scot free. Probably there would have been more search for the second victim. Only a fortnight elapsed between the crime and its confession. Lenoble being a commercial traveller, his absence would have seemed natural enough, for a time. But sooner or later inquiries would certainly have been made.

VOIRBO.

For close reasoning, hard logical deductions from small indications growing gradually into strong surmise and suspicion, M. Macé's detection of the murder in the Rue Mazarin is better than anything invented by the detective novelists. Here again truth is far stranger than fiction. The story is, I think, one of absorbing interest, and reads like a romance.*

The scene opens in the Rue Princesse—not where the murder was committed but at no great distance from it. Ringué, a police constable—*sergent de ville*—is on his way home one afternoon having just been relieved from duty, and he passes the door of a small restaurant or soup shop kept by a friend. This friend, by name Lampon, comes out excitedly and beckons to the policeman.

"You know my well?" he began, "the well in the court-yard? How bad the water has gone of late, how I have complained of it; how strong it smelt, how nasty it tasted? I was determined to look down it, and I did so to-day, after breakfast, when my last client had left. There was something

* It is fully detailed in M. Macé's *Mon Premier Crime*.

horrible, too horrible in that well—a human leg, wrapped up in a cloth."

The police officer at once dragged Lampon back into the house, and made him go further into details.

Lampon said he had gone into the basement of the house to his cellar; it was alongside of the well and nearly as deep. In the cellar was a window opening on to the cylinder of the well, but at a certain height above the surface of the water. In order to explore the depths he lighted a candle and let it down by a thread. He was at once attracted by the sight of something floating in the water. It looked like a small bundle or package.

Taking a long-handled iron hook, he tried to fish up the parcel, but three times it slipped off as though it was alive, and fell back with a splash into the water. At the fourth attempt it was brought safely up into the cellar. Then, although the odour was sickening, he undid the covering and found the leg in an advanced state of decomposition inside.

This was the story as told in full afterwards to the commissary of the quarter, to whom, as in duty bound, the police officer ran post haste with his report. The commissary, also in duty bound, went straight to the Rue Princesse to make his own investigations, and hear the facts first-hand.

This commissary was M. Gustave Macé, then a young man on the threshold of a distinguished career, before he became known to all the world by his numerous instructive and interesting works on police matters, and so highly appreciated by Frenchmen as one of the best of modern *policiers*. Young, eager, ambitious, full of pride in his calling, M. Macé, as we shall see, threw himself heart and soul into the unravelling of this terrible mystery. But for his patient, unshaken persistence, no less than his consummate skill, backed by something like intuitive genius, the case would have been "classed," as the French officials say, or put by among other records of undiscovered crimes.

On arriving at the Rue Princesse, M. Macé inspected the well, a very old-fashioned affair, sixty feet deep, then descended to the cellar and examined the leg as it lay in the parcel. It

had been a good deal damaged by the hook that fished it up, and Lampon having hastily cut the cords that tied it with his knife, had destroyed any clues likely to be afforded by the fashion of the knots.

Now M. Macé made a second discovery—that of another object floating on the surface of the water below. Some skill was needed to bring this up to the top without injury, but it was done by means of a two-handled copper basin carefully lowered so as to avoid the parcel, and as carefully raised so as to catch it on the way up.

It was a parcel very much like the first, but intact and in fair preservation. The cover was of black glazed calico, each end was simply knotted, but the middle was sewn with black thread. When all was undone and spread out, the calico was in size a yard square.

There was an inner covering made of part of the leg of a trouser in iron-grey cloth. All buttons and other marks that usually bear the manufacturers' or tailors' names had been removed.

Inside of all was another human leg—the fellow one, probably, of that picked up by Lampon—a thin shrunken leg with little calf to it, but nothing to show whether it had belonged to male or female. There was only one tell-tale indication. Part of a long stocking, of the kind fastened by a garter above the knee, encased the leg; the stocking was of cotton, in colour a pale drab, and a fragment of a sock that had been stitched over it was still hanging to the lower part. On this sock was a most precious clue, a mark, evidently the owner's, consisting of one initial, B, with a simple cross on each side of it, thus:—

\+ B +

Having verified all this, M. Macé next arranged that the *sapeurs pompiers* should empty the well entirely.

Meanwhile, the medical experts, two doctors officially attached to the police of the quarter, having appeared upon the scene, the legs were submitted to them for report. Their opinion was that the dismemberment had been effected with great neatness, and by a skilled but unprofessional hand, using

a butcher's knife; they believed that the legs were a woman's, and that they had been in the well about a month.

No further evidence was afforded at that time. The well was in due course emptied and thoroughly overhauled to its very bottom. Nothing more was found in it.

The discovery in the Rue Princesse caused immense excitement. It was not the first of its kind about that period. A week or two previously, just after the New Year, a human thigh-bone had been picked up in a gutter of the Rue Jacob.

In the next few days several morsels of human flesh had been fished out of the Seine and the St. Martin Canal; they were mostly five or six inches long, and some were a pound or two in weight; all were very soft and sodden, showing they had been at least three weeks in the water.

Then close search was made on the banks near at hand, and many more such fragments were found. After that, the officials at the Morgue reported that just before Christmas, a human thigh wrapped up in a common blue knitted shawl, having been a few days in the river, had been deposited in the mortuary chamber.

Another curious, and now obviously suspicious circumstance was remembered by the proprietor of a riverside laundry near the Quai Valmy. About midnight on the 19th of December, he had come across a short man in a long coat and tall hat, industriously engaged in throwing or scattering something in the river by handfuls. They looked like scraps of meat. He had a basket on his arm filled with these morsels, and when interrogated he sharply replied with a laugh, "I am a keen fisherman. To-morrow is a holiday. I am baiting the river for a big day's sport."

Now this date, the 19th, was just two days later than the discovery of the thigh tied up in the old shawl.

Another circumstance, not exactly suspicious in itself, was recalled by the police officer Ringué, by whom the affair in the Rue Princesse had been first made known. On the night of the 22nd of December, Ringué with a comrade—at night the Parisian policemen patrol in couples—had met a man in the

small hours, near the Rue Princesse; he was carrying a big parcel in one hand and a hamper in the other.

They stopped him, for many night robberies were being committed at that time, and called him strictly to account. But he explained that he had only just arrived by train from Mantes, that he could find no cab at the station, and he had been obliged to carry his belongings home himself.

The parcel contained a couple of fine hams, he said, and it bore, as they could see, a railway label, one of the Compagnie de l'Est, setting forth that it had been despatched from Langres, with the destination of Paris. The explanation was deemed sufficient, and he was allowed to pass on to the Rue Princesse, where he said he lived.

Everything pointed to a crime, and one of a ghastly, cold-blooded kind. So far, the facts spoke for themselves, but they went no further, and afforded none but the vaguest and most shadowy clues. The police were, moreover, led astray from the very outset. The first medical evidence was inaccurate. The two doctors first called in had declared that the limbs found in the well belonged to a woman, and thus led M. Macé to look for a missing woman. With the painstaking minuteness that characterises the good detective, he had gone through every case of disappearance registered at the Préfecture of police during the previous six months, 122 in all; 38 of men missing, 84 of women, for the weaker sex disappears more frequently than the stronger. Out of these 84 he chose 14 that seemed most likely, and then reduced them further to 3, a girl, a wife, and a widow, and patiently inquired into the circumstances of each, with the result that all were found to be alive and well.

Hardly was this effected, than the first erroneous conclusion was corrected upon the most undeniable authority. Dr. Tardieu, at that time the greatest medico-legist in France, whose opinion in all cases of this kind was final, having examined the whole of the remains, not the legs only but the other fragments picked up in the river, pronounced unhesitatingly that the victim was a man. This had been the non-medical opinion of the chief attendant at the Morgue, an old

man who had exercised his gruesome functions for thirty years, and who was seldom at fault. Dr. Tardieu had no sort of doubt as to the sex.

"These remains," he said confidently, "are those of a man advanced in years. My colleagues who gave it otherwise were in error, how or why I cannot say. The feet are larger than a woman's. The instrument used for dismemberment was a cleaver or chopper. The work has been done skilfully, the cuts are clean, and were made soon after death. There has been a considerable effusion of blood. I observe, also, that there is a clearly-marked scar on one leg, only recently healed. I fear these few facts will not help you much. Without the head it will not be easy to establish identity. The murderer appears to have taken good care to conceal that most important piece of evidence."

There was not much to go upon, indeed. The search hereafter must be for a man, that at least was certain. Another fact had also been quickly and shrewdly verified by M. Macé. He had satisfied himself the moment he had looked at the parcel that it had been made up in a particular way by someone belonging to a particular trade. The glazed calico cover, the peculiarly knotted ends, the stitching with black cotton, all these pointed to the handiwork of a man tailor. This, at least, was a line, and he followed it by inquiries at the house in the Rue Princesse.

But no working tailors resided there. Besides, the whole of the then occupants were known to be decent, respectable folk. There was nothing against any of them, but the concierge was a weak-minded old woman (one form of craze she had was an infatuation for cats), and she confessed that it was easy enough for anyone to get into the house at any time, and so have access to the well. To those who knew the existence and position of a small button in the woodwork, the door stood always open. The button worked a spring latch, and it was possible to walk in without disturbing the concierge.

At the outset M. Macé had only two points to help him. First, that some working tailor had had a hand in making up the parcel, and, secondly, that anyone who knew the secret of

the latch could enter the house at will. Clearly, then, the parcels had been thrown down the well by a resident, or someone who had once occupied or visited the house.

The concierge was garrulous, especially on the subject of a missing pet cat. But M. Macé soon led her on to talk of the lodgers past and present, and was presently pulled up short at hearing that one, a young woman who called herself Mademoiselle Dard, but whose real name was Gaufe, had worked as a seamstress when living in the house.

"Where is she now?" he asked, eagerly.

"She has gone on the variety stage. Sings at the *café* concerts. Told me she meant to make no more waistcoats for the tailors."

"For whom did she work?"

"Half a dozen people. They used to bring the things to her. One man in particular came often, and I had fine work with him. He used to spill the water on my stairs."

"What water?"

"The water he carried up for her from the well."

A little daylight was being let in on the mystery. Here were two tangible threads that might lead to something definite.

Opposite was a chemist's shop, and the assistant told M. Macé more about the water-carrying tailor and Mdlle. Dard. The first he had heard of only by his Christian name, Pierre; but he knew that he often brought white waistcoats to be made up by Mdlle. Dard, and that he lived in the Rue Mazarin.

Mdlle. Dard was promptly hunted up, and brought for further interrogation to the office of the police commissary.

She was a madcap little creature with a bright face, turned-up nose, good teeth, intelligent-looking, and quite straightforward in her replies.

Yes, she had worked as a tailoress for half a dozen different employers, and she ran over their names.

"Who was the one who carried up water for you from the well?" asked M. Macé.

"Monsieur Voirbo."

"Where does he live?"

"Before his marriage he was in the Rue Mazarin. Then he moved, I don't know where."

"What did you know of him? Was he well off? How did he live?"

"He never worked much, yet always seemed to have money, played cards, drank, frequented *cafés*. I believe he was mixed up in politics, spoke at public meetings."

"Had he any relations or friends?"

"As to the first I cannot say. But he had one particular friend, rather a common-looking little old man, and they often came to the Café Beuglant together. Voirbo called him by his Christian name—Desiré, or Père Desiré."

"When did you see this friend last? and was it with or without Voirbo?"

"A couple of months ago, at the *café*, with Voirbo. There was a woman with them too—Père Desiré's aunt. She lives in the Rue de Nesles, and makes bandages, I believe, and goes by the name of Madame Bodasse."

A special messenger was forthwith despatched for the bandage-maker, who proved to be a respectable old lady, ready to tell all she knew.

She had a nephew, certainly—by name, Desiré Bodasse. He lived in the Rue Dauphine, on his private means. He had been a tapestry worker, and had saved money; but he was eccentric and horribly mean. She had not seen him for a whole month.

"And you are not anxious about him?"

"Oh, no. He has often disappeared for weeks. Sometimes he shuts himself up in his own apartment for days and days. Once he was a patient in hospital for six weeks under a false name, and giving a false address. That was to avoid paying for his keep."

"Is he married?"

"Yes, but he does not live with his wife. They quarrelled years ago, and she went home to her own friends in the country."

"Were you good friends, you two?"

"Perfectly. He took me out sometimes to *cafés* and concerts. The last time was on Sunday, the 13th of December. We went to the Café Beuglant, three of us—Desiré, his friend Pierre Voirbo, and myself. He saw me home afterwards, and that was the last time we met."

"This Voirbo. Describe him, please."

"He was short, and generally wore a long overcoat and a tall hat."

Undoubtedly the scent was growing warm—Voirbo's description, his trade, his habits, his intimacy with an old man whose name began with the initial B. M. Macé began to take heart. There were ample grounds now for surmise and suspicion, and these were soon to be strongly supported.

Without delay a *fiacre* was called, and Madame Bordasse was carried off to the Morgue. There the various articles that appertained to the remains had been carefully catalogued and put away under seal.

The socks, so plainly marked with the "uppers" of the long stockings to which they had been stitched, the fragments of the iron-grey trousers, were now produced, and immediately identified by Madame Bodasse. She declared without hesitation that they had belonged to her nephew Desiré. She herself had marked the socks with the "B" between two crosses (+B+) in red cotton. She, too, had joined the socks to the stockings, for Desiré was chilly, and could not easily find long stockings that would fit his large feet.

Madame Bodasse could also speak to the scar on the leg. She remembered that her nephew had cut himself badly by falling on the sharp edge of a broken bottle.

There seemed no longer a shadow of doubt as to the identity of the murdered man. It was Desiré Bodasse, of No. 50, Rue Dauphine.

This was an enormous step ahead. It was half the battle. And there was yet more. Without daring to hope aloud, M. Macé had reason to believe in his secret heart that he knew now who had done the deed.

From the Morgue he went—still with Madame Bodasse—to the Rue Dauphine. No. 50 was a very ancient house, the

porter's lodge on the first floor so placed that it was impossible to see everyone who passed in and out. The interior of the house was full of long passages and dark corners, in which a person entering unperceived might easily conceal himself.

M. Macé inquired for Bodasse, was directed to his apartment, climbed the stairs to the third floor, knocked repeatedly, but got no reply.

There was no one inside, so the police officer presumed, and, indeed, expected. He accordingly went back to the lodge to make further inquiries.

But the concierge, well acquainted with her lodger's habits, said that he often shut himself up for days and refused to be disturbed. If a letter came for him at such times it was slipped under his door. He would not open it, or be disturbed. He still believed that Bodasse was at home.

"He is there, I feel certain. Last night I saw a light in his room, and his shadow crossing the curtains."

"Anyhow," added the concierge's wife, "he is in Paris, there can be no doubt of that. I saw him this very morning in the street. He had stopped to speak to someone at the entrance of the Passage du Commerce."

These statements tended to shake M. Macé's conviction that he had solved the question of identity. Now, too, Madame Bodasse weakened in her evidence as to the articles seen at the Morgue. She must have been mistaken as to the marks on the stockings and the scar on the leg. Nothing could well have happened to her nephew if there had been lights in his room, and the shadow of his figure had been seen to cross the window.

All the police officer could do now was to leave a letter to be delivered to Bodasse directly he turned up, and pursue his investigations elsewhere.

He knew Voirbo's old address in the Rue Mazarin, and went there to hear what he could about this man, around whom a certain halo of suspicion was slowly gathering.

In the Rue Mazarin he learnt that Voirbo now lived in the Rue Lamartine. He heard no good of the fellow, who had been a man of dissipated habits until his recent marriage.

Now he was married to a wife with a decent dowry, the orphan daughter of a tailor, a girl of strong religious convictions, who had been on the point of taking the veil when Voirbo came on the scene.

More particulars about Voirbo were elicited from his old servant, a woman who cleaned his apartment, and knew all about him and his dissolute ways. She spoke, too, of the intimacy between Voirbo and Desiré Bodasse. They were inseparable friends. Yet, strange to say, Bodasse had not been present at Voirbo's marriage, and the latter had been much annoyed. "The poor old fool!" Voirbo was heard to say. "I wished him to be my principal witness, but he has chosen to go off on a long journey the very day before the ceremony." There were differences between them in spite of their intimacy. Voirbo hated him for his avariciousness. He had begged his friend to help towards his marriage by a loan of 10,000 francs, but the mean old wretch had refused.

Here was a motive for the crime, if Bodasse was really the victim. Extreme importance obviously attached to the verification of his existence or the reverse.

Next day M. Macé returned to the Rue Dauphine. Both Madame Bodasse and the wife of the concierge had called on him that morning—the first to reaffirm her first conviction that the things at the Morgue were actually her nephew's, the second to say that Bodasse had made no sign. They had gone up repeatedly and knocked at his door, but had received no answer. They had slipped M. Macé's letter under it, but Bodasse had taken no notice of it. He certainly had not left the house. There was no mistaking him when he passed out or in. He had a trick of allowing his walking-stick to trail behind him and rattle along the stairs.

The time had come for putting an end to all doubt. M. Bodasse must be summoned to open in the name of the law, or the lock must be forced.

This was soon done, and the police officer entered the room, followed only by his secretary.

The place was in perfect order, but there was a slight layer

of dust upon the furniture. The bed had not been slept in. On the floor before the fireplace were the ends of a number of half-burnt lucifer matches—seventeen of them. Above on the mantelpiece were two paper candle-boxes, one empty, one still containing a single candle.

These boxes were of the kind that hold eight candles each; fifteen presumably had been burnt, and these corresponded with the number of matches ignited, seeing that two had missed fire. Moreover, two tall copper candlesticks stood on the mantelpiece, each containing the short wick of a candle nearly consumed, and below it were many layers of wax, showing that new candles had been stuck in successively, one on top of the remains of the other.

The one candle still complete, it was calculated, would burn for about three hours. It was a fair conclusion that there had been a light in the room on fifteen occasions and for three hours each time. This was corroborated by the concierge, who had, in fact, noticed the light from eight p.m. to eleven p.m., just fifteen times during the previous six weeks. From this followed the obvious fact that someone had come on purpose, and the exceedingly strong conjecture was that that person was not Bodasse.

What had become of Bodasse? Had he gone of his own accord? Here in one corner lay his favourite walking-stick, a blackthorn sword-stick; there stood his tall "stove-pipe" hat; a large silver watch and chain hung from a hook on the wall. These were styled his "inseparables" by those who knew him best; he never went out, never was seen anywhere without all these. He had no other hat but this.

Suspicion now became certainty that Bodasse had been made away with. Next it was positive that someone was deeply concerned to make it appear that he was still alive and still occupied his apartment—someone who came at regular intervals to light up the room and move about it, and wind up the cuckoo clock.

For there was a cuckoo clock in a wooden case fixed in one corner, a day clock, requiring to be re-wound every twenty-four hours, and now, although a little slow, it was

going with a regular tick-tick. But the alarum and the cuckoo had been removed.

Some other possessions were also missing, and their disappearance afforded another and stronger presumption of motive for a crime.

Bodasse was a man of means, and, like many Frenchmen, he liked to keep his cash and securities under his own hand. Madame Bodasse herself pointed out his strong box, or secret hiding-place, an inner receptacle in an old bureau, fitted below the middle drawer. He had often told her, "If anything happens to me you will find all my papers and valuables in there. I keep them in an old green pocket-book." The drawer was opened and found empty. The pocket-book was gone. Would he have removed it himself?

The nature of at least a part of his fortune was revealed by a scrap of pink paper found by M. Macé—who ferreted everywhere—inside the watch already mentioned. The paper was in the cover, and contained a long list of numbers, the numbers of certain securities, Italian Government stock of the issue 1861, stock unfortunately payable to bearer.

Who was this "someone" who thus visited the place, who must know his way about it, who must be perfectly *au fait* with the means of secretly entering the house?

The police officer had no doubt in his own mind, but he wished for proof, and the best proof would be to capture this "someone" in the room itself, in the very act of lighting the candle and rewinding the clock. Accordingly, he organised a close watch, and concealed two officers in an alcove of the principal room with orders immediately to arrest any person who appeared.

Then he proceeded to fix, if possible, the date of the disappearance.

Madame Bodasse had last seen her nephew on the 14th of December. She remembered the date exactly. She had written that day to a cousin in the country, and had added in a postscript, "Desiré has just left me." He was going to an optician to have his spectacles mended. The optician corroborated this. Bodasse had called at his shop on the

14th of December, and not alone; a younger man accompanied him.

This same young man, who always addressed him as "Papa Desiré," was with him on his last visit to the bathing establishment (he frequented the Peacock Baths of the Passage du Commerce), and again at the eating-house where Bodasse regularly took his meals.

It was undoubtedly Voirbo, and on Voirbo M. Macé now concentrated his attention.

They remembered Voirbo well at his old lodging in the Rue Mazarin. They had been asked, some of them, to his wedding, but no one liked him well enough to attend. Before leaving he had paid his rent.

"How? In cash?" M. Macé put the question with bated breath.

"No," replied the proprietor, "with a £20 (500 francs) share of Italian stock. I cashed it for him at the money-changer's at the corner."

M. Macé hastened there. The changer had kept the counterfoil of the share. The number corresponded with one in the list founded in the watch-case. Voirbo might, of course, pretend that Bodasse had entrusted him with this and other shares to get them cashed; still the fact of possession was highly suspicious.

Another fact now first brought to light told against Voirbo. His old servant volunteered a statement that, on arriving for work on the morning of the 17th of December, quite early she had found Voirbo already up and dressed and the room swept out and garnished. It was not like Voirbo to do his own cleaning. More, he had actually taken pains to wash the floor. A part of the tiles was still wet and shiny.

Voirbo explained it to her thus. An old woman had brought him a job, a pair of her husband's trousers to mend, and when Voirbo refused she had let fall—he believed on purpose—a great bottle of petroleum oil she carried in her hand. The smell was abominable. Voirbo could not remain in the room. He had gone to his friend's Desiré's, spent the

night there, and returned quite early to wash up the mess himself. Yet Voirbo was an idle, lazy fellow who hated work.

Certainly the net seemed to be closing round the presumed criminal, and yet the denouncement was now delayed—detection was imperilled through one of those unexpected *contretemps* that will upset the best calculations.

M. Macé was badly served by his assistants. The two officers—not his own men, but others lent him for the business of watching the place in the Rue Dauphine—had carried out their duty very negligently. They had not only shown themselves openly in Bodasse's room, but one of them had let Voirbo himself into the secret of their surveillance.

M. Macé actually found the man he so strongly and reasonably suspected of murder on the most intimate terms with the policemen who had been set to entrap him.

There was some excuse for the officers, perhaps. They were not to know that Voirbo was "wanted," and Voirbo, it appears, was a colleague, a secret agent of the police. Voirbo, who no doubt saw through the artifice, had been at some pains to proclaim his quality, and as such easily gained the confidence of the policemen.

The plan of arrest on the spot, on the very theatre of the crime in the Rue Dauphine, had failed miserably. Voirbo was now on the alert—what must M. Macé do?

Arrest him notwithstanding? But the proofs were still insufficient. Voirbo would have an answer ready for everything. He was not the only tailor who used glazed calico covers. He knew the interior of the house in the Rue Princesse, the easy access to the courtyard and the well—so did many more. Had he not been with Desiré Bodasse the last time he was seen alive? Certainly, why not? They were constantly together. Had he not washed his floor in the Rue Mazarin in peculiar circumstances? The fact admitted of the simplest explanation, and he had given it. The Italian security? Bodasse had offered it in payment of an account and he, Voirbo, had given him the balance.

Yet the more M. Macé pondered over the circumstances of the case, the less was he disposed to yield now when he had

all the principal threads in his grasp. At least there was Voirbo himself, he could perhaps be made to supply the proofs so urgently needed to establish the case against him.

For the marked contrast between police procedure in England and France must be always borne in mind, and with it the obvious advantages enjoyed by the latter. Here in England a strongly suspected person is treated with the utmost tenderness; even when arrested on supposed good grounds the prisoner is warned against committing himself. The very opposite principle holds in France. There it is the approved and often exceedingly useful practice to lay traps for him, to cross-examine him closely and call upon him to account for his actions and the employment of his time. Thus Voirbo might be called upon to explain his relations with Bodasse up to the last moment the latter was seen in public.

So Voirbo was summoned to the commissary's office; it was a politely worded invitation, no more, but it had all the weight and authority of a formal warrant of arrest.

Voirbo came, and at last M. Macé found himself face to face with the supposed murderer.

A short, very stout young man, thirty years of age, no more, full face, brown eyes, wide long nose, small ears, black hair and moustachios, strong large hands with thick fat fingers, a general aspect of energy and strength.

He flushed slightly when he took his seat, but betrayed no other emotion, and the answers he gave when questioned were prompt, precise, and unhesitating.

Voirbo expressed great anxiety at the disappearance of his old friend. His uneasiness had been so great that he had gone to his own chief—and here M. Voirbo plainly hinted that he too belonged to the police, the secret police—to offer his services. He had, in fact, proposed to call upon M. Macé; but he had understood that owing to M. Macé's youth and inexperience, the case would soon be taken out of his hands, and he only waited to hear who was to be finally entrusted with it.

The sneer was not lost upon the young commissary of

police, and strengthened his keen wish to be even with Voirbo. Yet nothing more came of this first interview than the flattering offer of assistance made by Voirbo and accepted by M. Macé. They were to hunt in couples, and Macé, only anxious to make a closer study of his man, agreed to accompany him to a revolutionary meeting, which Voirbo, the disguised police spy, was to address in the character of a Red Republican orator.

They met frequently, the hunter and his quarry, but there was still no prospect of ending the game. Voirbo was constantly on his guard, he was full of cunning, astute and resourceful, eager, as M. Macé soon realised, to throw the police officer off the scent,

There is an old favourite device with criminals to divert suspicion from themselves, and that is, to fix it on another. Voirbo now took M. Macé to a low haunt, where he introduced him to an ally and acquaintance of the murdered Bodasse, and hinted darkly that this man Rifer knew a good deal.

Rifer was a drunkard and a gambler, by trade a tripe butcher, and it was suggested to the police officer that men of this class had been concerned in many crimes similar to that in hand. They were habituated to the use of knives and the sight of blood.

A watch was set on Rifer and three of his friends; their antecedents and movements were hunted up, and it was seen beyond doubt that they had often been in company with Bodasse. M. Macé summoned them all four to his office and taxed Rifer with having used on one occasion the compromising words, "We must get rid of the old man."

The expression was not denied, but a harmless meaning was given to it. None of the four displayed any of the anxiety to be expected in murderers strongly suspected of a crime. Further inquiries indeed established a satisfactory alibi for two at least. They had been in gaol at the time of Bodasse's disappearance.

Meanwhile Voirbo, in pursuit of his plan, had been working upon Rifer and steadily plying him with drink. The poor wretch gradually lapsed into the first stage of delirium tremens.

At last, when stark staring mad, he began to smash all the furniture in his lodgings with a hatchet and threw them out of the window into the street. Two policemen who were passing arrested him and took him to the nearest station; from that to an asylum, and he died there during the night.

That Voirbo was indirectly the cause of this there could be no sort of doubt, nor was the object thereof obscure. He fondly hoped that he had shifted the guilt effectually on to the dead man, and that he himself would be molested no further.

M. Macé was only the more convinced of Voirbo's guilt, and was resolved to arrest him without loss of time.

He was spared the trouble, for next day Voirbo came of his own accord and put his head into the lion's mouth. He was no doubt anxious to know the result of his stratagem. This eagerness pushed to the last limit of rashness is often seen in great criminals. He could not believe that he was in any danger.

When M. Macé entered his office there stood Voirbo before him.

The arrest should be made, but caution was necessary. The hour was still early. The rest of the office staff had not yet arrived. The man would be desperate, nay, dangerous. M. Macé having given Voirbo the morning paper, proceeded, after a word of apology, to open and read his letters, saying there was one requiring an immediate answer.

The answer he wrote then and there, in the shape of minute instructions to his secretary, and, taking the letter into the outer office, placed it in a prominent place on the desk.

These instructions were first to carefully close and lock all the exits, then await the ringing of a bell. At this summons the officer-messenger was to enter M. Macé's room, make up the fire, then remove the whole of the fire-irons. After that the secretary was to bring an imaginary letter for signature, and afterwards place himself with his back to the casement window. A second summons by the bell was to bring in the two police officers on duty at the office, and they were also to take up commanding positions for the struggle possibly imminent.

Then M. Macé turned to Voirbo, who began at once to talk about Rifer's sudden death.

"Of course he was the murderer, one of them, but there were others. I can help you, I think; I have the address —but pardon me, you seem strangely cold, M. Macé, this morning? Are you indisposed? or have you lost your interest in the case?"

"On the contrary," replied the police officer quietly, "I am more than ever interested. I think we are getting near the end. But—will you let me have that address?"

Voirbo took out a large pocket book and, in searching among his papers, let fall a card.

M. Macé at once stooped, picked it up and returned it, but not before with one rapid glance he had read on it the name of a large steamship company with offices in Paris. It was strong evidence that Voirbo was on the point of flight.

Three minutes later he was taken in the toils. The instructions had been carried out to the letter. He found himself surrounded; there were four to one, and with one slight shudder, speedily checked, he yielded to his fate.

"Now let him be searched thoroughly from head to foot," said the police officer to his assistants.

In Voirbo's pocket book was a receipt for a passage ticket taken in the name of Saba. On inquiring at the steamship office, the police were told that a person answering exactly to the description of Voirbo had called and taken a passage on the day previous, and was to start that same day for Havre. He called himself Saba, and showed proper papers of a person so called, an agriculturist at Aubervilliers. Clearly there were mysterious relations between Voirbo and this Saba.

But now M. Macé conducted his prisoner to the Préfecture and placed him at the disposal of the instructing judge. Here Voirbo stood defiant, refused to answer questions, declaring that it was for the police to establish their case. He would give them no assistance.

"We shall establish it," said M. Macé with quiet emphasis. "Meanwhile you are my prisoner. Let him be strictly

guarded. I will see him again this afternoon. For the moment there is another matter to which I must attend.'

This was the investigation of the premises at present occupied by Voirbo. Madame Voirbo was there when M. Macé called, a pale, fragile creature, with seemingly no suspicion of the true character of her husband. She had never heard the name of Desiré Bodasse.

It was cruel to undeceive her, yet the law left no alternative, and proofs of Voirbo's villainy were soon forthcoming His wife had brought him a large sum as dowry—15,000 francs in French securities, payable to bearer. The bonds were kept in a small strong box, of which Voirbo kept the key. With Madame Voirbo's permission the police officer forced the box.

It was empty. The securities had been removed, so had others, to the value of 10,000 francs, which Voirbo had brought as his share to the marriage settlement.

"What securities were they?" asked M. Macé.

"Italian stock."

No doubt the very securities that had been the motive of the murder.

But what had become of them?

M. Macé now instituted a thorough search of the apartment, room by room, but almost fruitlessly.

Only in the workshop, on a sewing-machine which had been brought from the Rue Mazarin, Voirbo's previous residence, there was one small spot of blood, of dried and hardened blood. This did not amount to much. It might have been produced at any time by a prick of the finger with a needle.

Some strange facts were, however, offered by a small side table or "whatnot," on which lay a number of pamphlets and old newspapers. People generally read what interests them most. M. Macé examined these sheets curiously, to see what Voirbo had been reading.

Here were cuttings from journals that told of the trial and execution of Avinain, the truculent butcher and double murderer, who had dealt with his victims as he had done with his stock in trade. Voirbo had preserved the last dying words

of this miscreant, who had addressed the crowd around the guillotine, saying, "Good-bye, gentlemen! Remember, never confess!"

Other newspapers gave details of two undetected crimes, the murder at Aubervilliers—Saba perchance? And presently M. Macé came upon many more personal papers of this missing agriculturist—and the story of another murder, that of a maid-servant, in the Rue Placide. Could Voirbo have been concerned with both these crimes?

There were other scraps that came nearer and more certainly home. These papers followed the whole progress of the mystery in the Rue Princesse.

Now, too, the search of the workshop brought to light several dangerous implements. Two pairs of huge shears recently sharpened, heavy flat irons, a terrible mallet compounded of various metals and of the kind used by housebreakers, and a big butcher's-cleaver. Before leaving the room M. Macé also picked up a hank of cord similar to that with which the parcels found in the well had been tied, and an old iron spoon used for melting lead. Yet more, there were several railway labels such as the man showed on the parcels he was carrying on the night of the 22nd of December, when stopped by the police.

The cellar remained for investigation. Madame Voirbo protested that it was empty, it contained nothing but a couple of casks of wine sent in when they began housekeeping.

M. Macé, like a true policeman, would miss no point, and persisted in going down into the cellar.

There lay the two casks, side by side. M. Macé ran the light over them, and saw at once that the bung in one of them stood out above the head of the cask. On closer examination he found a black string was attached to the bung and that the end of the string was lost inside the cask. He pulled out the bung, drew up the cord, and with it a small tin cylinder, the top of which was soldered down.

When this case was forced open the whole of the Italian securities less one, that had belonged to Desiré Bodasse, were found within.

M. Macé now returned to his office, where Voirbo was held in custody awaiting his pleasure.

"I think we must have you photographed," began the commissary.

"Why, pray, this additional outrage?" asked Voirbo with marked uneasiness.

"In order to circulate it in Aubervilliers and show it to the occupants of No. 37, Rue Placide."

"Nothing will induce me to be photographed," cried Voirbo indignantly. "You may put me in handcuffs, in the straight jacket, tie me down, but I'll make such faces——"

It was evident that Voirbo had strong reasons for avoiding recognition.

But the net was closing round him, and next day M. Macé, by a master-stroke in detection, completed the case triumphantly.

The only weak point in it was the proof of dismemberment and Voirbo's actual handiwork therein. M. Macé hoped to find some evidence of this in the house which Voirbo had occupied in the Rue Mazarin, and proceeded there, ordering the accused to accompany him.

Inquiries made of those who had been Voirbo's neighbours elicited nothing more than that towards the end of December a strong smell of carbolic acid had been noticed for several nights hanging round the passage.

Voirbo's old lodging was now occupied by a young married couple, who were actually at breakfast when M. Macé entered the room. The arrangements within were now different, but with the assistance of the *concierge*, M. Macé was able to understand exactly how the furniture had stood during the previous occupancy.

Under the window had been the tailor's bench, to its right the sewing-machine, a chest of drawers opposite the fireplace, a stove, fireplace, chairs and bed in a recess or alcove formed by two tall cupboards for clothes. The middle of the room had been occupied by a good-sized round table.

Now Voirbo was brought in and placed on a chair between two policemen. He betrayed no anxiety, believing possibly that he had left no traces of his crime.

M. Macé had been struck on his first entrance with a certain peculiarity in the room. The tiled floor sloped downwards from the window towards the bed in the recess.

He had also realised from the quantity and position of the furniture in Voirbo's time, that the only part of the room in which there was space to move freely was around the circular table. He concluded, therefore, that if the murder had been committed there, it must have been near that table, and, further, that probably the dismemberment had been performed upon it.

Then, taking up a jug full of water, he said aloud—

"I notice a slope on the floor. Now if a body was cut up on this table, the effusion of blood would have been great, and the fluid must have followed this slope. Any other fluid thrown down here must follow the same direction. I will empty this jug upon the floor, and we will see what happens."

There was an immediate change in Voirbo's demeanour. Terror seized him, he could hardly keep his seat, he clenched his hands, his face grew ashy pale, and his staring eyes, fixed upon the water jug, followed every movement of M. Macé's hand.

The water flowed straight towards the bed and collected beneath it in two great pools. The exact spot thus indicated was carefully sponged dry, and a mason fetched to take up the tiles of the floor.

A quantity of dark stuff, presumably dried blood, was found below. The inference was obvious: the blood had flowed from the body and percolated the interstices of the tiles, thus evading the washing of the floor and proving the incompleteness of Voirbo's precautions.

Later, the whole of the tiles and the saturated mortar were submitted to analytical test and were beyond doubt proved to contain human blood.

This terrible discovery, effected in his own presence, finished Voirbo. There and then he made full confession of the crime.

Here ends the story of the detection so cleverly carried out by M. Macé. A few words may be added describing the manner of the crime from the murderer's own confession.

He had frequently begged of Bodasse to lend him 10,000 francs to help him to his marriage, but the miser had refused steadily, so Voirbo resolved to kill and despoil him.

The victim came unsuspectingly to his friend's rooms, and was taken from behind near the round table. A single blow from a heavy flat iron—one of those that Voirbo continued to use in his new quarters—despatched him, as Voirbo thought, but the deed was not completed until the throat had been cut from ear to ear.

I will not give the hideous details of the dismemberment, and the slow, cautious disposal of the various fragments. The only part not yet discovered was the head, and of this Voirbo for some time refused to speak. At last he acknowledged that he had dropped molten lead in through the mouth and ears, and thus weighted had sunk it to the very bottom of the Seine. He knew that the head was the part most recognisable, and that it would most likely lead to the identification of the deceased.

This was how the iron spoon found among his belongings had been used.

He had had no accomplices. Alone, and for his own purposes, he had schemed out the destruction of Bodasse, and tried, but ineffectually, as we have seen, to make away with the incriminating remains.

Voirbo, having once attempted to escape, and nearly successfully, while on his way to prison, did, as a matter of fact, foil justice in the end.

He committed suicide almost immediately on his reception at Mazas, the great cellular prison of Paris. He was waiting his turn to be inscribed on the prison register, when he tore open a long loaf that he was carrying under his arm, took out a razor blade, and quickly cut his throat.

It was never known how he obtained this instrument of self-destruction. But there was clearly negligence, to call it by no stronger name, among the officials through whose hands he had passed, and this mystery of the suicide was the only one that M. Macé never penetrated in this extraordinary affair.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONCEALMENT BY BURIAL.

The Mannings and the Gauger O'Connor—Relations Between Them—Disappearance of O'Connor—Clever Detection of Crime—Pursuit of Murderers and Prompt Arrest—Wainwright and Harriet Lane—Discovered by the Murderer's Carelessness—Stokes's Plucky Pursuit—The Police and the Parcel—Its Contents Laid Bare—Foul Play Evident, and Fact Confirmed by Search of Wainwright's Warehouse—The Remains Identified—Story of Harriet Lane and her Disappearance—Wainwright's Guilt Proved Although he Denied it to the Last—Alleged Flaw in our Criminal Procedure—Wainwright's Brother and Accomplice—Case of Robert and Bastien—Disappearance of Madame Huet—Suspicion but no Proof of Murder—Lapse by Prescription Imminent when Murderers Betrayed by a Friend—Police, Guided by Information Supplied by one of the Criminals' Friends, Unearth the Corpse—Disposal by Packing in Box and Transmitting it by Public Conveyance—Mr. Watson—Barré and Lebiez—Vion and M. Poirier, Desfontaines—Vion Arrested Through a Stratagem—An Advertisement Published by the Press.

MURDERERS may have neither time nor inclination to dispose of the remains by dismemberment. Many will rather bury the body as a means of concealment, or leave it to be buried in the natural way. Some remarkable cases of the defeat of such attempts will now be given.

The murder of the gauger O'Connor by the Mannings, husband and wife, has left a special mark in criminal records from the cold-blooded premeditation that preceded, and the apathetic indifference that followed, that crime. The preparations for the murder were made weeks in advance, nearly two months before it was perpetrated. The tools were then bought and the hole dug which was to conceal the corpse. The lime which was to destroy it after burial was laid in weeks ahead. All this time the victim constantly visited his murderer, was well received, stayed to supper and sat always above his own grave. After the bloody deed was done, and the body safely interred under the flags of the kitchen floor, Mrs. Manning

proceeded to prepare the dinner—a roast goose, of which the atrocious couple presently partook heartily.

There had been very intimate relations between O'Connor and Mrs. Manning, winked at by the husband, a miscreant with no sense of personal honour. Maria Roux was a Swiss woman, gifted with a certain florid beauty, who had been in the service of the Duchess of Sutherland, when O'Connor met her and made her an offer of marriage. She took Manning, an ex-official of the Great Western Railway, in preference, believing he had money. He only dissipated her portion in debauchery, and then together they plotted to kill O'Connor and acquire his possessions, of which, being a saving man, he was thought to have a goodly store.

O'Connor was last seen alive on London Bridge, the 9th of August, 1849. He told two friends who met him that he was going to Bermondsey, to Miniver Place, to dine with "Maria." As he did not appear at the docks for duty the next or succeeding days, a comrade went straight to the Mannings, knowing of the intimacy, to inquire for him. Mrs. Manning admitted that he had dined with them on the 9th, and expressed much surprise at hearing he had not got home.

His continued disappearance led his friends to apply to the police, who at their suggestion called at Miniver Place. The place was empty. The Mannings were gone and all their belongings. Not a stick of furniture was left. The officers, suspicious of some evil deed, made a close examination of the premises, but found nothing amiss till they got to the basement. Here the detective, Barnes, of Scotland Yard, noticed that two of the flagstones had been recently moved, and borrowing a knife from his colleague, Burton, picked out the mortar, which was still quite wet.

One of them ran out to fetch pick and shovel, and a crowbar. They moved the stones, which had been clumsily set by inexperienced hands, and lifting them, saw that the earth below had been lately turned over.

"We shall find O'Connor here," said Barnes with the *flair* of a true police officer, and digging three feet down they

came upon the body—a skeleton rather, the bones only remaining under the rapid action of the lime. It was impossible to identify the remains then, as the decomposition was complete; but this is another case to be added to those given later * of the convincing evidence afforded by teeth. A set of false teeth of peculiar make was found in the skull, and eventually recognised by the dentist as supplied by him to O'Connor.

Although there was only strong presumption as to identity, there was no doubt as to the method employed in the crime. There was a bullet wound in the temple over the right eye, and the back part of the skull had been beaten in with some heavy instrument, probably a hammer. That murder had been committed, and by the Mannings, there was a moral if not legal certainty. Henceforth there was no mystery to solve. The task of the police was to secure sufficient proof of guilt, and capture the criminals. It is a good instance of the prompt, common-sense employment of modern methods in the pursuit of crime.

It was naturally concluded that the first steps of the murderers would be to seize their victim's property, and this was soon verified by a visit to O'Connor's quarters. The landlady said that Mrs. Manning (who often called) had come on the 9th, the very evening of the crime, and gone up to O'Connor's rooms. The police now searched them, and found that a money-box and a small hand-safe had been forced, the lock was broken, and it was quite empty. Whatever it had contained—presumably valuables, securities, notes, cash—all had been removed.

But what had become of the Mannings? According to their neighbours, they had held their ground in Miniver Place, the woman till the 13th, the husband till the 15th. On the earlier date, Mrs. Manning had been seen driving away in a cab with three or four trunks on the roof. A furniture dealer gave news of Manning, who had sold him his effects on the 14th, but had asked leave to keep them, that he might sleep one more night at home. On the 15th he also drove away in a cab.

* See post, p. 83 *seq.*

The next steps were plainly marked out. First, to find these cabs; next, to instruct provincial police officers to look out for the two fugitives; thirdly, to ascertain what stock O'Connor held, and advertise the numbers as a clue to the present unlawful owners. The two last were soon done. As to the stock, O'Connor's friends knew the name of his brokers, and the various companies quickly responded with information as to what he held.

Cabmen, again, are easily found in London. The man who drove Mrs. Manning from Miniver Place on the 13th, came forward on the 20th, and described her and her journey. She went first to the South Eastern railway, where she deposited two trunks under the name of "Mrs. Smith, passenger to Paris. Till called for." Then drove across to the North Eastern with the rest of her baggage, where the cabman left her.

Superintendent Haynes, who now had charge of the case, soon claimed the boxes at the South Eastern, and found that they contained dresses and linen marked "Maria Roux," various articles clearly the property of O'Connor, and a packet of letters from him, addressed to Mrs. Manning. The cabman's story was evidently true so far.

At King's Cross there might be more difficulty. It is not always easy to remember one among a host of travellers, a week after the day indicated; yet Mr. Haynes, by patiently interrogating numbers of porters and officials, came upon two who had some recollection of a woman answering to the description of Mrs. Manning. She had occupied the through carriage to Edinburgh, by the 6.15 a.m. train, on the morning of the 14th March.

A telegram sent to Scotland was answered before Mr. Haynes returned to Scotland Yard, by the welcome intelligence that Mrs. Manning-Smith was already in custody.

The Edinburgh police had already their eye upon her. She had called at certain brokers, asking them for a good investment of £500, and for advice concerning certain railway shares she held. They did not like her looks, and only gave her an evasive answer, taking her name (Smith) and her address. A day or two later came a warning from their

London correspondents as to stolen railway bonds of this same description. The brokers informed the police, who were watching her when Mr. Haynes's telegram arrived. In less than half an hour Mrs. Manning was under lock and key.

Another week passed, and Manning was taken in Jersey.

The trial of these miscreants was full of sensational incidents, and their sentence to death gave general satisfaction. Dense crowds witnessed their execution. Mrs. Manning wore a black satin gown on the scaffold — a circumstance that caused a strong prejudice to be held against that material, which is said to have remained out of fashion in consequence till quite recent years.

WAINWRIGHT.

Coming down to later times, we find the murderer Wainwright repeating some of the processes tried by earlier murderers and equally failing to secure immunity. The deed was very deliberately planned, but the precautions taken to compass concealment, although elaborate, were unsuccessful, partly through his own carelessness, partly through the ill-luck that will mar the best combinations. He showed nearly incomprehensible stupidity at a most critical time, and left the most damning evidence in the hands of a youth, almost a stranger, while he absented himself from the spot. By the time he returned, only a few minutes later, the mischief was done. His terrible secret was out.

It cannot, however, be said that the elucidation of this crime was a triumph of detection. The discovery was in the first instance quite accidental. There was no sort of suspicion against Wainwright. Although a woman with whom he was on intimate terms had been missing for about a year, her disappearance had been explained without implicating him. It was not till he sought the assistance of a fellow-workman, once in his own employ, to help him in a small job at his old premises, that the fact of foul play was first forthcoming.

This youth, Stokes, accompanied Wainwright to the Whitechapel Road, No. 215, and entered the workshop on the ground-floor. Wainwright was a brush-maker, and had been

working on his own account till troubles and bankruptcy overtook him.

The job for Stokes was to help him in carrying away a couple of heavy parcels that lay on the floor, wrapped up in black American cloth, and corded with strong rope.

"Pick 'em up, will you?" said Wainwright, "and take 'em out to a cab. Only just wait while I see if the land is clear. There's that magging old Johnson in the court. I don't want him to see."

Stokes tried the parcels, but protested that they were too heavy. So Wainwright lent him a hand, and the pair carried them into the street, as far as the church in the Whitechapel Road. "Stop! You hold on here while I hail a cab," said Wainwright, and he left Stokes alone with the parcels.

Long afterwards, just before Wainwright's execution, Stokes wrote him a curious letter, detailing his sensation while waiting by the church. Something within him, he declared, some mysterious voice, some hidden but imperious impulse, urged him to examine the parcels.

He was not satisfied about them. Wainwright had talked of them as containing hair, bristles for brush-making; had cautioned him not to drop them lest they should break. How could bristles break?

Then they gave off a strong smell—a peculiar, offensive odour—and Wainwright had said this was due to their having lain so long under the straw. But bristles could never smell in this way.

Again, before leaving the workshop in Whitechapel Road, Wainwright had given him a spade, a hammer and chopper, and told him to sell them for what they would fetch. There was suspicious stuff on the chopper, sticky sort of dirt, which smelt badly.

As he stood there, irresolute and unhappy, the voice kept constantly saying, "Open that parcel! Open it, open it!" and he yielded. He could not help himself. He pulled all the wrappers aside, and saw—a human head! First the crop of light hair, then the entire head.

"It must be murder! Nothing less than murder." This

was Stokes's immediate conclusion, and he was so terrified by his shocking discovery that, so he said, his hair stood on end and his hat fell off.

After the first glimpse he could not resist making a closer scrutiny of the contents. He saw the head again, and more plainly. A severed head; the short hair was much matted and encrusted with earth and dirt. Nor was the head the only horror within the parcel. Looking a little further, he came upon a human hand, and then a human arm.

Then Wainwright returned, bringing a four-wheeled cab. He had seen nothing of what Stokes had done. Quite without suspicion, he told Stokes to put the parcels into the cab, and got in himself, saying sharply to the driver—

"Now, cabby, to the Commercial Road; all you know. And you, Stokes, I'll see you next time. I'll come round to your place to-night. Drive on, cabby."

Stokes saw himself left there planted. He had missed his chance, and has been blamed for not having given Wainwright into custody at once. When the coroner at the inquest asked him why he did not have Wainwright arrested then and there, he confessed that he was afraid.

"I knew Wainwright to be a daring man," said Stokes, justifying himself; "I saw what he was capable of: he had just cut up a body; he would not have hesitated to do for me if I had interfered with him. I thought I'd better wait till I found a policeman."

But policemen were not plentiful just then, nor could he get much help from the officers when he came across them.

Now, Stokes, still urged by the "small voice within," as he afterwards wrote, decided to pursue the fast-retreating cab. He ran after it at speed, and once gained a little, as it stopped in Greenfield Street to pick up a woman who was waiting there. (This was Alice Day, who was arrested as an accomplice, but soon discharged, there being nothing to connect her with the crime.)

Again the cab drove on, Stokes, growing more and more breathless, behind. Down Aldgate Street, then towards

Fenchurch Street, on to Leadenhall Street, and there it branched off to London Bridge, and crossed the river.

Stokes was taken for a lunatic as he raced along. Two constables whom he met only laughed at him derisively as he pointed to the cab ahead, and gasped, "That cab—there—ahead—stop it—parcels—two parcels——"

He was now all but distanced, but once more the cab stopped, near the Hop Exchange, in the Borough, and Stokes got within ten yards of it. Here there were two more constables, and their sense of duty was stronger than that of their colleagues above mentioned. When Stokes appealed to them they listened, and were prepared to act.

"See that man?" Stokes said, pointing to Wainwright, who had alighted from the cab, and with one parcel had walked on some thirty or forty yards, in the direction of a shop still known as the Hen and Chickens. "See him? Hurry after him. Stop him. See what he does with it."

Stokes had accomplished his part. It was now for the police to take up the business. One constable followed promptly; the other took post and watched the cab. When Wainwright entered the Hen and Chickens the first constable came back and rejoined the second at the cab.

Presently Wainwright returned. He was smoking a large and full-flavoured cigar. He did not appear to notice the policemen, but, lifting out the second parcel, walked off again to the Hen and Chickens.

The constables were now at his heels, and one asked, "Do you live in there? No? Have you possession of the place?"

"I have, and you haven't," answered Wainwright, with much effrontery.

"What's in that parcel? What have you done with the other? You go into the house, mate, and see if it's there, while I look at this," went on the policeman.

"Don't touch it!" cried Wainwright. "Ask no questions. Let me alone. Let me go. I'll give £50, £100, £200, anything, and plank down the money at once."

To offer to bribe a policeman is, perhaps, the safest way to

encourage his suspicion, and within a few seconds the parcel was torn open and the ghastly contents were disclosed.

Wainwright's arrest followed then and there. He was searched, and a number of keys were found upon him. With these one constable returned, under Stokes's guidance, to the house in the Whitechapel Road, to make further investigations. The parcels were taken to the police-station and their contents submitted without delay to medical examination.

One parcel contained the trunk of a human body, the other the remaining parts. There were ten fragments in all. The remains were those of a female, who had been dead about a year, and there was no sort of doubt as to the cause of death. Two bullet-holes were found in the brain, and a third in the hair-pad at the back of the head. The throat had also been cut. It was a severe wound, inflicted with considerable force, but after death from the bullets. The position of the bullet wounds indicated that the murderer had come up behind and fired into the hair-pad, but this shot had flattened against the hairpins without entering the head; the second shot was then aimed behind the right ear, and must have caused death, although, as life was ebbing, the murderer being uncertain whether his fell purpose was completed, fired again, right into the brain.

Meanwhile, the search of the premises had been actively prosecuted. With one of the keys taken from Wainwright the back-door from Vine Court was opened, and the great workshop-warehouse, 115 feet in length, entered. At a distance of sixteen feet from the door it was seen that a part of the flooring had been taken up recently, and roughly replaced. The boards were again removed, and an open grave, but lately used, was disclosed beneath. The earth or mould therein was largely mixed with chloride of lime, which had the contrary effect to that expected by the murderer, and had served only to prevent decomposition.

Various suspicious implements were found in the warehouse. A new spade, recently used, a hammer, an open pocket-knife, a chopper or cleaver, on which was much sticky, fleshy matter. In one corner, just behind the back-door, on

removing the rubbish, splotches of blood were found upon the flagstones, and the edge of one stone was broken as if with the blow of a hammer or hatchet. Upstairs, on the first floor, an old umbrella was found, blue in colour, not rolled up—a lady's umbrella.

That a crime had been committed was, of course, patent, but the question of identity remained unsolved. Three days later, on the 15th of September, the first clue was given to the police by a man named Taylor, who expressed a belief that the remains might be those of his sister-in-law, Harriet Lane. She had been missing just a twelvemonth. His description of her was minute and particular. She had small feet, long fingers on small hands, light auburn hair worn in a peculiar fashion. He also remembered that she had lost a tooth in the upper jaw. These details corresponded so exactly with traits and peculiarities in the victim that the police, without hesitation, permitted Taylor to view the remains. He at once identified them as those of Harriet Lane, commonly called Mrs. King.

A number of relatives soon gave corroborative testimony. Mrs. Taylor, her sister, and her father, John Lane, spoke positively as to identity. The features might not be recognisable, but it was made out clearly that the body was five feet high, Harriet Lane's height; that the deceased had a scar on the leg below the knee, such as a red-hot poker would produce—it was known that Harriet Lane had just such a scar; there was a tooth missing in the upper jaw on the right side, just the same tooth that Harriet Lane had lost. There were unmistakable signs of resemblance—the colour of the hair, the stature, the slender frame, the small extremities; the fact, moreover, that the victim had been a mother, and Harriet Lane had had two children.

Again, various articles of dress found in the grave and in the house assisted in the identification. Harriet Lane had worn earrings, and two of these ornaments were picked out of the grate in the fireplace. She wore a wedding ring and a keeper, both of which were found in the grave, where certain buttons were also found, the same as those on Harriet Lane's

dress the last time she was seen alive. Some buttons of exactly the same pattern were still in the possession of Harriet Lane's friends and known to have belonged to her.

The next point in the chain of detection was to prove the close connection between Wainwright and the deceased. It was established beyond doubt that she had left her lodgings in Sidney Square, Mile End, with the avowed intention of going to live in 215, Whitechapel Road. This was on the 11th of September, and she was never seen alive after that day. Nothing had been heard of her since. Although on good terms with her family, and hitherto frequently in communication with them by letter or visits, they had now lost sight of her completely. After a time, towards the end of September, Mrs. Taylor, growing uneasy, went to Wainwright and asked after her sister. She found Wainwright at another number in the Whitechapel Road, 84. He answered readily that he had given the missing woman money to take her down to Brighton, £15, and a sum of £10 previously to provide herself with an outfit. She had gone off with a gentleman who had come into a large fortune—Mr. Freake.

Two months later Mrs. Taylor returned with fresh inquiries, and was put off by fresh excuses. A third time she asked, and was then reassured by a telegraphic message and letter, both read aloud to her by Wainwright. One purported to be from Dover, the other from Paris, and both were to the effect that Harriet Lane was alive and in comfortable circumstances.

Old Lane had also been to Wainwright demanding his daughter, alive or dead; if the latter, he insisted upon being told where she was buried. Wainwright put him off with the same story, and referred him to the man with whom he pretended she had eloped. When Lane denied that she had gone off with Mr. Freake, Wainwright changed his ground and said he meant another person, "a man without a moustache." All these were mere excuses—in plain English, downright lies.

The letter and telegram already mentioned, supposed to have come from Freake, were proved to have been written by Wainwright's brother Thomas, who was thus brought into

the case as an accessory. Freake himself was produced, and denied all knowledge of Harriet Lane.

Long before the trial a close web of circumstantial evidence had been woven round Henry Wainwright. There was proof of his having purchased a quantity of chloride of lime on the 10th of September, 1874, the day before the supposed murder; also an axe and spade. Neighbours could swear to the reports of pistol shots on the evening of the 11th of September, 1874, proceeding from the direction of Wainwright's premises. A man working in a shed adjoining 215, Whitechapel Road, heard them distinctly. They were fired in rapid succession, as from a revolver; there was no pause to reload, which must have happened with a single-barrelled pistol. The few hairs adhering to the spade were microscopically examined, and found to correspond with those of the victim's head.

A strange story came out in the course of the investigation which told against Wainwright, and is another evidence of the keen instinct or the great sagacity of a dog. In October, 1874, while Wainwright still occupied 215, Whitechapel Road, for business purposes, his manager owned a dog who was in a state of continual restlessness while in the workshop. He was for ever scratching at the boards of the flooring just above the place where the grave had been made. It was supposed that he was after rats. At last the dog disappeared. The manager and his wife went out one evening leaving the dog with Wainwright, who presumably made away with it, for it was never seen again.

Wainwright when first arrested by the police showed great self-possession. Those who saw and watched him in the police court at the first inquiry remarked that there was no sign of apprehension about him; his features showed a sort of only half-awakened attention; he occasionally bit his lips, shifted his position, and almost unconsciously rubbed one hand over the other. At his final arraignment his appearance had altogether changed. He had grown haggard and care-worn, and was unmistakably anxious for the result.

His guilt was proved to the satisfaction of the court, and the jury had no hesitation as to their verdict. Yet Henry

Wainwright before receiving sentence solemnly declared that he was innocent. He used strong and remarkable language. "I will only say, standing as I do now upon the brink of eternity, that I swear I am not the murderer of the remains found in my possession. I swear I have never fired a pistol in my life. I swear also that I did not bury the mutilated remains, nor did I exhume them."

He persisted in this denial almost to the last. Just before his execution he confessed that he deserved his fate, but still he would not admit that he was to the fullest extent guilty of the murder. It was supposed at the time, and the impression has survived, that the crime was not his handiwork alone; that his brother Thomas, who stood with him in the dock and who was sentenced as an accessory to penal servitude for seven years, had taken an active part in the murder, had perhaps been the principal in committing the deed.

The doubts that prevailed revived old complaints against our criminal procedure, and it was seriously suggested that the ends of justice would be better assured if the judge had had power to examine the accused. A French judge would have asked Henry Wainwright to explain why he had bought chloride of lime and American cloth, and Thomas Wainwright why he had sent the letters and telegrams purporting to have come from Harriet Lane—why he also had purchased the chopper. The proper and more exact responsibility for the murder might have thus been more positively fixed.

One curious feature in the Wainwright case was the outward respectability of the accused. He was shown in the course of his trial to be a man of notoriously immoral life, yet for years he had posed as a prominent member of the Christ Church Institute in the East End, and was popular in the district for his recitations and amateur performances. He also took a deep interest in politics and gave his support strongly to the Conservative side. One strange sign of weakness was displayed during the last year of his life by his seeking to drown the memory of his terrible deed by hard drinking.

There are strong points of similarity between the real

characters and Pharisaic exteriors of Wainwright and Greenacre.

ROBERT AND BASTIEN.

There was an aged widow lady of independent fortune residing in the Rue St. Jacques, in 1821. She had two children, a son and a daughter. The first was a poor half-witted creature who earned a couple of francs per day as a common labourer; the other was married to a man named Robert, retired from the wine trade, who was always on the best terms with his mother-in-law.

In spite of her ample means Madame Huet, as the widow was called, kept no servant; but a woman came in daily to cook and clean and buy provisions. This woman was late one day, greatly to the displeasure of Mme. Huet, who at once sent her out on a message to a distance. Then someone called, an unknown someone, with whom the widow Huet went out no one knew where. But she never returned.

The son-in-law was forthwith suspected of foul play. He was arrested and with him a friend, Bastien, a master carpenter. A searching investigation was made, but no proofs incriminating either Robert or Bastien were forthcoming.

Three years later both men were again arrested, closely examined, and again released.

Ten more years elapsed. The time of prescription which according to French law exonerates criminals was nearly at an end when distinct evidence was brought against Robert and Bastien. The disappearance of Mme. Huet was almost forgotten when an old convict, who was a confidential agent to Bastien, secretly informed a police officer that if he was promised a reward of 500 francs, he would tell the whole story of the murder and lead to the certain discovery of the corpse.

This man when questioned declared that Robert had conceived the crime and Bastien had executed it. The latter was to be paid for the job; but as Robert's wife, Mme. Huet's daughter, had only been granted a small allowance from the estate, he could not pay what he promised.

Bastien had even complained to his friend of Robert's faithlessness and had threatened to denounce him. At this

moment Bastien carried about in his pocket book a rough plan of a certain house and garden in which the body was buried. The grave was marked by a black mark upon this plan. The house was in the Rue Vaugiraud, No. 81; it had been rented on purpose by Robert in 1821, and the garden was so isolated that it was perfectly easy to dig a grave unobserved.

The widow Huet had been inveigled to this house, supposed to be her son-in-law's new residence, by an invitation to breakfast. It was Bastien who had called for her and taken her there in a cab. He escorted his unsuspecting victim as far as the garden and there quietly strangled her with a rope which he had purchased for the occasion. Bastien, so the story ran, found the grave too narrow to take her at full length, so she was buried, so to speak, sitting on her heels.

For the third time Robert and Bastien were apprehended. Bastien was the first seized. He was a tall, powerful man of about fifty, and he struggled hard with the police; but M. Canler, the well-known police officer already frequently mentioned, held him as in a vice and he was carried off to the nearest police station. There he was searched and his pocket book taken from him; inside was the plan of the garden in the Rue Vaugiraud, and on it the black spot indicating the grave.

We have here another instance of the almost inconceivable stupidity of criminals. This plan could be of no possible use to Bastien—only a source of continual danger, yet he carried it about with him among his most private papers for nearly ten years.

It was essential for the completion of the case to verify the interment of the corpse. There was always the fear that the friends of the accused, hearing of their arrest, would take up the body and remove it, thus saving them from the conviction of the capital offence. M. Canler was therefore ordered to put a close watch upon the house and to gain possession of the skeleton without letting the present occupier into the secret. Canler was an officer of many stratagems, and he had to invent some excuse for installing his officers in the heart of the premises.

He decided at last to call at the house and inform the

tenant, a master pavior, that the police had received information that his house was to be broken into by burglars some night soon. Canler said that he had come with a couple of men to protect the house. After some hesitation, the pavior consulted the police commissary of the district and finally agreed to receive the police officers. They were lodged in the garden and remained there several nights, being provided with food and warm coverings by the grateful pavior. One night, when the necessary preliminaries had been completed, Canler came to the house, escorting the two prisoners Robert and Bastien, accompanied by a doctor and a number of grave-diggers from Père la Chaise.

To the dismay of the pavior these latter proceeded to dig up the ground at the point marked on the plan, which with still more marvellous shortsightedness, Bastien had described in writing on the plan as 15 ft. from the wall at the end, and 14 ft. from the side wall.

It must have been a curious scene: the two murderers on the very theatre of their crime, compelled to watch the disinterment of their victim; the amazed occupier of the house still in the dark as to the meaning of these strange operations as the diggers laboured on; the police keenly anxious to obtain conclusive proofs.

Through some error in measurement the digging had not been commenced at exactly the proper spot and the search proved fruitless. A fresh departure was made, when it was found that the prisoner Robert had taken his post on the very spot where the digging should have been undertaken. He was obliged to move to one side, the work was recommenced and in a very short time, under the vigorous blows of the pick, a skeleton of a woman, with a rope still round her neck, was brought to the surface. A wedding ring in gold still encircled the second finger of the left hand.

The testimony against the accused seemed all sufficient and they were duly convicted; but having regard to the long period that had elapsed since the commission of the crime, the sentence of death was commuted to *travaux forcés* for life.

PACKING THE BODY IN A BOX.

It was seen in the case of Barré and Lebiez that a part of the murdered remains had been packed in a box and sent off by train. There was nothing new in this idea, which had occurred to many murderers. Poor old Watson, the Stockwell schoolmaster, who killed his wife, was at pains to order a box on purpose to dispose of the remains. As early as 1851 I find the record of a case in Paris where the same method was tried.

M. Poirier-Desfontaines was a well-known and prosperous manufacturer of bronzes, whose shop was in the Rue St. Honoré, Paris. He had only one servant and shop assistant, a youth who entered his service in the last days of December, 1850. On the 6th of January this young man took down the shutters and swept out the shop. After that he went out and brought back a large portmanteau, which he carried up to his master's rooms upon the first floor.

By and by he came down and told the *concierge* that M. Poirier had gone off for a few days' holiday and that he was following him into the country with a quantity of clothes. He then fetched a commissionaire to carry down the portmanteau, which was too heavy for him, so two other commissionaires with a handbarrow were called in, and amongst them they handled the heavy load, and it was wheeled away.

Nothing more was heard or seen of M. Poirier-Desfontaines or his servant. As the bronze merchant was a quiet, inoffensive old gentleman, who never left home, his absence was much commented upon by the neighbours. As usual, the police commissary was consulted; he came and looked in through a glass opening into the residentiary part of the house, found all in order and went away.

Still time passed and there was no news of the absent M. Poirier. Then the authorities were moved to break into the house, and found at once the traces of a crime—blood-stains upon the floor, and also upon a cleaver which was lying near.

But no signs of the victim. It was not till the 30th January that the Préfecture of police became informed of what had occurred. The authorities at the Chateauroux railway station had been much concerned about a portmanteau which had arrived addressed to a certain M. Moreau in the town, who refused to receive it. On reference to the person who was supposed to have despatched it from Paris, no such person could be found at the given address. Then the local police were called in, the box opened in due form, and the contents exposed to view.

The corpse of a man fully dressed was found in the portmanteau, bundled up all in a heap, with the legs close under the body and tied there with cords. A shirt stained with blood and other indications of a fell deed were also found in the portmanteau. The body was at once and easily recognised as that of M. Poirier-Desfontaines.

Suspicion at once fell upon the missing servant, which was soon verified on the evidence of the commissionaires, who could speak to the removal of the box and its address by the servant to M. Moreau, of Chateauroux. Another of them also reported that this servant had taken a ticket for Marseilles. The railway officials gave a description of the servant, which corresponded with that of the young man Vion, employed by M. Poirier-Desfontaines.

What had become of Vion? The police wanted him and did not know where to look for him. He might have gone far beyond Marseilles, abroad, to the uttermost ends of the earth. Then M. Canler, the head of the detective police in those days, struck upon a little stratagem of his own, which is interesting as illustrating police methods and the blind confidence of criminals in request.

He made use of the newspapers, choosing the *Gazette des Tribunaux* in preference to all as the one that would be most probably read by the dangerous classes. At his instance a paragraph was inserted to the effect that the murderer of the bronze merchant was known, but that his flight was also known, and that he had found safety across the Spanish frontier.

M. Canler kept this move of his quite secret and was taken sharply to task by his superiors for his failure to arrest the fugitive.

"You didn't even know what had become of him," sneered M. Carlier, the *préfet*. "Read this," and he handed M. Canler a copy of the *Gazette*.

"I inserted that myself," replied the police officer quietly, "and I look to it to secure us our man. As soon as he reads that he will believe that he has completely hidden himself and will return at once to Paris."

This as a matter of fact happened within a few days. News reached the police from a sure quarter that Vion was living close to the Port Louis Philippe, and there he was presently captured. When taken he had in his pocket a watch and chain belonging to M. Poirier and a large sum in gold. His story was a lame one; some caller had killed his master and threatened him with a like fate if he gave the alarm. This story broke down at the assizes and Vion was convicted.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW SOME MURDERS HAVE BEEN DETECTED.

An Italian Case—Epidemic of Murder in Turin—Similarity of Crime—Police at Fault—Intelligence of Young Officer, Cappa, afterwards of Great Repute—Measuring Footprints—Chance Conversation in a Tavern throws Suspicion on Two Brothers—Arrest of One—Examination of his Boots—Crime Detected—Pranzini—The Traces he Left—Supposed to be "Gaston Geissler" and the Hunt for him as such—Arrest by Chance of Pranzini, a Man in Possession of Missing Jewellery—Descriptions of Geissler and Pranzini Altogether at Variance—To Convict the Latter, Indispensable to Find the First—Long Chase of Geissler ends on his Discovery as one George Guttentag—Pranzini now arrested and convicted—His Strange Antecedents and Career—Fascination he Exercised over Many Women—Prado, a Man of the Same Type—Murder in the Rue Caumartin Undiscovered for Six Years—Chase of an Hotel Thief Leads to Exposure of Murderer by a Jealous Woman's Quarrel—Lacenaire, An Old but Interesting Case, an Inveterate Murderer—Several Murders in Succession in Paris—Great Acumen used in Inquiring into one Leads Police to the Discovery of All—Arrest of the Monster Lacenaire—His Antecedents—Pagés, the Murderer of Madame Sennepart, Cleverly Detected.

CRIME, especially murder, may be called both endemic and epidemic. It is always present in a certain fixed, rather moderate, form, and it occasionally breaks out into terrible activity. In the latter case it is produced by either imitation or by immunity. As regards the first, there is a marked tendency to follow evil example, and this may, no doubt, be encouraged by the wide-spread publicity given in the Press to great crimes with all their exciting and often horrifying details. As to immunity, it is obvious that the murderer who has worked his wicked will and escaped detection is likely enough to repeat his offence if opportunity offers, and he thinks he can again evade the law. Jack the Ripper might be a homicidal maniac with lucid intervals, but it may be taken as certain that the thirst for blood grew with the consciousness that he could kill and still escape the consequences. If Cain is not

checked in his career of murder, he will continue to practise it, yielding readily to fresh temptation and hoping always to be undetected.

I find an interesting illustration of this in Italian records, and the case is the more worthy of mention because it displays the similarity of police methods and again shows the assistance that detection constantly receives from chance.

It was in 1862, long before the complete unification of Italy, but after the recovery of Lombardy, when Turin was no longer the capital of the kingdom of Sardinia, that that city was horrified by a series of murders committed quite openly in the streets and public highways, crimes which could be traced to no one. The murderer, or murderers, defied detection; as each fresh case occurred the public grew more and more indignant, and the police were at their wits' end to unravel the mystery.

Every crime exhibited the same features; every victim lay in the open with his throat cut, in every case with a knife, and he had been always robbed and plundered. The first was that of a carman, who had come in from a neighbouring village to sell a hogshead of wine, and who left Turin in the evening, carrying with him the proceeds of the sale in cash. He was found dead, killed, as above described, and all his money gone. A few days later another murder was committed, this time of a wandering jeweller who hawked his goods in the country fairs and markets. Soon afterwards another carman was killed exactly as the first named had been. Last of all, a poor carter, Ferrani by name, who was taking out the week's washing from Turin to Orbassano, was supposed to have been killed on the road. He was missing, his horse and cart had also disappeared; the only presumption of the crime was a vast pool of coagulating blood on the scene of the crime.

At that time a young police officer was serving in the Turin force who had strong natural aptitude for the business of detection, and who was afterwards famous for his many successes in the pursuit of criminals. This Domenica Cappa rose to be head of the detective service in Turin and was honoured

with the title of *Cavaliere*, but at the time of these murders he was little better that a newly joined recruit. So much excitement prevailed in Turin that every officer was eager to help in the pursuit, and Cappa joined a comrade and superior, one Sunday off duty, in visiting the scene of the last crime.

They drove together to the spot, but being inexperienced whips, upset the trap on the way. However, they reached their point at last and examined it minutely, hoping to find some clue, either to the murderers or to the place where the corpse was concealed. The search was absolutely fruitless until the last moment, when Cappa cast one look into the ditch by the roadside just below the pool of blood. The bottom of the ditch was covered with a layer of soft clay, the moisture caused by the drainage from the road. Upon this soft surface were a number of footmarks, plainly marked and leading some way along the ditch until they were lost on the dirty surface.

Cappa jumped down joyfully into the ditch to examine further, having already formed a theory in his own mind that these were footsteps of murderers, who had probably carried the corpse down from the road where the blood was into the ditch, which they followed up securely, until they found somewhere to conceal it. His colleague laughed openly at Cappa when, to lose no advantage, he proceeded to measure the foot-marks and take their exact shape with a piece of old newspaper. He still laughed when Cappa deduced certain useful conclusions from the evidence of the foot-marks.

"I make out that there were two people engaged in this business," he insisted. "These measures are entirely different and belong to two distinct kinds of feet. This boot is long and broad; the heel is low, nearly flat, and it has a mark of a diamond, made of nails. It is the footstep, in short, of someone more accustomed to the fields than the pavement—a strong, tall, vigorous person. The other footstep is quite the opposite. The foot is small, slender, aristocratic almost. The heel is high, curved in and without nails. It is the boot of a resident in town. At least this proves that there were two of them."

"What proves that these are the footsteps of the murderers more than of any other person?" protested his companion.

"Only their situation so near the pool of blood."

Yet this clue led nowhere.

Another murder occurred, and yet another, still without detection. When daylight came it was by accident, through the information given by an outsider, the result of a chance meeting and the conversation that followed.

As Cappa was walking disconsolately about one night, his mind full of the crime and its mysteries, he was accosted by an old friend, who hinted that he knew something. It was suspicion merely, and he would say no more until they were seated together, Cappa and he, over a bottle of wine in a restaurant.

He admitted that he had met a couple of acquaintances, the brothers Garesio, both very much the worse for liquor, and at their urgent request had accompanied them to a tavern. The talk turned upon the murders; one brother at least, Gian Battista Garesio, spoke freely, too freely; the other, Antonio Garesio, was very taciturn and downhearted.

It was agreed that the police were quite at fault, that the criminals laid their plans too well, that they would never be found out.

"That's what I say!" cried Gian Battista, as he put his hand upon his brother; "but Antonio here, he is always in a fright."

"Of what?" quickly asked the friend. "Why should he be afraid?"

Gian Battista and Antonio exchanged glances, and the former checking himself abruptly, only refilled the glasses and made no reply. But the friend returned to the subject —referring to the new measures taken by the police, the extension of the inquiry, the strong hopes entertained of discovery.

"Maybe," said Gian Battista briefly; "the matter doesn't concern us. Any more liquor? No?"

Then he lugged out his purse and paid in gold.

The friend remarked upon this affluence.

"We sold a horse and cart the other day at Orbassano," said Gian Battista incautiously, and this, with the frown that came upon his brother's face, was fresh ground for suspicion.

It was near Orbassano that Ferrani, the missing carter, was last seen.

The two Garesios, although far gone in liquor, seemed disinclined to part with their friend. Did they suspect him? When they insisted upon accompanying him home through the deserted streets of Turin, he shuddered, feeling himself at the mercy of two miscreants who would not stop at murdering him if they feared his tongue.

So he made up a story on the spot of the discovery of Ferrani's body near a village where two peasants were proved to have disposed of the cart and horse. The whole story, he declared, had been in the late edition of the evening papers.

This saved him for the moment, but he was in greater danger a day or two later, when Gian Battista came to him furiously declaring that there was no truth in his story, and plainly accusing the friend of being a secret spy of the police. He was pacified and reassured at last, but not before he had sworn to "do" for anyone who brought the police on his track.

Here was more than sufficient for Cappa. His next business was to lay hands upon the Garesios, and his mind ran especially on their boots. He had the famous measures safe within his pocket book; the point was to apply them.

He soon learnt that one of the brothers, Antonio, was in gaol under sentence for robbery. It would be easy to measure his boots. But the cautious police officer dreaded arousing the man's suspicions prematurely, and before he had captured Gian Battista, who, he felt convinced, was the principal culprit. He knew enough of the two brothers, who had been often in trouble, to remember that they were in sharp contrast physically. Gian Battista was big, burly, given to country pursuits, Antonio was small and constantly inhabited the city. This seemed to corroborate satisfactorily the difference between the footprints.

After some difficulty and by a clever ruse, Cappa ran into Gian Battista Garesio. The man had left his home and was

wandering about the country when Cappa came upon him and took him, pretending he was one Gosio, "wanted" for burglary. Knowing Gian Battista to be a desperate ruffian, he feared to tax him with the greater offence until he was safe between four walls.

Directly he got his man to the police-station, he ordered him to take off his boots.

Garesio obeyed, but not readily, and his uneasiness increased when he saw the police officer, having first verified the diamond in nails upon the heel, take out his paper measures and fit them exactly to the sole of his boots.

"What does that mean?" he asked.

"That you will end at the galleys if not on the scaffold."

The case was further strengthened by the examination of the other brother's shoes, which corresponded with the second set of measures. But further and more convincing evidence was obtained on searching Gian Battista's house, where a quantity of the unfortunate Ferrani's property was found; many pieces of linen stained and spotted, part of the washing stolen from the murdered man. The horse and cart were also traced, and the purchasers identified the Garesios as the men who had sold them.

Gian Battista was executed and Antonio sent to the galleys for life.

One curious incident occurred at the end of the investigation. When searching Gian Battista's house a prayer-book was found lying on a table. Cappa took it up in surprise, and on opening it a small scrap of cardboard fell out from among its leaves; on this was written the word "Rossignol." Gian Battista was asked what it meant. "Rossignol is the French for nightingale: that is all I know" was his reply. But he knew more, and so by-and-by did the police. For this word "Rossignol" was the clue to another series of murders that long remained undetected in Turin.

PRANZINI.

There appeared to be more than sufficient traces left by the murderer of Madame de Montille, the name by which a

certain adventuress was known in Paris in 1887. She occupied a spacious apartment upon the second floor of a house in the Rue Montaigne. One morning very early her cook, who slept out, came to her work and could not gain admission. Her fellow-servant within did not answer the bell, although as a rule it always woke her or her child. After some delay the commissary of the quarter was summoned, and he ordered a locksmith to force an entrance.

There were three corpses inside. Mistress, maid, and the latter's child. The deed had been done with a butcher's knife, artistically, and with such thorough effect that death must have been immediate. The floor was one great pool of blood, in which the murderer must have walked and worked, for blood-stained footsteps were seen all over the room, bloody finger-marks were on the cupboards and wardrobes, and on the iron safe.

Robbery had evidently been committed, and was probably the motive of the crime. The place had been pillaged. Things lay about in great disorder; a purse torn open and in shreds; a bunch of keys lay on the ground. By-and-by, with the assistance of friends, it was possible to verify the disappearance of a large quantity of valuable jewels. Although that actually worn by Madame de Montille was left untouched, the rest had disappeared: one ring with a great diamond, earrings, solitaire, a heart-shaped watch set in diamonds, bracelets, and so forth.

Strange to say, but yet with uncommon imprudence, the miscreant had left his mark behind him—three distinct and precious indications that promised to be invaluable to the police in pursuit of the perpetrator. First, his shirt-cuffs, one stained with blood, lying under the very body of one corpse, the other cuff on the neck of the second.

Next, following a track of candle grease upon the carpet, it led to a window curtain, and lying behind it was a waist-belt of yellow leather, on the inside of which was the name "Gaston Geissler," marked in Indian ink.

Lastly, in a drawer of the dressing-table was a letter dated only three days previous, signed "Gaston," con-

taining proof of a close intimacy between the writer and the deceased.

These signs were so obvious that it at once occurred to the investigators that they had been placed there on purpose; yet that was hard to believe, at least without further evidence. Yet the known want of precaution in even the most astute criminals allowed them to be taken the other way, and one of the first steps of the inquiry was to make search for "Gaston Geissler" throughout Paris. A system of police registers is kept by all hotels, high and low, in which the names of all visitors must be inscribed; the *police des garnis* might help in this present instance, although the information supplied is naturally untrustworthy. It is so easy to give a false name.

Next day it was found that a certain Henri Geissler, who had been lodging in the Hôtel Cailleux, near the Gare du Nord, had disappeared on the very night of the crime. "Henri," not "Gaston," but the change was quite possible, and the detective at once visited the hotel, and searching the bedroom which had been Geissler's, came upon a poor sort of valise in yellow canvas, a paper bag which had held cigarettes, the photograph of an old woman in a medallion, and two coarse shirts marked "G. G.," pointing to the change of name, and a few loose collars marked with the maker's name, "Nadge, Morgenstrasse, Berlin." There was, moreover, a fragment of an electoral address, delivered by someone at Breslau.

The description of this Geissler was soon obtained, and his history so far as it was known. A notice asking for information as to his whereabouts was published in all the public prints, and at the same time a full list of the jewels stolen by the murderer. The police being strongly suspicious of him made every effort to track him down, when the news came that another man altogether had been arrested at Marseilles, who was in possession of many of the stolen jewels.

It was a man named Pranzini, calling himself a Swedish doctor, about to start for Singapore. He had given a watch set in jewels, to one girl of his acquaintance, and diamond earrings to another. Information reached the police of this

extravagant generosity, and by one glance at the list of Montille jewels showed that these were among the lot.

The man Pranzini was arrested, and forthwith tried to hang himself in the police cell.

Surely there could be no further doubt? Pranzini and Geissler were one and the same person. Yet, when their descriptions were compared, they were unmistakably different, and another theory was necessarily adopted that two criminals were concerned; one the murderer, Geissler, the other, Pranzini, only the receiver of stolen jewels.

The French detectives were not, however, entirely satisfied of this. There were, no doubt, strongly incriminating facts against Geissler—the shirt-cuffs, the belt and letter, all left on the scene of the crime; but why should not Pranzini have assumed the name of Geissler merely to divert suspicion from himself? To prove this, to prove that Pranzini was the real murderer, it was essential to find the real Geissler, the man who had disappeared from the Hôtel Cailleux.

Pranzini himself would give no help. He was in custody, accused on good grounds of complicity in the crime, and he was at the mercy, therefore, of the officers of the law. He was interrogated again and again, but he would give no help; he admitted nothing, he only repeated the same phrase, "I have nothing to do with the business." The conviction gained ground that he was the murderer. Yet Geissler must be found, for his absence would surely be a weapon in the hands of Pranzini's counsel for the defence.

M. Goron, at that time assistant Chef de la Sûreté in Paris, was charged with the mission of searching for Geissler through the length and breadth of Europe. He has told us in his recently published memoirs of his prolonged, wearisome, and unnecessary man-hunt. In the course of his travels he visited every place associated with the traces or belongings that were presumably Geissler's. The whole story is deeply interesting as a true and faithful account of the indefatigable, minutely patient proceedings of a keen, conscientious police officer.

M. Goron was drawn first to Brussels by a misleading report

that Geissler had been met in Antwerp by a woman, that he had asked her to direct him to the office of the Red Star Line of steamships to New York, had spoken in German, seemed in a state of great depression, and had his hair dyed. There was a great wound in one hand which looked like a bite, but which he said was got in an affray; this the woman dressed with his own handkerchief, which she kept, and found to be marked with the initials "G. G." She at once gave it up to the police authorities when she returned to Brussels, adding the important fact that this same G. G. wished to present her with certain valuable jewels.

Any hopes founded on this specious story were dashed at once to the ground. For, on a closer examination of the handkerchief, it was found that the initials were C. C., not G. G., and the visit to Brussels was so much wasted time.

The next point was Cologne. Among Geissler's effects found in his valise was a parchment bag bearing the printed address of a tobacconist who did business in many places. M. Goron made the round of these with Geissler's description in his hand. No one could recognise the man wanted. But now the Cologne police came upon traces of a Geissler at two hotels, from both of which he had bolted without paying his bill. In the last he had left a valise full of linen marked differently from the shirts found in Paris, containing a photograph, too, of this Geissler, but beardless, and carrying an eyeglass, not at all the Geissler of the Hôtel Cailleux. More, letters had passed between the innkeeper at Cologne and the defaulting Geissler's father, which proved that the man could not have been in Paris at the time of the murder of Madame de Montille.

M. Goron pressed on to Berlin. The collars of the true Geissler bore the mark of a haberdasher, "Nadge, 27, Morgenstrasse," in that capital—a vast establishment, selling thousands and thousands of collars and shirts daily, and it was impossible to swear to any individual purchaser. As to the collars, Herr Nadge could not deny them, but he altogether repudiated the shirts. "We turn out nothing so common here," he said, with pardonable pride. This

statement was borne out by other shirtmakers, who agreed that the shirts were of provincial not Berlin make. They came possibly from Leipzig, Dresden, Breslau.

Breslau! The town in which the electoral address was published. On to Breslau, and a fresh hunt for Geissler and shirtmakers. Here, however, luck, "the finest *collaborateur* of the detective," as M. Goron has said, was waiting to reward the painstaking officer. As he walked through the streets he came upon the facsimile of the valise found in the Hôtel Cailleux. But they were made and sold in hundreds at Breslau at the low price of three shillings apiece. That which Goron dragged with him all over Europe was identified as one of the lot, but it was impossible to say who had bought it.

There was more success in the matter of the shirts. When they had been shown to all the shirtmakers, one recognised them as part of a parcel sold to a Madame Guttentag, of Breslau, address unknown.

The local directory gave thirty-six Guttentags resident in Breslau, and M. Goron, with unfailing pertinacity, proceeded to visit all in turn. At the first house he seemed to draw blank. Master and mistress were absent on a journey; the son of the house was also away. Did the servant know the valise which was now shown to her? No. The medallion photograph?

Triumph at last!

"Why, it is Madame's portrait!" A greater triumph, when the woman recognised the shirts and collars, having washed them often. They belonged to the son.

By-and-by Herr Guttentag came in, and, when questioned, told a sad story about this son, a spendthrift and a ne'er-do-well. He had cast him off, and could not say what had become of him. Fancied he had gone to Paris. A cousin in Breslau might know, as he sometimes corresponded with him.

This cousin, when questioned, solved the riddle. Yes, he knew George (not Gaston) Guttentag. Had heard from him quite lately. He was in trouble, a prisoner in Mazas Prison, in Paris, charged with an attempt at suicide, made on the

very night of the murder of Madame de Montille. He was penniless, and had written to his cousin for funds to help him to embark for America. The sum total of the situation then was that the man whom M. Goron had been hunting for through Germany was safe in custody in Paris all the time. There was, no doubt, a flaw in the police system, for the detective department had never been informed of the arrest of Guttentag, or they might have drawn therefrom a conjecture that he was Geissler. Still, the man said he was without an address, and he gave his right name. It must still have been pure conjecture that George Guttentag was Henri Gaston Geissler.

But the point was now satisfactorily disposed of. It was safe to proceed with the case against Pranzini, against whom, meanwhile, suspicious facts were being accumulated. He was recognised by a cutler, who had sold him a butcher's knife—that with which the crime had been committed. He had been unable to give a credible account of the disposal of his time on the night of the murder. Now, too, an independent witness came forward with a statement that clearly connected Pranzini with the name of Geissler. The witness was also called Geissler, and he had been secretary of the Royal Hotel, Naples, when Pranzini was porter there. Pranzini had been detected by M. Geissler in a theft, and the ruffian owed a grudge to the name. Hence his elaborate device to put the police on a false scent with the shirt-cuffs and belt marked Geissler.

The man Pranzini, who was, in due course, condemned and executed, was a type of adventurer not uncommon on the Continent of Europe, although few are such reckless miscreants. The character has been well described by an eminent French journalist, M. Aurelien Scholl. This, the *mistaquoere* of modern French *argot*, the "scallywag" of beyond the Atlantic, this cosmopolitan man of prey, "speaks three or four languages, possibly five or six if by extraction an Italian, he has passed a season at Marienbad, he knows the inside of all German baths, he is to be seen at Dieppe, Trouville, Vichy, Luchon, and Biarritz." He generally meets with

one of his fraternity equally ready to pick up anything going —a cutlet, a bank-note, or a weak woman. They help each other, these rogues; one introduces the other under some high-sounding title, according to the country. The rank of chevalier suffices in Germany or Belgium; in France the baron is the lowest admissible. In England, captain or colonel are most used; to assume titular rank where the Peerage is generally handy might soon betray the too ambitious adventurer.

They are to be seen on the boulevards, at the *café* doors, faultlessly got up, button-hole, waxed moustachios, fashionable too. They are ever on the watch for prey; all is fish that comes to their net. They swarm at hotels abroad, lightly equipped—one portmanteau or a bag stolen from a railway carriage, a few shirts, some handkerchiefs with different initials, one or two ancient flannel jerseys. M. Goron tells of one of the class whom he saw always irreproachably turned out in evening suit, but he had no shirt, only a "dicky," with false collar and cuffs.

Pranzini's history was full of strange vicissitudes; he had done many things, played many different parts. He was born in Alexandria of Italian parents, and at an early age obtained an appointment in the Egyptian post-office. He had the gift of tongues, and could speak several languages fluently. His first theft was in the post-office, for which he did six months; he then went to Constantinople and became porter at an hotel. Dismissed from his post, he went into partnership with a German and American, and traded in a small way all the world over. What he gained he wasted in dissipation. Then he joined Lord Wolseley's expedition into the Soudan as interpreter. After that he went to Paris to spend his savings, and then took a place as conductor in the sleeping-car company. Here he distinguished himself as a thief, he was thrown upon the world, and was in very low water on the eve of the murder of Madame de Montille.

One of Pranzini's most strongly marked traits was his strange power of fascinating women. He was a fine man—not tall or especially handsome, but very strongly built, with

the torso of a Hercules, regular features, chestnut hair, and dark blue eyes under long black lashes, which glittered and attracted like a snake's. His voice, too, could be singularly insinuating. After his arrest among his papers were found numerous proofs of his intimate relations with the other sex, and some of his conquests were unquestionably ladies of good station.

PRADO.

This miscreant may be classed with Pranzini as a man of the same type, whose crime was of the same character. He also murdered a woman for her jewels. The case comes within the category of accidental detection, for quite a year and a half elapsed between perpetration and discovery. But for mere chance Prado would never have been in custody; had he not been already arrested he probably would not have been betrayed by a vindictive victim.

The murder was of an adventuress who went by the name of Crevette, the "Shrimp." When last seen alive she was at the Eden Theatre in company with a man commonly called "The American." Towards daylight next morning she was found lying on the carpet in her own apartment in the Rue Caumartin, with her throat cut from ear to ear.

Everything she possessed—cash, scrip, valuables, all to a considerable amount had been carried off. But the murderer had not left a single trace of himself. Of course, the man last seen with her was suspected, but he remained unknown and undiscovered. The months passed, a whole year, a second year almost, and the case was added to several other detective failures, with which just at that period the police of Paris were bitterly reproached.

The murder was committed January, 1886. In November, 1887, five months after the execution of Pranzini, a man ran out of a small hotel in Paris, with a waiter at his heels, crying, "Stop thief!" The fugitive in his haste dropped a small, strong box, and being now confronted by the police, took out his revolver and shot one officer, who still bravely held on while the other made good the capture.

The strong box, which contained jewels, belonged to a

fellow-lodger, who had been inveigled away to the theatre. The thief having been surprised in the act of carrying off the jewels, took flight.

There was nothing to connect this thief with the murder in the Rue Caumartin. He was still only charged with the attack on the policeman and the attempted theft, when two friends of his, old loves, were arrested for being in the possession of stolen jewels. While in gaol together, one upbraided the other with her intimacy with the man, and it came out that their common friend was a murderer; more, that his name was Prado, although he called himself the Count de Linska, and that the murder in question was that in the Rue Caumartin.

Further revelations followed, and one of the women handed over a scrap of paper which she had picked up and concealed after a violent quarrel with Prado. He had just torn up a letter, and on the piece which she secured was the name and address of a jeweller and goldsmith in Madrid.

To follow up this indication the judge to whom the "instruction" or investigation of the case had been entrusted went in person to Madrid. This scrap of paper was at once recognised by the jeweller's wife as a billhead of the shop, and she as quickly knew the drawings of the jewels stolen in the Rue Caumartin. They had bought several of them in January, 1886, the time of the murder.

LACENAIRE.

Lacenaire was one of the most cold-blooded destroyers of life the world has known, and his story has often been told, yet but little stress has been laid upon the manner of his capture. Here, the French police, as usual, patient, painstaking and ingenious, were greatly aided by luck, the luck of one small indication to start the trail, the fortunate chance that men "wanted" were actually in custody while the investigation was in progress.

It happened in December, 1834, that one horrible murder —that of an old woman, Chardon—was followed by a daring and nearly successful attempt at a second. There was nothing on the face of it to connect the two crimes, but the

pursuit of the last brought about the detection of the first, and of many others perpetrated by the same individual.

A trap had been cleverly laid to inveigle a banker's clerk into an empty apartment, hired on purpose, where he was set upon and nearly murdered. He had called, after the French fashion, to collect money due on a bill of acceptance, and he was carrying on his person, still according to custom, a considerable sum in cash—nearly £500 in notes, and £50 in coin. He was attacked by two men—one stabbed him in the throat, the other seized his bag; but he was a strong, stalwart youth, and fought so hard that his assailants fled.

The bill was on a certain Mahossier, and the police, on arrival at the scene of the attempted crime in the Rue Montorgueil, found the name written in white chalk on the door. Their first step was to obtain a description of this Mahossier from the people of the house, and their next to seek for him in the registers of hotels and lodging-houses, wherein the names of all visitors are punctually entered. This laborious job (and a good detective never shrinks from the most irksome and protracted) was carried on by Canler, the officer entrusted with the case, persistently examining street by street, house after house, until the name Mahossier was discovered at Pageot's, in the Rue Faubourg du Temple.

Immediately underneath was entered the name Ficellier. The landlady, when questioned, described Mahossier as the sort of man who had been seen at the Rue Montorgueil; her account of Ficellier corresponded with that of a man just then in custody as François, charged with fraudulently obtaining three barrels of wine. Canler went at once to the Prefecture, saw François, and got from him an admission that he had lodged at Pageot's under the name of Ficellier. François became thus involved with Mahossier in the attempted murder of the banker's clerk.

Further inquiry at Pageot's elicited the fact that Mahossier had previously stopped there under the name of Baton. The search was therefore extended to the man

named Baton, and he was traced to a low haunt, the "Tavern of the Four Billiard Tables," which he was said to frequent constantly. The place was full of desperate characters when Canler called, but Baton was not among them; and although the landlord promised to point him out when he came, the police thought it wiser to wait for him outside. Presently Baton arrived, and being inadvertently betrayed by a friend, who called him by name, he was promptly arrested and taken to the Prefecture.

But Baton's capture did not advance the inquiry. He bore no resemblance to the man Mahossier, as described by those who had seen him, and it was necessary to release him forthwith; but luck once more favoured the police. Through another arrest just made, they learnt that this Baton was very intimate with a certain Gaillard, and M. Canler, anxious to miss no single point, made friends with Baton, just to talk with him about this man Gaillard, and to get his description. It tallied exactly with that of Mahossier! At last the game was being run to ground.

The same wearisome search of the hotel registers was set on foot for the man Gaillard. The name was found in due course, but the lodging-house keeper could give no news of the man who answered to it. Only he had left some papers in the room he occupied, and among these, when examined, was a letter of abuse addressed to the prefect of police. The handwriting was very similar to that in which the name of Mahossier had been chalked up on the door in the Rue Montorgueil. This brought home the crime now to Gaillard, and every effort was made to discover him.

A prisoner Avril, in custody, who said he knew Gaillard and his haunts, was set at large provisionally, in order that he might lead the police to lay hands on him. At the same time François Ficellier came forward and stated that Gaillard had admitted the murder of Mère Chardon. The hunt for Gaillard was all the more keen therefore, but in spite of Avril's assistance, who marched the police up and down Paris for some days, it proved fruitless. At the

end however, Avril declared that this Gaillard had an aunt of the same name, an old lady, living alone at an address given.

Every clue was worth following, and the police inquired for the nephew of Madame Gaillard. They were received at the loophole of a barred door, through which the aunt spoke to them, asking what they wanted. They replied, "Your nephew Gaillard," when she corrected them, saying his real name was Lacenaire, that he was a very bad lot, and that she kept her door locked because she went in terror of her life from him. Thus Mahossier, *alias* Baton, *alias* Gaillard, was also Lacenaire, and even now, in spite of the probability, there was no certainty that this was not an *alias* too.

At this stage, news came from the provinces of the arrest of a Lacenaire at Beaune, where he had been caught passing a false bill of exchange. The prisoner was immediately brought up to Paris, was interrogated by the police, and admitted readily enough that he had been concerned in the attempted murder in the Rue Montorgueil. More, when told that both François Ficellier and Avril had betrayed him, he confessed also to the murder of Mère Chardon, implicating Avril as his accomplice.

The man Lacenaire, who now for the first time, and almost accidentally, fell into the hands of justice, was a monster who had long pursued the fell trade of assassination without interference, and was only caught at last by the ingenious piecing together of slight clues afforded by the French detective system. He has passed into a type of the quite heartless and truculent, who kill for the mere love of killing, without hesitation or remorse. We have his own word for it, as told in his memoirs, which, with extraordinary vainglory, he wrote while awaiting execution.

It had been his system, he boasted, to work alone, resembling in this the notorious Charles Peace, with whom he had many points in common. Directly Lacenaire took comrades and confederates he was lost, and paid the penalty with his head. It gave him infinite pleasure to relate how often he had slain people with impunity.

There was one case at Lyons. When returning from an orgie in the small hours, he met a "monsieur," whose gold chain glittered on his white waistcoat, and who was, unhappily for himself, in liquor. Lacenaire seized him by the throat and choked him, then robbed him of his watch and chain, his pocket-book lined with notes to the value of a couple of hundred pounds, and threw him over the parapet into the rapid Rhone. The man was drowned, and it was supposed that he had fallen into the river while drunk. No one shared the secret of the crime with Lacenaire, and his offence was never laid bare.

Again, when frequenting the gaming-tables in the Palais Royal, and meeting with constant ill-luck, he resolved to follow some more fortunate player and attack him in the street. The man he chose had won £1,200, and Lacenaire was on the point of stabbing him in the back when a police patrol approached and he had to run for it. Had he not been single-handed in the business he would have probably failed to escape, thinking of the safety of his companions.

PAGÉS.

The quick-wittedness with which this M. Canler arrived at conclusions, based on facts seemingly unimportant, collected with unwearied patience that left no stone unturned, was well displayed in another murder case not long after the foregoing. A widow lady named Senepart was found strangled in her room one morning. Her head, moreover, was smashed by some heavy instrument; robbery had followed murder; a bureau in the room had been broken open and a sum of £40 or £50 abstracted.

Young Senepart, the son, who reported the crime to the police, suspected a certain youth, a native of Toulouse, who had called on his mother a few days before, bringing her news of some Senepart cousins who lived in that city. He went later in the day to see young Senepart, and handed him a letter from an uncle, Colonel Senepart, also resident in Toulouse. This visitor, whom the young man fully described, had but just arrived by the diligence, and his name was supposed to be Pagés or Magés.

Search was made for such a person in the registers and diligence way-bills, but without result; no one of the name had come from Toulouse. At last Pagés was hunted up in a small hotel and arrested; but as M. Senepart could not recognise him he was discharged.

The matter would have dropped, when Canler took it up on a new basis. He thought the inquiries at the diligence offices had not been sufficiently searching, so he set himself to examine the lists for several days and to hunt up all the passengers. Fellow-travellers on a long journey generally strike up acquaintance, and someone might give him news of the young man from Toulouse.

Of the many names inscribed, Canler fixed instinctively upon a Colonel Graves of the Artillery, quartered at Toulouse, who might be expected to know Colonel Senepart of that place. Colonel Graves did know him, and was then asked whether he had ever met any young man answering the description of Pagés in the company of these Seneparts. The answer was of little value, the recollection too vague and confused to help the inquiry.

Canler then asked if the Seneparts of Toulouse had any friends in Paris in addition to their murdered relative. Here Colonel Graves could speak more positively. Yes, there was such a person, Madame Gibou, living in the Rue D'Orléans; but which of the three streets of the name in Paris he could not say. The detective was obliged, therefore, to take each in turn, and make a house to house visitation, seeking for Madame Gibou.

His painstaking was at length rewarded, and fully. He found Madame Gibou on the fifth floor of a house in the Rue D'Orléans du Marais, and this good lady, when questioned, at once remembered to have received a visitor from Toulouse answering to the description Canler gave. He read a letter from the Seneparts, and had asked permission to call again, but had left neither his name nor his address.

In all probability this was the murderer. There was enough, at any rate, for the French police to proceed to an arrest if they could lay hands on him. A watch was set on

the house day and night, and it was arranged with Madame Gibou that she should give a signal whenever the young man came. She was merely to open one of her windows; the police would do the rest. Two days afterwards they captured their man. He was at once identified by the son of the murdered woman, and in due course tried and executed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOW DETECTION IS AIDED AND HINDERED.

Stupidity—Shortsightedness of Murderers—Dr. Chevers's Views—Enrico Ferri's, Recent Instances—Poucet—Castaing—Schombert—Troppmann—Ellison of Bodmin—Courvoisier—Moral Insensibility of Murderers—Suggestions of Suicide often Imperfect and Untenable—Expedients that have proved fruitless—Wainwright—The Mannings—Testimony of the Teeth, especially False Teeth—Identification of Persons Murdered—Of Dr. Parkman of Boston—Of Caroline Walsh—Suicide or Murder of M. Bernays—Of young Readley—Value of Medical Experts—French Mystery of Z., elucidated by Dr. Lacassagne—Suicide accepted after Seven Years—Murder inferred from Facts as stated—Evidence of Tight Grip of Pistol, of Position of Hands, of Eyes closed—Where Medical Evidence at Fault—Case of Sheward of Norwich.

It will be interesting to interpolate here some illustrations of strange stupidity so often exhibited by criminals, contrasting it with the help detection obtains from modern medical and other science. The improvidence, the hare-brained short-sightedness of criminals, both when redhanded and at long periods after the commission of the offence, have been much noticed by the chroniclers of crime.

Dr. Chevers, in his "Indian Medical Jurisprudence," bases the following on his own wide experience:—

"Experience of criminal cases in all countries," he says, "tends to show that the murderer is never satisfied with his work. He can never boldly leave matters to themselves in defiance of suspicion, but must do something, and generally does it with a marked singularity which attracts attention and at once fixes the brand of criminality on his act. He will not bury the body intact, lest the earth should burst or sink, or the grass should grow more green there than on other spots, or lest wild animals should burrow into it or tear it up, or lest a train of insects should guide the avengers of blood to it, or a torrent should descend and lay it bare . . . . He will try to burn it piecemeal in a stove or furnace, although

it will take cartloads of fuel to consume a whole human body, while the smell will betray him to every passer-by."

Enrico Ferri, the Italian *savant*, in his monumental work on murder, "L'Omicidio," applies to murderers the well-known Italian proverb, *Il diavolo insegna la pentola, ma non il coperchio* ("The devil shows how to make the cup but not the cover"), so marked in his opinion is their general want of caution both before and after the crime. Many draw down suspicion by the threats they utter and their openly avowed murderous intentions. Shakespeare makes Macbeth betray himself immediately after the deed by describing to the assembled thanes the horrible scene, and this is only another instance of the great master's knowledge of human nature.

Murderers will show their want of the most elementary prudence by openly exhibiting, or at least suffering objects to be plainly seen, within a few days of the crime that can be immediately recognised as the property of their victims. Thus the man Poucet, who escaped from Cayenne and returned to commit a murder in France, called on his victim in the forenoon, accompanied him in the same cab, and made the acquaintance of the driver; on the drive the cab was twice halted and the occupants plainly noted by numbers of people. Finally, Poucet paid for the carriage at the very entrance of the wood in which he did the deed. The same evening he hawked about his victim's watch at a public ball, and called attention to its marks and its being a repeater.

One French murderer asked a friend to go out shooting with him, killed him, continued the sport quietly, alone, and in the evening sold his victim's watch to a soldier. Another murderer, Jarvot, after killing and robbing a man and his wife, lodged 600 francs in the savings bank of his own locality, where he was previously known to have been a pauper. When he ran off he was arrested with the rest of the proceeds on his person. The three murderers, Wolff, Ruff, and Gigax, all poor wretches, appeared in splendid new clothes directly after the murder of their master, whose new clothes one of them was wearing. Another man, Brouet, put on his

victim's clothes, and was immediately recognised through them. A military officer who had used a foil to kill a man as if by accident, put back the weapon smeared with blood into the scabbard. Poisoners have repeatedly betrayed themselves by their avowed study of toxicology. Doctor Castaing experimented on animals and kept a careful record of the effect of the poison he administered to his victims. The Marchioness of Brinvilliers, while awaiting trial, wrote a minute and detailed account of her crimes. The poisoner Castruccio kept a careful record in his diary of the occasions on which he gave arsenic, and one of the facts brought against him was a demand for a work on poisons presented at a public library and signed in his own hand. The Spanish poisoner Villamayor, who destroyed a whole family, laughed openly at the doctors when they ignored the real symptoms, and treated the victims for gastritis when they were dying of poison.

What could be more stupid than the conduct of Schombert, who cut his wife's throat in Paris in 1882, and then wiped his fingers on his clothes and walked straight out into the street? Sherer, when he had killed his master, took refuge in a wood and was searched for by peasants with their dogs, but without success. Next morning he escaped and met an old fellow-servant, to whom he told the whole story of his crime, asking for money to help him to Paris. He was handed over to the gendarmes instead. Troppmann, the youth of nineteen who slaughtered a whole family, and whose intelligence was of such a high order that the prison chaplain called him a genius, was yet foolish enough to make a drawing or plan explaining exactly how the murder was committed by Kinck, the murdered father, whom Troppmann accused of the crimes. He described the scene of the crime so accurately that it was concluded he must have been there himself, and thus strengthened suspicion against him.

Ellison, the Bodmin murderer, went the very morning after the deed to have his hair and whiskers trimmed at the local barber's. The hairdresser noticed that the hair was ragged, and that the beard was brown while the hair on the head was grey. The murdered woman was found to have a handful of

brown hair in one tightly clenched hand, and of grey in the other. They had evidently been torn out in the fierce struggle for life, and they were positively identified as the same as those which had been cut and trimmed.

Some strange peculiarities are noted in murderers by Ferri, which he attributes to their moral insensibility. One is their ready forgetfulness of their crime, a second their stupidity in returning to the scene, a third their surprise that others should remember what had happened. The attraction to the spot where the deed was done seems an irresistible impulse, and has frequently led to arrest.

The murderer's mistakes are sometimes as clearly shown in the excess of precaution as in the want of it. The suggestion that death has been caused by suicide is often attempted, but in a fashion that provides its own denial. Courvoisier's conduct was such as to encourage this belief, but he had carefully hidden the knife with which he had cut Lord William Russell's throat. If the deceased had committed suicide with this knife he could not have concealed it when dying. Many such attempts have been made to simulate suicide.

In the Gardner case the victim, Gardner's wife, was found dead from wounds in the throat, and with a common table-knife held loosely in her right hand. The blade of the knife was towards the body and the back in the palm; yet the medical experts swore that the wounds could not have been self-inflicted. Again, there was no evidence that the deceased was left-handed, and the cuts could not have been made with the right.

The fact of the knife or weapon being held loosely must generally defeat the object of the murderer who places it in the victim's hand. As a rule, the weapon is tightly grasped after suicide. The force necessary for the act is continued and passes into what doctors call the "cadaveric spasm;" the hand becomes rigid, the hold contracted and clenched. Doctors are not quite agreed whether the murderer can or cannot create this effect. Many affirm that the hand of a dead person while still warm is pliant, and cannot be made to grasp anything so tightly as is done by the muscular contraction which

comes on at the last moment of life. On the other hand, it has been shown that if the weapon is held long enough and the fingers have been pressed around the implement it becomes more or less fixed when the second stage, that of rigidity, is reached. In the Saville case the murdered woman held the razor loosely, there was no blood on the hand, and the conclusion arrived at was that the razor had been placed in it after death. The Heywood case at Liverpool was very similar to that of Gardner, above quoted. The razor was found lightly held in the right hand, although the cuts must have been made by the left. There was no blood on the arms or chest, but a quantity was found on the under-side of the pillow, with corresponding stains on the bolster. This showed that the pillow had been turned over, after the infliction of the wound, which could not have been done by a suicide.

Dr. Chevers gives an Indian case where the idea of suicide was suggested, and so cleverly that it was at first successful and fully believed in. A woman was found hanging to the bamboo cross-beams of the roof of her hut, quite dead. She had often declared her intention of committing suicide, owing to the constant suffering she endured from some internal malady. The idea was plausible enough, and the theory of suicide was maintained until a medical man, on close examination of the head, found a small orifice in the scalp from which blood had oozed. Further investigation showed that this hole must have been made by a gimlet or bradawl, or some sharp-pointed instrument finer than a nail. The medical evidence was against any supposition that this wound was self-inflicted. The perforation of the brain would have produced death, or lengthened stupor, during which the strangulation was probably effected, and the result of the inquest was a verdict of wilful murder against persons unknown. The crime was never discovered.

This case bears some resemblance to the great mediæval murder of the infamous Francesco Cenci, who was killed by driving long nails into his head and throat. After death the nails were withdrawn and the body thrown out over a terrace on to an alder-tree below, in the hopes that the

laceration made by the branches would conceal the marks of the nails.

We have seen in the detailed account of the Wainwright case that the extreme care taken by him to destroy the body after burial was ineffectual through his ignorance of the properties of materials. He used chloride of lime, meaning to hasten decomposition, with the unexpected result that it had precisely the opposite effect. Chloride of lime is a disinfectant and an antiseptic; it preserved the body, which when exhumed was found to be partly mummified. Other similar errors have been made. Nitric acid has been used, with the same disappointing effect. The Mannings, who buried their victim, O'Connor, under the hearthstone had poured a pint and a half of vitriol over the corpse, and then covered it with a layer of freshly-burnt lime. The latter did its work, but not effectually. Professor Webster, of Boston, who murdered another doctor, as we shall read directly, had at his command all the inventions and appliances of science, and yet he failed to dispose so entirely of his victim as to prevent identification. He used a strong solution of potash to get rid of the flesh, but without success, and he could not destroy the false teeth. The teeth, whether real or false, have often played a prominent part in detection, as I shall presently show more at length.

It will have been seen how greatly the medical evidence contributed in the Wainwright case to fixing the identity of the deceased, and how largely it assisted the prosecution. I propose to pursue this interesting subject a little further, and refer to a few of the more remarkable cases in which the medical experts have succeeded in lifting the veil from murder mysteries.

One of the first acts of the doctors in the case of dismemberment is to reconstitute the body, taking due account of missing portions. By this means important facts regarding sex, age, shape, stature, and physical peculiarities are generally established. The process of reasoning from the fragments observed is of the most ingenious kind. Thus two famous French doctors, Dupuytren and Breschet, satisfactorily

proved that a certain mysterious victim was lame and was obliged to use a stick when he walked. They found a thickening in the palm of the hand, a "corn" practically, that must have been caused by the constant pressure on the head or handle of a walking-stick.

Another point that demands close attention, as affording strong presumption of a crime or the reverse, is the position of a body or remains when discovered. When a buried skeleton is found lying at full length it rather implies natural burial, and if lying with head to the west and feet to the east, Christian burial; and also where a second skeleton is found below the first discovered.

The strongest witness against the murderer, giving silent and yet quite unanswerable testimony, are the teeth. It is extraordinary how often and how effectively the teeth have been utilised in criminal investigations and trials. "Identity," says Taylor in his "Medical Jurisprudence," "is sometimes strikingly made out by the presence or absence of teeth, by their form, position, worn appearance, and the number that may be deficient, and if absent whether removed recently or long before death." Again, he says, "The examination of the teeth often aids considerably in the determination of the age of a skeleton." I have already given the case of the long-undiscovered murder of Hemmings, whose head was identified by its prominent teeth. There was another ancient case of identification through the discoloration of the teeth from continual tobacco-smoking. Age can be almost exactly established by the examination of the teeth.

DR. WEBSTER.

Identity is to be made out by the presence and character of artificial teeth, no less than by the number and appearance of natural teeth. A most curious instance was in the murder of Dr. Parkman by Professor Webster, in Boston, in 1850. As this was remarkable in other ways, and especially in showing that even trained scientific intelligence will not serve the murderer in removing the traces of his crime, I shall here make more than a passing reference to the case.

Dr. Parkman was a well-to-do medical practitioner of

Boston, who had advanced money to Dr. Webster, professor of chemistry in the Grove Street Medical College. The security was a mortgage on certain property owned by Dr. Webster, who without reference to Parkman parted with the title-deeds to another. Parkman protested, and Webster invited his creditor to call on him at the college and receive cash in discharge of the debt. Dr. Parkman was seen to enter the college at two p.m., but after that moment he disappeared entirely.

Dr. Webster, when called upon, described the visit, the payment, the cancelling of the bond, Parkman's departure with the cash, two steps at a time.

Webster's explanation was thought very suspicious. He was most anxious, too, to show that Dr. Parkman had been seen later on the day of his disappearance, and after he had left the Medical College. Moreover, certain anonymous letters sent to the city marshal, or head of the Boston police, all accounting for Parkman, were strongly believed to have been written by Webster in a disguised hand.

A search of the Medical College was now organised, and with the almost immediate result that part of a human body was found in the vault connected with Dr. Webster's laboratory. There were bones in the furnace of this laboratory, fused with the slag and cinders, also some blocks of mineral teeth and melted gold.

Last of all the trunk of a human body was discovered in an old tea-chest embedded in tan.

Among the bones was part of a human jaw, and this was the strongest argument in "fixing their identity." This jaw fitted exactly into a mould made shortly before by a dentist, who had supplied Dr. Parkman with a set of false teeth. This dentist was also certain that the mineral teeth found in the furnace were of his make. The gold found was the plate to which they had been attached and which had been fused in the fire.

When Webster was put on his trial the circumstantial evidence against him was strong. It was proved that he had borrowed a heavy sledge hammer from a smith, and this was found behind the laboratory door. It was shown, too, that

Webster had burned much more fuel than usual in his furnace, that the floor of the laboratory had been washed and cleaned, not by the college servants.

Webster's defence relied mainly on his hitherto unblemished character and a counter-charge against the college porter, whom he accused of having committed the crime and disposed of the body so as to throw the blame on the professor. But Webster was found guilty and in due course executed.

THE TWO CAROLINE WALSHES.

The case of Caroline Walsh, an aged woman, murdered in 1831, is one of the strangest in criminal annals as regards the evidence afforded by teeth. It was complicated by the most curious coincidences, and but for this evidence the culprit might, and probably would, have escaped.

The deceased was an old Irishwoman, a hawker, who went to live with certain people named Ross. All traces of her were lost from the evening that she had entered the house. They were charged with making away with her, and in defence stated that she had gone out on the following morning but had not returned. Yet there was direct evidence, that of a young Ross, that his mother had suffocated the woman Walsh, by putting her hand on her mouth, and pressing on her chest. He also deposed that he had seen the dead body of an old woman in the cellar, and that his mother had left the house that evening, the 20th of August, carrying away something heavy in a sack.

Now came the complication. On this very evening, an old woman, answering in almost every particular to the missing Caroline Walsh, was found in the immediate neighbourhood of the Ross's house, and although greatly exhausted, still alive. Her name was also Caroline Walsh, and she came from Ireland. She was able to say this much herself. She was in a most squalid and filthy condition; had a fractured hip, and soon after her removal to the London Hospital she died.

The alleged murderess, Ross, declared that this was the

woman Caroline Walsh, whose life she was said to have taken.

The resemblance in names, the coincidence in time and place, the highly problematical circumstances, all conduced to exonerate the accused. Yet there were many points of difference between the two women, and these were presently established to the full satisfaction of the court. One Caroline Walsh came from Waterford, the other from Kilkenny. It was proved that she who had lodged with the Rosses was eighty-four years of age, was tall, of a sallow complexion with grey hair, and in spite of her great age she had very perfect incisor teeth. The second Caroline Walsh who had died in the London Hospital was no more than sixty, she also was tall, but her skin was as dark as a mulatto's, and she had no front teeth. The cavities that held these incisors had been completely obliterated, and for some considerable time.

Other points of difference were proved. The murdered Caroline Walsh was healthy, clean, neat in her person, with sound, good feet. The other Walsh was greatly emaciated, she was very dirty, her hip was broken, there were many bunions on her feet, and one toe overlapped the other. There might be some similarity in their clothes, and both women had baskets of the same kind. But on the exhumation of the buried Walsh, the relatives of the missing Walsh swore positively that the first was not the body of their relative.

In this most extraordinary case, it was the difference as regards teeth that settled definitely the question of identity and secured a verdict of guilty against the accused woman Rosa.

M. BERNAYS.

Some very curious points were involved in the murder of M. Bernays, a barrister, in Antwerp, in 1882. The crime would probably have passed unnoticed, and the death been attributed to accident or suicide, but for the time given to detection by medical experts. This M. Bernays was inveigled into an empty house by the two brothers Peltzer (with whom he had a serious quarrel), and there one of them, disguised, shot him in the neck from behind. The Peltzers left the house after

placing their dead victim in a chair (an arm-chair) and clearing up all traces of the crime, except in one spot, where there was a pool of blood.

Nothing was heard of the missing Bernays, until the police received a letter stating that he had been accidentally shot by a person named Vaughan, and would be found in the house indicated. The body when examined showed two wounds, a simple one in the right temple, and that of the pistol-shot in the nape of the neck, which had been the cause of death. It was a perfectly clean wound, with no signs of burn. The brain had been penetrated, and there was little external bleeding, except from the nose.

The question here was whether it was suicide or murder. The first was disproved by the position of the corpse in the arm-chair. The doctors declared that it must have been placed there long after death, from sixty to seventy hours afterwards. It could not have become cold in the position in which it was found. For twenty-four hours after death it would have been rigid, and it could not have been moved without destroying this rigidity: that again was impossible without tearing the muscles, yet no muscles were torn. Hence the moving had taken place after the cadaveric rigidity had disappeared, which does not happen till sixty or seventy hours after death. Hence again someone must have returned to move the body into the arm-chair, and create the suggestion of suicide or accident.

This return was further indicated by the discovery of a footprint left in the spot soiled by the blood. Such a mark could not possibly have been made by the deceased; it had not been imprinted until two hours or more after the blood had flowed, probably much longer. Yet it was older than the date when the house was first visited after information received by the police.

Here the murderers had laid their plans most carefully, and yet they failed. Their main endeavour was to affix the blame on the imaginary "Vaughan." The house had been taken by Vaughan, who purported to be an Englishman, a ship-owner, residing at Richmond. The police were warned

by Vaughan, and on breaking into the premises, found a letter addressed to the coroner of Brussels, signed "Vaughan," and describing the accident.

All this specious explanation was set aside by the medical experts, and the facts which they elicited from the position of the corpse.

READLEY AND RISK ALLAH.

It was the medical evidence that had secured the acquittal of Risk Allah Bey in this same city of Antwerp when charged with a murder closely allied with the suggestion of suicide. This person, a foreigner, but a doctor of gentlemanly demeanour, who was received into good society in England, had married an English lady, whose fortune he inherited at her death. He also became charged with the care of a young relative of hers named Readley, and this youth was found shot dead in his bed one morning at an Antwerp hotel, where he and Risk Allah were staying together.

Readley was subject to epileptic fits. He had had one early that morning; Risk Allah had attended to him, then gone out. Returning about nine a.m. and finding Readley had not come down, he went up to his room, found it closed on the inside, and that a strong smell of gunpowder smoke issued from the room through the keyhole. Forcible entrance was made, and it was found that the room was full of smoke and the door barricaded with furniture. Readley was lying on his bed, naked and shot through the head. A gun recently discharged lay by his side on the bed; blood was still flowing from the wound; one of the hands was still warm. On a table in the room was a paper on which was written, with the ink still wet and in the handwriting of the deceased, "I have done it."

Suicide might have been fairly inferred; yet Risk Allah was arrested and tried at Brussels for murder. "The position and attitude of the body," says Taylor, "were considered by some medical men to be inconsistent with suicide." Their opinion was based upon the belief that when the brain is shot through, as it was in this case, it would be impossible for the stricken person to place his arms by the side of his body or

to put his hand under the bed-clothes. Another argued that when a man was lying on his back he could not shoot himself through the head. These assertions are both untenable, according to Taylor, and contrary to fact. A case has been known in which a man retained sufficient power after dealing himself a death-stroke to place his arms by the side of his body. Soldiers, again, have destroyed themselves by using their ramrod to fire the gun while they were recumbent, and Readley used the ramrod. The medical circumstances, therefore, all tended to exonerate Risk Allah.

The charge was dismissed and the act declared to have been suicidal. If the facts already stated had not been sufficient, there was another greatly in favour of the accused. The body was found naked on the bed, the night-dress quite unstained with blood in another part of the room. Now he was known to have worn a night-dress, and was seen in it that night. It was quite out of the question that the murderer would have removed the night-shirt from his victim before shooting him. Any attempt to do this would have caused a struggle and an alarm. Yet the deceased might have taken it off to prevent it from taking fire, but whatever the motive he must have removed it himself, and he would hardly have done so to screen his assassin.

Nevertheless, Risk Allah was strongly suspected, and the case was very freely commented upon in the press. One journal, the *Daily Telegraph*, took up so strong a line that Risk Allah brought an action for libel, which he won with substantial damages.

CASE SUBMITTED TO DR. LACASSAGNE.

We may mention a case that occurred in France, where the medical expert was called in after a lapse of years to reconsider facts hastily accepted as proving suicide, and exonerating an accused person. Dr. Lacassagne, the famous medico-legist of Lyons, to whom I have frequently referred, was the expert entrusted with the revision of the case, and

he has published a very full report of his arguments and conclusions.

In 1885, in the Department of Savoy, an old man was found dead in his bed in circumstances that were very doubtful, and it was difficult to pronounce at first whether he had been murdered or had died a natural death. This man, who will be sufficiently described by his initial Z., had not been seen about for several days. At last a son, Auguste Z., and two others, climbed into the house through a window, the door being locked on the inside.

Old Z. was found lying on his back in bed, his head pierced by a bullet; blood had flowed freely on the pillow, on his neck, and down his back. It seemed certain that murder had been committed, but on lifting the blankets a revolver was seen in the right hand of the corpse. This sufficed to establish the fact of suicide in the minds of most persons who came upon the scene. These various witnesses deposed to finding the body with the arms stretched out the length of it as far as the thigh. An old blue blouse stained with blood covered the chest. The bed was perfectly tidy; there were no signs of any convulsive death agony, the bed-clothes were pulled up close under the dead man's chin; outside the coverlet on the left side, the opposite to that in which the revolver was found, lay a small crucifix, half-way down the length of the body.

The "instructing" judge verified these statements from his own observation, but he added that the revolver was held so tightly that it could not be released without an effort, the handle was clutched between the thumb and fore-finger; the middle finger extending towards the trigger. The judge saw no blood stains. His conclusion was that Z. had been sitting up in bed when he fired the shot and then fell back on the pillow dead.

The two doctors called in proved the existence of a bullet wound in the middle of the right temple. This shot must, they believed, have been instantaneously fatal. There had been only a slight effusion of blood externally, but extensive hæmorrhage within the brain. The revolver had

been fired presumably point blank, and from a short distance, still the hair on the temple was neither burnt nor blackened.

Seven years afterwards, in 1892, the affair was re-opened. Suspicion now rested on a son—not Auguste—of the deceased, and the whole of the evidence was taken afresh. The facts as first deposed were maintained; the discovery of the body and the belief in a murder, supported by the position of the crucifix, so placed as to suggest suicide. It was again declared that the bed-clothes were pulled up under the chin, and an hour elapsed before they were turned down, and then only to ascertain if there were any other wounds below. It was not till then that the revolver was found. Every witness deposed again that the arms of the deceased were extended their whole length by the side of the body.

Again the medical experts gave their decided opinion that death must have been instantaneous. Dr. Lacassagne accepted this as beyond question, and started his inquiry from that point. The task he set himself was to ascertain whether the theory of suicide could be reconciled with the general conclusions of science.

The first question was that of the pistol found firmly held in the hand of the deceased. It has already been pointed out that in the opinion of some of the most eminent medico-legists this is considered an almost incontestible proof of suicide. The argument rests upon experience largely observed that the attitude and act of a person, whose life is abruptly terminated, are continued for some time after death. The evidence on this point is certainly very strong. It is attested by corpses killed by suicide, murder, or on the field of battle, and especially when shot through the head. In the case of suicide, the hand that holds the fatal weapon has not been able to let it go. A hussar, killed in his saddle, remained there as he had charged, with his sword arm outstretched, delivering the point, his horse having been killed at the same moment. A southern soldier in the American Civil War, who was shot just as he was mounting his horse, stood there fixed, with one foot in the stirrup, the other on

the ground. His horse had not moved on. A French soldier, killed at Sedan as he was reloading, continued to hold his rifle in his left hand, the right at the ejector, removing the empty cartridge. Another who had been killed by the explosion of a shell just as he was raising a cup to his lips, kept the hand lifted, although his head had been blown away.

Dr. Taylor, following this same opinion, declares that an instrument thus strongly held is one of the best conjectures of suicide, because, as I have already said, another person cannot make a corpse thus tighten its grasp. He does not think that the muscular spasm that immediately follows death can be produced artificially. Yet Lacassagne has now proved that it is only a question of degree. The suicide will hold the weapon so tightly that it can only be removed by force, but the murdered man may also be made to hold a weapon in his hand, less firmly, no doubt, but still without dropping it. Lacassagne made a number of experiments in the hospitals of Lyons and Paris, and at the Morgue, and he found that in a preponderating number of cases the weapon was retained. If the second stage after death, that of rigidity, has supervened, then the weapon can only be detached with difficulty.

Next, by the examination of the wound, Lacassagne inferred that the shot could not have been fired close to the head. There were no signs that the hair on the temple was even blackened, and there was no incrustation of grains of powder in the skin. These are not constantly seen in short shots, and a suicide's is generally fired close to the vital spot. Still their absence is exceedingly rare.

Then came the facts as to the position of the corpse, the state of the bed-clothes, and the extended arm concealed beneath them. This implied that the dead man fired a revolver at his temple, causing (as was fully admitted by every doctor who spoke on the subject) instantaneous death; had then, when quite dead, slipped his hands under the blankets, extended both arms their whole length beside his body, keeping the revolver in his right hand

with the finger on the trigger, and, last of all, pulled up the clothes under his chin. Moreover, although both hands were thus hidden, he had deposited a crucifix on the outside of the coverlet.

Singly, these facts might have seemed merely strange, or no more than suspicious; united, they made up almost overwhelming testimony in support of foul play. The absence of burnt hairs, and that class of evidence, might not have been deemed sufficient proof alone, but taken in conjunction with the rest, it was strongly corroborative.

The first and great point, as to the revolver under the bedclothes, was no more to be believed an act of the suicide than if he had first cut his throat, and then put the knife back into its sheath.

Dr. Lacassagne, before pronouncing a definite opinion elucidated and adduced another point which had escaped the observation of his colleagues first called in to the case. He looked up the evidence given as to whether the deceased had his eyes open or shut. All the witnesses agreed that the eyes were closed. Lacassagne, adverting to the general opinion that the eyes of persons who die a violent death, whether by suicide or slaughter, remain constantly open, asked how Z.'s eyes have become closed. He first, however, adduced evidence on the point advanced.

No one, according to general belief, dies with the eyes and mouth closed. This was discussed at the Paris Medical Congress of 1878, and accepted in principle. To shut the eyes is one of the first acts of decency and solicitude, and the same with the mouth. Cases can be quoted in which the intervention of another to perform this office afforded convincing evidence against that person of foul play. A young man, called in on the news of the sudden death of his aunt, found the body with its eyes closed. The lady lived alone with her cook-housekeeper, the latter kept the keys, and had almost undisputed control of the house. The fact of the closed eyes started a suspicion in the nephew's mind; anyone anxious to do this might have some reason for suggesting a peaceful death. Suspicion

led to the search of the house, and it was found that all the property and effects had been stolen. It ended in the arrest and the ultimate conviction of the cook.

Yet the fact of the open eyes is not absolutely constant. Lacassagne, by patient investigation, largely among nursing sisters, arrived at the decided conclusion that in natural deaths some die with eyes shut, some open. Where death overtakes one with the eyes shut, asleep in fact, they remain closed; where death is the result of heart disease, or comes unexpectedly, they are open. The latter comprise the suicides and the murdered, all who die a sudden and violent death, and with them the eyes are either wide open or possibly half-closed. When there has been a struggle, violence, terrible fright, and instantaneous extinction of life, they are staring; if death comes slowly they may be partially closed.

All this was strong evidence as to the commission of a crime in the case of Z. Whether he had died by suicide or by murder, his eyes would have been wide open. That they were found closed showed beyond all question that someone had closed them; someone had been with the corpse after death, and that someone had sought to give an appearance to things, necessary in his opinion to establish the fact of suicide.

This was where his excessive acumen failed him; he had been too clever, and at the same time too ignorant.

The closing of the eyes completed the case against him, and he was eventually convicted of the crime.

Yet medical evidence has misled justice, but, happily, on very rare occasions. Through an error in the expert opinion, one case, that of the Norwich murder in 1851, would have remained a mystery for ever unsolved, but for the voluntary confession of the criminal.

In that year there was a tailor resident in Norwich, a man named Sheward, married to a woman older than himself, and they were somewhat strained in their relations. About the month of June Mrs. Sheward disappeared. Sheward gave out that she had left him of her own accord,

eloped to London. This explanation was not accepted as final by her relatives, yet no steps were taken against Sheward, for the reasons to be now set forth.

Very soon after Mrs. Sheward's disappearance, a quantity of human remains were found in a road leading to Lakenham, a suburb of Norwich. First a hand, then a foot then bones and fragments of flesh were picked up in the city and near Norwich on several succeeding days. So many portions were collected that it was presently possible to reconstitute the body, and subject it to medical examination. The doctors gave their verdict without hesitation. It was the body of a young woman about twenty-six years of age. The grounds on which this decision was made were published long afterwards. A surgeon deposed that "the well-filled understructures of the skin, its delicacy, the neatness of the foot, that of a person not accustomed to toil or to wear coarse, heavy shoes, the clean, well-trimmed nails of both hands and feet," led him to fix her age between sixteen and twenty-six. Yet this same surgeon admitted at the assizes, eighteen years afterwards, that these appearances were not inconsistent with much greater age, fifty-four even, the age of Mrs. Sheward, in fact, at the time she was first missed.

Had the medical evidence been more accurate at that early date the man Sheward would hardly have escaped stronger suspicion. It seems a little strange that a closer investigation was not made, seeing that the disappearance of Mrs. Sheward and the discovery of the remains were so nearly coincident in time. But Sheward was esteemed as a mild, inoffensive creature, and his explanation of his wife's departure looked natural and plausible enough. So the murderer was left with his guilt, unharassed and unmolested, but no doubt continually tormented by his own conscience and reminded of his crime. Only a couple of years after the deed his wife came into some money, and he was called upon to produce her. It is easy to realise his terror lest the old lame excuse of her elopement should not be accepted by the relatives and co-beneficiaries.

Still he held his ground in Norwich. By-and-by he married again, but still pursued his old trade. But it was observed that he grew more and more depressed, that he took to drinking, that he talked of leaving Norwich for good, and at the last he went to London and was led, by imperious impulse, to the very spot in Walworth where he had first made the acquaintance of his murdered wife. Then his crime was brought so forcibly home to him that he resolved to take his own life. "But the Almighty would not let him do it," so he told the police, for now he went and gave himself up to the authorities. Just eighteen years had elapsed since the crime. At the time of his surrender he had a razor in his pocket, but had not dared to commit suicide.

His confession was not at first credited. He was thought to be deranged, but he persisted in his statements, and was eventually indicted on his own confession, which he afterwards withdrew. But he was found guilty, and in due course executed. When in his condemned cell he made a clean breast of his crime and described exactly what had occurred. There had been an altercation about money matters; Sheward grew wild with passion and attacked her with a razor, which he ran into her throat. "She never spoke again," he said. "I then threw an apron over her head and went out." That night he slept in the house, and next morning he commenced his horrible task, working at it assiduously for several days. His proceedings were akin to those of other murderers of his class, and he tried the various processes detailed already. On the fifth day he had completed the dismemberment, and had almost entirely disposed of the remains by throwing them down the sewers, or burying them in the suburbs. He burnt all the clothes and bed-linen, last of all "the long hair"—it was light auburn hair, and plentiful—"I cut up with a pair of scissors into small pieces, and they blew away as I walked along." The mutilation had been so complete that even the ring finger had been cut off. "This case," says Taylor, "shows the necessity of using extreme caution in giving an opinion respecting the age of bones, and of allowing sufficient latitude in years for the bones of adults."

Part VI.

THE POISONERS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FEMALE POISONERS.

Early Poisonings—Ancient Rome—Locusta—The Borgias—Toffania—Hieronyma Spara—Brinvilliers—La Voisin—Poisonings in the East—Knowledge of Drugs and Facility in Getting Them—Some of the Most Notorious Female Poisoners—Brinvilliers, an Old Story, but the Police Side Little Known—First Discovery of Crimes at Death of St. Croix—His Laboratory and Stock of Lethal Drugs—St. Croix's Relations with Marchioness of Brinvilliers—Death of her Father and Eldest Brother—Attempt on her Sister—Her Accomplice, the Servant La Chaussée—His Arrest and Confession on the Wheel—Brinvilliers' Flight to a Convent in Germany—A Police Agent, Degrais, Sent in Pursuit—Enters Convent Disguised as an Abbé, Makes Love to Marchioness, and Inveigles her Back Across Frontier—Her Confession in Writing Discovered—Her Trial, Conviction, and Sentence—Mary Blandy Poisons her Father through Attachment to a Captain Cranstoun—He Supplied the Lethal Drug but Escaped Punishment—Mary Blandy Convicted and Executed.—Anna Zwanziger—Her Descent in the World—Becomes a Menial Servant—Her Delight in Poisoning, and the Secret Power it Conferred—Her Victims—Madame Glaser—Judge Grohmann—Gebhard—Attempt on Gebhard's Infant Child leads to Discovery of Salt Box and Salt Barrel Filled with Arsenic—Her Arrest followed by Exposure of Past Crimes—Convicted and Decapitated—Eliza Fenning and the Poisoned Dumplings—Case of Circumstantial Evidence and Doubts Entertained as to her Guilt—Hélène Jegado, a Cook and Wholesale French Poisoner—"Wherever I go People Die"—Twenty-three Crimes During Eight Years Brought Home, Others Later till the Death of a Fellow-servant Causes her to be Arrested—Her Demeanour at the Trial—A "Born" Criminal—Van der Linden, a Professional Nurse, with Many Opportunities of Administering Poison—Upwards of a Hundred Victims—Madame Weiss, Husband Poisoner—The Aubertins, a Family of Poisoners.

THE crime of secret poisoning is as old as the hills. We need not pursue the practice to remote antiquity; it is enough to say that it was known to Greeks and Romans.

and before them to the nations of the Far East. Theophrastus talks of a preparation of aconite which could be graduated in its application so as to kill within a particular time, two or three months, a year, or even two. "Those die easiest who die speedily. No remedy has been found for this poison." It was so lethal that people were forbidden under pain of death to have it in their possession. It was not the only vegetable poison known. One prepared from another plant could be relied upon to kill slowly and without pain. Plutarch speaks of a slow poison which caused heat, cough, spitting blood, consumption, and weakness of intellect.

Poison was much used in Rome a couple of centuries before Christ. So many sudden deaths occurred at one time that an investigation was ordered, and the crime was brought home to ladies of the highest rank, a hundred and fifty of whom were convicted and punished. The traffic was not checked, for the uses of poison were now too widely known, and the crime flourished ever after. Sejanus killed Drusus by a poison that produced gradual decline. Agrippina, anxious to despatch the Emperor Claudius, yet leaving him time to bequeath his succession, called in the aid of the infamous Locusta, a professional poisoner, who had been condemned to death, but was spared to practise her lethal arts at the bidding of the State. Locusta administered the poison to Claudius in a dish of mushrooms, but it failed to kill. She was more successful in disposing of Britannicus, to oblige Nero, by excluding him from the throne. Locusta now obtained a full pardon and was given pupils, so that her secrets might be preserved.

The poisons then used were mainly vegetable, extracted from plants—aconite, hemlock, and poppy. Yet a few were obtained from animal substances, especially that from the sea hare, the poison used by Domitian to despatch Titus. This, the *Aplysia depilans* of Linnæus, is mentioned in many classical writers, but it was not much used as a poison, for it betrays itself by certain unmistakable symptoms. Only a few mineral poisons were known to the ancients; they had arsenic, but only the preparation of it now called orpiment; they did not

use the metallic oxide of arsenic, which was the foundation of the poisons brought to perfection in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The dread science so largely practised by the Borgias received a new development in Sicily at the hands of the infamous Toffania, or Toffana, who gave her name to the preparation most commonly used in her time, the Acqua Toffana or Acquetta di Napoli. She sold this largely, and principally to wives who wished to get rid of their husbands and re-marry, and in Palermo and in Naples the phials bore the inscription, "Manna of St. Nicholas of Bari," with a picture of the saint. The effect of the poison could be controlled at will: it was slow or sudden according to the dose, and so many deaths occurred that Toffania came within the ken of justice. She fled and took refuge in a convent, from which she was dragged to prison, and being put upon the rack confessed to the murder of six hundred people. After her execution her pernicious arts survived. Years later travellers reported that the poison was still prepared and used in Naples.

A pupil of Toffania's practised the same deadly trade in Rome during the pontificate of Alexander VII., when many married men died mysteriously. The papal police presently discovered a secret society of young wives, presided over by an ancient crone who told fortunes, predicting chiefly the death of husbands at a particular date. A female detective, disguised as a lady of quality, was sent to this old woman to invoke her skill in predicting how long the lady would be tormented by a distasteful and tyrannical husband. The fortune-teller, by name Hieronyima Spara, gave her some drops to dispose of her husband, and was immediately arrested with the rest of her society. They all confessed their crimes, and were mostly hanged, despite the rank of many, while some were whipped or banished from Rome.

The odious practice was not stamped out, however. There is little doubt that Brinvilliers, whose case will be presently detailed at length, owed her knowledge directly to the Italians, and the science, if it may be so called, was not checked by her execution. Many suspicious deaths continued to occur, and

it became known to the Archbishop of Paris through confessions that murders by poison were frequently perpetrated. This led to the creation of a special court, a sort of secret tribunal on the lines of the Inquisition or Holy Office, to deal with the evil. It was called the *Chambre Ardente*, and it worked with arbitrary powers for some three years, during which many arrests were made and convictions followed. The principal culprits were the two well-known women of the class of Toffania, named La Vigoureux and La Voisin, who were reputed fortune-tellers, but who no doubt carried on a large traffic in poisons. Many great ladies were implicated in their malpractices, although there is little doubt that the powers of the *Chambre Ardente* were strained by king Louis XIV.'s favourites to attack those obnoxious to them. Some account of these poisonings will be found in their proper place on a later page.

Poisoning has always been a favourite and much practised crime in the East, in India especially, and there largely in the province of Bengal; its hot, moist climate encourages the growth of noxious plants, and, moreover, deadly drugs, mineral and vegetable, are on sale in every bazaar. A people so greatly addicted to the use of opium and Indian hemp are naturally familiar with the action and effect of narcotics. Moreover, such secret and insidious means of removal would commend themselves to a timid, nervous people who, as Chivers has remarked, "always prefer treachery to violence," except when frantic with excitement.

So in past Eastern history, under the Mahommedan rulers, assassination by poison was more frequently practised than by the Borgias. Among the Hindoos the custom of suttee—the rule that a widow should burn on the pyre of her deceased husband—was introduced, Strabo tells us, as a check upon the prevailing practice of husband-poisoning. Purchas quotes Plericus to the same effect, and W. Methold, who declares that "it is a received history among Indians that there was a time when wives were generally so luxurious that to make way for their friends they would poison their husbands." Hence the law that wives should accompany their dead

husbands to the same fire. That poisoning was common in India long before the Mahommedan invasion is proved by the Shastras, one of which contains elaborate instructions for the detection of a poisoner by watching his characteristics. "He gives evasive answers or will not speak at all when questioned, or he talks nonsense; he rubs the roots of his hair with his fingers, has a discoloured face, and will use every opportunity to leave the house." Another Shastra insists that all medical practitioners should be well acquainted with the symptoms produced by various poisons and their antidotes, "as the Rajah's enemies and bad servants will sometimes mix poison with food."

It is believed that very accurate knowledge of poisons survives by tradition in the jungle villages of Hindustan. The materials available are very varied and numerous, although Chivers is of opinion that only a limited number are used by the natives of India generally. He gives a full list in his interesting work, "Indian Medical Jurisprudence," from which may be quoted such substances as the preparations of arsenic, aconite, nux vomica, opium, Lall chitra and oleander, for assassination; daturah and gunjah (Indian hemp or bhang), for the purpose of producing insensibility but not necessarily death. These drugs were no doubt used in the early empires to sap the mental powers; an intriguing statesman sought thus to undermine his political rival by driving him into idiotcy, or a near heir would supplant the heir-apparent. In modern times they are given by common thieves to hocuss their victims prior to despoiling them. A whole class of dacoits is said to be addicted to this method of depredation. These professional poisoners wander at large upon the high roads looking out for victims, or lurk in the purlieus of large towns, and having made acquaintance with travellers or unsuspecting persons, share their meals with them, or hospitably offer their hookas or distribute sweetmeats, having secretly added the poisonous drug with the food or tobacco. This species of robbery grew into a regular trade after the suppression of Thuggee, or murder by strangulation upon the highways.

Some very curious facts have been collected concerning these professional poisoners. It has been discovered that they work on an extensive scale, having systematic organisation, not unlike that of the Thugs, employing decoys and spies who go disguised often as fakirs and religious mendicants. The confessions of these professionals have been made public; miscreants who poisoned wholesale, indifferent whether the drug caused merely stupefaction or death, who called their victims "shikar" (game), and were afflicted by no scruple or remorse.

Daturah and bhang have been the usual drugs used, singly or in combination. Sometimes the insensibility produced lasts for two or three days. Detection is not always easy, through the difficulty of verifying the presence of vegetable poison, that of daturah being especially so, even by immediate examination. Other drugs have been used in fatal cases and have defied detection. One murderer at the scaffold just before execution taunted the authorities with the failure of the doctors to discover what he had given. This man was offered his life and a free pardon, as he stood with the rope round his neck, if he would confess the nature of the poison used. He made no reply, but swung himself off, it is supposed because he wished to avoid temptation by instant death.

In the long list of female poisoners a few have achieved a fatal pre-eminence, both from their cold-blooded, calculating cruelty and the wholesale character of their crimes. Every race and country have their types; in Italy the Borgias, in France Brinvilliers and Jegado, in Germany Zwanziger, in Holland Van der Linden, in England Catherine Wilson and Mrs. Maybrick, are notorious names in criminal annals. There is a family likeness in most cases. Although motives vary, all may be classed under two or three heads: passion run riot, the lust of power; love, furious, unreasoning, and unquenchable; hatred as consuming, to be satisfied with nothing less than death and in torments; greed and covetousness often of the most paltry kind—any one of these may have furnished the impulse to the crime. The rarest, happily, but the most fatal, form of female poisoner is the woman who

works from sheer love of it, who is carried away by the tremendous power she possesses if she chooses to exercise it.

Feuerbach, the great Bavarian judge, puts this well when describing the woman Zwanziger, whose case, with others, shall be told in detail directly. She found poison a convenient weapon with which to deal out death or sickness and torture to all who offended her or stood in her way; "her attachment to poison was based upon the proud consciousness of possessing a power which enabled her to break through every restraint, to attain every object, to gratify every inclination, to determine the very existence of others."

Another woman of the same type was Hélène Jegado, who, between 1833 and 1851, was guilty of twenty-six poisonings and eight attempts to poison. Through these years she decreed death to all whom she could safely approach with her lethal methods, pursuing them patiently, obstinately, and continuously, carrying out her fell purpose coldly and remorselessly, often without reaping the smallest advantage herself. Such persistence in perversity seems to argue mental weakness, and the question was put seriously to the most eminent alienist of the time whether Jegado was not insane. The astuteness, the clearness and consecutiveness of her methods altogether forbade this conclusion, and she was duly convicted and executed. But she maintained her perversity till the very last moment, and, when actually on the scaffold, with no one to hear her but the executioner, and within a few seconds of eternity, she declared solemnly that another woman was guilty of the crimes for which she was about to suffer. No notice was taken of this confession, and the authorities, greatly shocked, made full inquiry into the facts, only to find that the accused was a poor old paralytic woman, who had always led an exemplary life, and was known in her own village as "the saint."

A more recent case is that of the woman Van der Linden, of Leyden, who was possessed of the same homicidal fury, and used the same treacherous means. The number of her poisonings, between 1869 and 1885, far exceeded Jegado's. She is said to have attempted the life of 102 persons in all,

of whom twenty-seven died and forty-five were horribly ill, the remainder suffering only temporary trouble. Some of her victims she attacked five or six times in succession, not an uncommon trait in poisoners. This murderess was of the Zwanziger type; she killed for the love of killing, for although in many instances she derived a certain benefit, in others no such explanation could be found. As in Jegado's case, the defence set up for Van der Linden was insanity; but Doctor Ramoer, the eminent alienist, declared that, although an inveterate liar, she was in the full possession of all her faculties; yet when this evidence was being given, she was seized in the dock with such a sudden fit of fury that she went into convulsions and uttered savage cries like a wild beast. In the end she was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

BRINVILLIERS.

More than two centuries have passed since the misdeeds of the notorious Marchioness of Brinvilliers spread dismay and disgust through the civilised world. The story has been told and retold since then, and in various ways, but has never become hackneyed, and there are ever fresh points to take up in describing it. The romance-writer has illustrated the more tender side, doing justice to love so deep and passionate that it paused before no crime; the historian has pointed his moral with it when enlarging upon the extreme wickedness of a corrupt and dissolute age; the scientist, fortified with the abundance of modern knowledge, quotes it in proof of the almost laughable ignorance of contemporary medicine, alike in toxicology, anatomy, and chemistry. The expert opinions in their old-fashioned jargon, their vague conclusions of imaginary facts may be commended as amusing reading. A man died suddenly with excruciating pains, and the report of the *post mortem* is to the effect that the intestinal ulcers discovered are the result of violence, and the "said ulcers have caused death through the violent pain superinduced." Much mystery is made out of powders, and darkly-worded recipes to produce them, among which are infallible prescriptions for

obtaining the philosopher's stone. Only rudimentary knowledge is needed to recognise their character as acids of arsenic and other well-known drugs.

One aspect of this Brinvilliers' case has been little dealt with, and may fitly find a place here: the police side, the methods adopted by the law to elucidate the mystery when suspicion was first aroused, and to bring home guilt to the incriminated parties. Detection, as we understand it, may not have existed under Louis XIV., but he had unscrupulous police officers at his disposal; justice was high-handed and despotic, with a power of extorting evidence by torture, most efficacious in unsealing the lips of witnesses, even against themselves. We should hear less of undetected crimes if the same unjustifiable processes might be employed to-day, but those who inveigh against the incompetence or supineness of our modern police would scarcely like to purchase greater success in running down crime at such a price.

An accident first brought justice upon the outer fringe of this great criminal mystery. A certain gentlemen named St. Croix died in Paris on July 31st, 1672, after an illness of some months. When his estate was examined it proved poor enough; the only article likely to hold valuables was a small strong box, which the deceased, by his testament, specifically desired should be handed over to the Marchioness of Brinvilliers. He had been on very intimate terms with this lady, who occupied a recognised position in Court and in the best society. Madame St. Croix, the deceased's widow, opposed the surrender of this box, believing it to contain personal property, to which she thought herself best entitled. The box, about a foot and a half square, was covered in calf's hide, and the key was in its lock.

Eventually it was opened, in the presence of the *lieutenant-civil*. Two papers were found within: "promises to pay" certain sums, one an obligation for 10,000 livres, to be paid to a M. Cusson, on account of a M. Paul; the other an acknowledgment, signed D'Aubray, of a debt to the defunct St. Croix, of 30,000 livres. The first, it should be mentioned, was signed Pennautier, and in the body it was clearly stated that Paul and

Pennautier were one and the same person. Beneath these two papers were several small parcels of powder, one of which broke and exposed its contents under the table; someone present took up a pinch and threw it on the fire, where it burnt with a violet flame. Besides the parcels, there were two bottles full of fluid, a pot containing prepared opium, a small box, in which was an "infernal" stone, and, finally, a little bundle of papers endorsed "curious secrets," all of which were recipes and prescriptions against illness.

The strong box being, in the opinion of the *lieutenant-civil*, nothing less than the laboratory and stock-in-trade of an alchemist and poisoner, he ordered the contents to be tested, practically, at once. The paper packets were found to be filled with "corrosive sublimate, roman vitriol, antimony, powdered vitriol" in various quantities; one bottle contained a colourless fluid, the other had a deposit of whitish powder. The latter was administered to a pigeon, a dog, a turkey, and a cat; all died, but, on being cut open, no internal injuries could be discovered. Hence the terror inspired by the discovery of these substances, which were obviously fatal to life, and yet their action left no trace. The medical report was that the St. Croix poison resisted every test that skill and science could apply. "It floated on water, and was superior to fire, leaving, when burnt, only a harmless ash; when administered to the animal creation, it evaded subsequent detection, and although it killed, the internal parts remained sound and healthy."

Grave suspicion attached to the persons whose names were found in this compromising box. One was the Reich de Pennautier, a man of mean origin, who had risen to a great position, and was at this time Receiver-general for the French clergy, an office worth £10,000 a year; the other, the Marchioness Brinvilliers, already mentioned. The first had worked his way up, astutely, probably unscrupulously; rivals and superiors had died very opportunely, and it was not impossible that he had cleared them from his path by flagitious means. It was proved that he had known St. Croix intimately; that they came from the same part of France, and

that there had been close business relations between them. We may anticipate somewhat, and dispose of Pennautier, who was eventually put upon his trial, and a strong effort was made to prove his complicity, through the evidence and admissions of La Brinvilliers. But he was acquitted in the the end, and rightly, according to some. Yet his hands were not clean, and there was more than a strong presumption against him. At the time his guilt was strongly suspected, although, as the witty Count de Grammont (of the Memoirs) put it: "Pennautier is too rich to be convicted." Madame de Sevigné seems to have shared de Grammont's view. "Everyone — a whole world," she writes in one of her famous letters, "is working to save Pennautier. He has nothing to fear but the indiscretions of La Brinvilliers," and those were never sufficiently condemnatory.

The case went against the marchioness more easily. She had no one to "work" for her; no money to buy immunity, like Pennautier. Her husband was in very straitened circumstances, the result of a long career of dissolute extravagance, and was now in hiding from his creditors. She had been imprudent, too, had talked much and foolishly since the first exposure of the fatal contents of the box. Gossip was of course busy over a case which was exciting all Paris, and all the marchioness said and did was quickly caught up and disseminated. Her undisguised distress at the opening of the box was much commented upon; her angry statement that St. Croix had forged her name, her weak protest that she had yet good friends to shield her; her suggestions that, after all, the guardians who held the box in custody were not incorruptible, and that it might be made away with.

Now, however, it was remembered that scandal had long coupled her name with that of St. Croix. She was a very attractive woman, and as fond of admiration as others of her sex. Contemporary portraits paint her as not strikingly beautiful, but yet most charming: a pretty *petite* woman, with a very fair complexion, soft, languorous deep blue eyes, abundant chestnut hair, small, well-shaped hands and feet. She was clever, although not

highly educated, with brisk, engaging ways and a pleasant, decided voice.

They were good friends enough, husband and wife, and had five children. The marquis lived the life of the times, and if he gave his wife some cause for jealousy, he was long-suffering towards her peccadilloes, and had himself introduced St. Croix to her, an old friend and brother officer. St. Croix is described as a man of handsome person and insinuating address, frank, clever, strong in his attachments. He soon gained the good graces of the lady, and was freely accepted as the friend of the house. The person who took most offence at the scandalous stories that soon grew of this intimacy between St. Croix and the marchioness, was M. D'Aubray, the father of the latter, who presently obtained a *lettre de cachet* against St Croix, and secured his consignment to the Bastille. From this imprisonment came all the trouble. St. Croix's cell companion was a certain Italian, Exili by name, a noted alchemist, who, in his researches for the philosopher's stone, had acquired a dangerous knowledge of lethal substances, all of which he imparted to St. Croix. The latter became so closely connected with Exili that after his own release he obtained the Italian's. Some horrible discoveries were made later, in one of the garrets of the house owned by Pennautier; a workroom and laboratory, said to be Exili's, retorts, instruments, and various machines used by him in his experiments. Worse than all, it was said that a human head in an advanced state of decomposition was also found, but this proved to be a very ancient skull.

St. Croix on his release is said to have led a new life; he married, and became reserved, devout. Not the less did he provide the marchioness with the means of undertaking the series of atrocious crimes for which she eventually suffered. Her aim seems to have been to restore her fortunes by securing the whole family property, and her first victim was her father.

M. D'Aubray had forgiven his daughter her indiscretions, and taken her with him to his country estates in the autumn of 1666. Very soon afterwards he was attacked by

some unknown malady, and died in convulsions after great sufferings. The doctors in attendance were of opinion that the cause of death was gout, driven into the stomach. Nothing could exceed the tender solicitude with which the daughter nursed her father during his fatal illness.

There remained three other D'Aubrays, two brothers, one married, and a sister. The eldest brother succeeded his father in his lands and offices, and resided in Paris. One day, that same winter, he asked for some refreshment on entering his house, and a new *valet de chambre*, named La Chaussée, brought him a glass of wine and water. The drink tasted terribly bitter, and M. D'Aubray threw the greater part away, saying, "I believe the rascal wanted to poison me. It burnt like fire." The stuff was tasted by others, and seemed to contain vitriol; after that, La Chaussée took the glass and emptied what was left in the ashes, with many apologies. He excused himself later by pretending that a fellow-servant had taken medicine in the glass. Then the incident was forgotten.

The following spring, at a house party given by M. D'Aubray in Beauce, at his property of Villequoy, the whole dinner table was seized with a serious illness after eating a tart—a sort of *vol-au-vent*—which had been served them. The man Chaussée had accompanied his master.

M. D'Aubray never recovered his health. He returned to his duties in Paris, but pined visibly, losing appetite and flesh, finally died, apparently of extreme weakness, on the 17th June, 1670. The affair of the tart was not forgotten, and the doctors proceeded to make a *post mortem*. But they could detect nothing out of the common, and attributed death to "malignant humours," a ridiculously vague expression, showing the extent of medical ignorance in those days.

Soon, however, the second brother was attacked with a similar illness, which ran the same course, and presently he also died of the same fading-away weakness, on November of the same year. Again the doctors carried out an autopsy, and now were more suspicious. They could not prove poisoning, but one declared that he had found the

lungs ulcerated, another that they were burnt up, "that liver and heart were destroyed." The symptoms were the same as those shown at the *post mortem* of the elder brother. Amidst these crude opinions it is easy to perceive traces of noxious action, which nowadays would certainly be referred to its proper cause.

The widow of the eldest brother, the last in the succession, saw instinctively the danger that now closely threatened her. She was the sole obstacle to the complete enjoyment of the family property by the marchioness. Madame D'Aubray retired to her own country seat, and hedged herself in with every possible precaution against treacherous attack. She barely escaped, however. An artful attempt was made to place La Chaussée with her as gardener, the same servant who had been at Villequoy when her husband and the rest had been taken ill; but, full of distrust and repugnance, she would not engage him. La Chaussée was without resources, beating the streets of Paris, for St. Croix was dead. He had been a creature of St. Croix's from the first, and the verification of this fact was a ray of light for the police.

Orders were issued to arrest him. He was caught one night, wandering about like a vagabond, and when taken was searched. In one of his pockets was found a small packet of white powder, which he said was for sharpening razors, but it proved to be powdered vitriol, exactly like that found in the famous strong box. His arrest was the last blow for the marchioness, who promptly disappeared. She had been living in retreat at Picpus in a religious house, but finding that proofs were accumulating against her she fled, and in such haste that at the dead of night she used the window for egress, and not the door.

La Chaussée was strictly interrogated, but not yet by torture, which was held over for the last appeal. It was feared that if he had the courage to withhold confession under the rack the principal criminal might escape; and it was to convict her, the Brinvilliers, that the law was most keen. He denied all knowledge of the poisoning, although his connection with St. Croix and the marchioness was clearly

proved; one witness, a maid-servant, had seen him in Madame Brinvilliers' bedroom, concealed, and another had heard the mistress say that La Chaussée was a good creature, who had been very useful to her. At last he was put to the question, but showed extraordinary firmness; torture could extort nothing from him. But when released from the rack he spoke. He had poisoned the two D'Aubrays with powder given him by St. Croix who had said that Madame Brinvilliers knew nothing of the designs. La Chaussée was satisfied that this was false, and went on to say that when he carried a message to her from St. Croix she had made him promise to leave the country

La Chaussée shortly afterwards was broken on the wheel; and a decree sentenced the Brinvilliers, convicted by his confession and her own flight, to be decapitated, if she could be captured. She had escaped into Germany, seeking an asylum in the bishopric of Liège. She entered a convent, and gave herself up most devoutly to religious exercises. Her journey had absorbed nearly all her funds, and she had no prospective means of livelihood beyond a small allowance promised her by her sister. The marquis, her husband, would have helped, but he was utterly impecunious.

French justice was not to be cheated of its prey. It was resolved to carry her off by stratagem, for extradition, as we know it, was not practised in those days. Among the Parisian police agents, the *chevaliers de guet*, as they were called, was a certain François Degrais, a man of gentlemanly exterior, good looking, insinuating, but without scruples, and in the way of business resolute and hard as iron. He was selected to entrap the marchioness.

Degrais went at once to Liège, disguised as an abbé, and was readily admitted to the convent. He was soon on the best terms with the Brinvilliers, who was no doubt horribly bored by her isolation and the strict conventual life. One day the abbé proposed a drive into the neighbouring country and breakfast at some rustic restaurant. Here a carriage appeared suddenly, from which issued a number of archers (police officers). The marchioness was seized; then Degrais

openly declared his real character and the ruse he had employed. She was taken at once across the frontier, where she was subjected to a first interrogatory by a French commissary. She denied all knowledge of the crimes laid to her charge, and maintained a grim attitude, although proofs of her guilt under her own hand were actually in the possession of the authorities.

Immediately after her arrest and removal Degrais had obtained authority to search her effects, and among other documents he found a general confession in her own handwriting, which freely admitted not only the murders, but such a number of offences against morality and decency that no other evidence is needed to prove her the most abandoned of her sex, steeped in the lowest vices, prepared to commit the most heinous crimes. When taxed with the admissions made, she essayed to minimise them, declaring that she had written this confession when in the depths of despair; her mind was distraught, she was an exile, friendless in a strange country, without a *sou;* no credit must be attached to what she had said.

The document was, however, precious to the prosecution, for in it the wretched woman confessed that she had freely administered poison. "I accuse myself of having poisoned my father," she wrote. "I was angry with him for having sent my friend to prison. Moreover, I wanted his property. I also caused my brothers to be poisoned, and a servant has been broken on the wheel for the crime. I have often wished my father was dead; thirty times I have wished my brothers were dead. I was anxious to poison my sister. . . . . I gave poison five or six times to my husband, and then was sorry for it. I took great pains to cure him, although he always suffered from the ill-effects. . . . . I accuse myself of having taken poison, and of having given it to one of my children once, because she was growing tall."

There was no shadow of hope for the marchioness, and she knew it. Several times on the way back to Paris she tried to commit suicide, generally by swallowing pins and acts of personal violence. As the best means of watching her

Degrais instructed Barbier, a subordinate, to worm himself into her confidence, pretending to sympathise with her and offering her help. She fell into the trap, and was provided with pens, ink, and paper, to write to an old friend who lived, she knew, at Maestricht, on their road back to Paris. She implored this friend to try a rescue; it would be easy enough —there were only eight poor creatures in her escort, and five real men would make short work of them. If he did not carry her off with all the documents she was a lost woman. This letter, having been first read by Degrais, reached its destination, but the friend did not relish the daring enterprise. Still she trusted Barbier, and promised to make his fortune if he would assist her to escape. It would be quite easy: overpower and bind Degrais at one of the night halts, kill the watchers, set fire to the house, and fly. All these futile proposals were deemed so many more convincing proofs of her guilt. Even after her consignment to the Conciergerie prison she still trusted the faithless Barbier, and sent out compromising letters secretly, as she hoped, among others, to Pennautier, upon which the police laid greedy hands, thinking to get evidence against him.

It is needless to follow the course of the trial, with its long recital of facts as charged, and the vain efforts of the miserable woman to escape from the overwhelming weight of evidence against her. Her conviction was a foregone conclusion. The sentence was that she should make an *amende honorable*, "before the principal gate of the church of Paris, to which she should be carried on a cart, barefooted, with a rope round her neck, carrying a lighted torch two pounds in weight, and there on her knees say and declare that she had poisoned her father and her two brothers wickedly, for vengeance and the desire to possess their goods." After that she was to be taken to the Place de la Grève, her head cut off, her body burnt, and the ashes scattered to the winds. As a preliminary to the capital punishment she was to be put to the torture, "ordinary and extraordinary," to compel her to reveal the names of her accomplices.

The question by "water" was to be applied, but at the

sight of the apparatus she declared that she would tell all she knew without torture. In this last confession she admitted that she had given her father poison, twenty-eight or thirty times, by her own hand; that she had killed her brothers through La Chaussée. She was careful to administer it in small quantities at a time, so that the consequences might not be apparent. She now implicated a chemist, Glazer, deceased, who had been sent to Florence to purchase herbs and drugs to sell to a person of quality. When pressed as to the latter she gave the name of Fouquet, the famous superintendent of finance, whom Louis XIV. punished so remorselessly.

Madame de Sevigné wrote after the execution, "It is all over at last. The Brinvilliers is in space. Her poor frame cast into a fierce fire has been consumed and the ashes thrown to the winds so that we all may inhale the poison, as some small minds think, with surprising results to ourselves . . She died as she had lived—resolutely . . . on her way to the scaffold she only asked that the executioners might walk between her and Degrais, the scoundrel who had betrayed her." Another account declares that only at the last did she give up all hope. "It is to be the end then, for good and all? there will be no pardon? Why is it where so many were guilty I alone should suffer?" Her sufferings were protracted, too, for the executioner wasted quite a quarter of an hour in "making her toilette," trimming her hair so that it might not spoil the sweep of his sword.

MARY BLANDY.

This is a case of strong psychological interest. The characters in the drama exhibit the most marked and strangest forms of human weakness and human passion. For love of, and by the direct instigation of, an utterly unworthy man, a daughter poisons her father deliberately, almost openly. She is supported in her choice by a foolish mother, equally fascinated by the villainous lover. The father, poor victim, although alive to his danger, takes no step in self-defence, and dies forgiving his murderess. The chief criminal has nothing to recommend him, nothing to win him the deep

devotion he inspires; very much the reverse. He was actually a married man when he gained the girl's affections, and was known to be such, although his protestations that the marriage was irregular and could be broken were believed. He had little in his favour; was of mean appearance, diminutive in size, his ugly face seamed and pitted with the small-pox. An abundance of small talk, a military title, and connection with a noble family, sufficed to establish him firmly in the good graces of an engaging, accomplished girl, with a supposed fortune of £10,000, whom he had little difficulty in persuading to commit an abominable crime.

Mr. Blandy was a solicitor, in easy circumstances, at Henley-on-Thames. His house was frequented by many suitors to his daughter Mary's hand. But none succeeded, until a Captain Cranstoun came to the town on recruiting service and carried all before him. He was brother to a Scotch lord, Cranstoun, and nephew of Lord Mark Ker, who had obtained him the commission he held. Cranstoun, as has been said, had a wife and children in Scotland, and when his attentions to Mary Blandy became assiduous, Mr. Blandy was informed by other disappointed swains of the new lover's old ties. But he had astutely prepared Mary for this news, swearing that his Scotch connection was no real marriage, and when her father came to warn her she expressed no surprise. Mr. Blandy, however, stoutly refused to countenance Cranstoun's suit, and forbade him the house. Then Mrs. Blandy fell ill, and would not be comforted till Cranstoun returned, when she installed him by her bedside, and would have no other nurse but "her dearly-beloved son." On her death Cranstoun went to Scotland to carry out a devilish plot which he had concocted with Miss Blandy. He was to send her the means of poisoning her father in the shape of powders "to clean Scotch pebbles," and in reality white arsenic.

The confederates had prepared the neighbours for Mr. Blandy's death. They gave out that music had been heard in the house, a certain warning, Cranstoun said, that Blandy would die within twelve months. He pretended, too, to have

the gift of second sight, and declared he had seen old Blandy's wraith. Miss Blandy constantly spoke of these warnings to the servants, and said she was sure her father would live till the next October.

Cranstoun no doubt supplied the lethal drug without delay, but the first open reference to it is in a letter to Miss Blandy, where he talks of Scotch pebble powder to be used for a particular purpose. All through the winter poor old Blandy showed symptoms which we recognise now as indicative of chronic poisoning with arsenic. He suffered excruciating intestinal pains, and several of his teeth dropped out. His daughter had no sympathy with his sufferings, and heartlessly called him a toothless old rogue whom she wished in a certain warm place. Nor was she at any pains to conceal her intentions, but gave him the arsenic so unguardedly that he complained of his tea being too bitter, and, leaving half, it was swallowed by an old charwoman, whom it nearly killed. At another time one of the servants suffered from a similar mistake, and, drinking up the remains of a poisoned cup, was dangerously ill for three weeks.

But now Miss Blandy changed her methods, and, dreading discovery, administered the arsenic in "water-gruel," a thicker substance in which it was less noticeable. Henceforth she always made the gruel herself, but here again, with extraordinary want of caution, she warned others from tasting what she had prepared, openly declaring it would "do" for them if they were so ill-advised.

July came, but Mr. Blandy was still alive, and the lovers grew impatient. Cranstoun, from Scotland, wrote darkly, but in language that plainly urged her to double the dose, and by way of stimulating her ardour, told her Lady Cranstoun was busy redecorating their apartments in the family mansion, Sennel House. At this time his other marriage had been held good in law, and he was indissolubly bound to his first wife. None the less did he urge on the intended parricide. Now the old man's tortures greatly increased. He complained of having a fireball inside him, and Mary coolly answered that he would never be well while it was there. Yet

she was herself pricked by conscience, for she confessed her crime to her father, putting all the blame on Cranstoun, whom she promised never to see again if her father would only forgive her. When he spoke to her with kindly forbearance she cried that every word was like "a sword of fire piercing her heart," and begged her father not to curse her. "I curse thee? No, I bless thee, and hope God will bless thee and amend thy life," he replied. Certainly the dying man was of a forgiving disposition.

Towards the end suspicion was aroused against Mary Blandy, and direct evidence was at hand. One of the maids was about to throw away a quantity of untasted gruel, when she saw a glittering white powder at the bottom of the pan. She showed it to a neighbour, who very judiciously kept it till it could be tested by an apothecary. This was not done till after Blandy's death, but it proved to be white arsenic. Again, after one of her father's worst paroxysms, when he observed to his daughter, "Molly, I was like to have been poisoned twenty years ago, and now I am verily poisoned after all," she ran upstairs, brought down Cranstoun's letters, and with them a small packet, all of which she threw on the fire. These were quickly picked out by a servant, who saw written on the packet in Cranstoun's hand, "Powder to clean the pebbles." But still she strove to communicate with her lover, and wrote him next day as follows:

"Dear Billy,—My father is so bad that I have only time to tell you that if you do not hear from me soon again don't be frightened. I am better myself. Lest any accident should happen to your letters, take care what you write."

This letter she privately gave a visitor to post, but he, being suspicious, opened it and took a copy of the contents. The original he gave her father, just before he died, who merely said, "Poor love-sick girl! What will not a woman do for the man she loves?"

There was evidence in all this, but more was forthcoming. The very day of Mr. Blandy's death she tried to abscond, and offered the man-servant £500 to go off with her, which he

refused. That same night she begged the maid to get her a post-chaise to take her to London.

Through some reprehensible neglect, Cranstoun, the real author of this murder, escaped justice. Directly Miss Blandy was arrested he went into hiding, and presently got from Scotland into France. At Boulogne he met with friends, who assisted him, but some French officers who were related to his deserted and ill-used wife would have called him to account for his cruelty, when he again fled. Under the name of Dunbar, he took refuge in Flanders, at Furnes, where he fell mortally ill. In this extremity he sought help from the monks of a neighbouring religious house, who received him into the Romish Church before he died.

Miss Blandy was convicted, and suffered death.

ZWANZIGER.

A woman named Anna Maria Schonleben or Zwanziger is known in criminal annals as the German Brinvilliers, although no very close analogy exists between them. Zwanziger, was well educated, having a fair knowledge of French, and other accomplishments, but she was not a beautiful, well-born lady of quality, a prominent figure in a gay but vicious court. The daughter of an innkeeper of Nuremberg, Zwanziger married a drunken notary, and passed through many vicissitudes, all downwards, declining steadily. When left a widow in penury she tried to start as a confectioner, she made dolls, took the place of housekeeper to a great personage in Frankfurt, became cook to a circus, was nursemaid to a private family—all this in the space of a few short months. Twice she attempted suicide, overcome by her woes and the constant study of the "Sorrows of Werther"; after that she wandered through many lands, went to Vienna, back to Nuremberg, then into Thuringia, where, at Weimar, she took service as housemaid. In this place she committed her first theft, of a diamond ring, and fled the house to take refuge with a son-in-law at Mainbernheim, who turned her out of doors when he read a public advertisement giving her description as a missing thief.

Once more a-wandering through Franconia she fell into disreputable courses, but at Neumarkt sought to establish a girls' school, where she taught needlework, in which she was an adept. Here a vicious connection drove her forth to Munich, whence she found her way to Pegnitz, in the territory of Baireuth, and began the series of crimes for which she eventually suffered.

She was now in menial service enjoying a fair reputation as a sober, steady, industrious woman, who earned her livelihood by knitting. A Judge Glaser, of Rosendorf, who was separated from his wife, took Schonleben (after the theft at Weimar she had resumed her maiden name) as housekeeper. Glaser's wife was the poisoner's first victim, so far as is known. She appears now, for the first time, to have discovered the dread power she might wield by the insidious use of arsenic, which soon she grew to love, according to her own statement, as "her truest friend." She made it her constant companion in gratitude for its faithful services. When at last apprehended arsenic was found in her pocket, and on looking at it she "trembled with pleasure and gazed upon the white powder with eyes beaming with rapture." It had been a revelation to her that she could now wreak her limited vengeance upon the world that had so long misused her; she could redress the balance of misfortune and, cutting herself completely off from all human sympathies, pursue her murderous way triumphantly.

Poison was to prove a magic wand to remove all obstacles and open the road to the fondest hopes.

"Poison," to quote Feuerbach, "enabled her to deal death, sickness, and torture to all who offended her or stood in her way: it punished any slight; it prevented the return of unwelcome guests; it disturbed those social pleasures she was not permitted to share: it afforded amusement by the contortions of her victims and a chance of ingratiating herself by affected sympathy with their sufferings; it was the means of throwing suspicion upon innocent persons and of getting fellow-servants into trouble. If she flattered herself with the prospect of marrying an already married man at her will, wives descended

into the grave and left their husbands free for her. . . . . In time the mixing and giving poison became her constant occupation, she practised it in jest and in earnest and at last with real passion for poison itself, without reference to the object for which it was given." Frau Glaser's death she compassed hoping the judge would marry her afterwards. At this time Zwanziger was fifty years of age; she was short in stature, thin, almost deformed, with a sallow, meagre face deeply furrowed by passion and from age; all beauty had fled. Her eyes glittered with malice; she wore a constantly clouded brow, even when she smiled with her lips. Her manner was cringing and servile but affected; she was still consumed with a fierce craving for admiration and vain to her finger-tips. In prison she told those about her that she had once been beautiful, exceedingly beautiful.

Her first step was to bring about a reconciliation between Glaser and his wife, of course to get the latter within her reach. She first persuaded the husband to yield, then opened a secret correspondence with his wife, and finally succeeded. When Frau Glaser returned, she was welcomed with a brilliant reception, prepared by Zwanziger. Flowers were strewn upon the floors, the house was hung with garlands, and above the marriage chamber was a scroll, illuminated with the words, "The widow's hand, Hath joined this band."

Within a week the poisoner began her work, and gave Madame Glaser arsenic in her tea. "I felt I must make my old age comfortable," was Zwanziger's reflection at the time, according to her confession. "I meant to go on giving her poison until I had cleared her out of the way." The doses administered increased in quantity. "In one cup, seeing how thick was the beverage, I said to myself, this time she must surely die." And she did, being seized with excruciating pains which ended in death three days later. Before she had accomplished her fell purpose, many of the Glasers' guests suffered at her hands. Often those who came to dine or sup at the house were seized with terrible sickness and pains.

Her design against Glaser had not prospered. We are not told why, but soon after the Frau's death she left his service

for that of another, Judge Grohmann, residing at Sanspareil. Her new master was unmarried, no more than eight-and-thirty yet, and a confirmed invalid from gout. He was Zwanziger's second victim. He succumbed to an illness which had symptoms in no wise similar to those of gout, but familiar enough to anyone acquainted with arsenical poison—violent sickness, internal pains, dryness of the skin, and insatiable thirst. It was generally believed, even by his doctor, that Grohmann had died a natural death.

The motives that impelled Zwanziger to do Mr. Grohmann to death may easily be guessed. Ill as he was he contemplated matrimony, a proceeding highly distasteful to his housekeeper. She watched for and tried to intercept all letters that passed between her master and his *fiancée*. She was jealous, for she still had hopes of marriage with Grohmann now, and when the banns were published with the other she became extraordinarily excited. Then Grohmann was taken ill, and died.

While in Grohmann's house, and before his murder, the poisoner kept her hand in with others, but a lesser degree than killing. Two fellow-servants—men—who vexed and annoyed her, and who used too much of her master's beer, were made to feel her power. "I determined to spoil their appetite, and took four pitchers of beer, in two of which I mixed tartar emetic, and in the other two a larger dose of arsenic. I intended to give them the beer by degrees, not in order to kill them, but only to make them sick." . . . "But they did not like it, and drank very little of it." Another person, however, got some of the beer by mistake, and very nearly paid the penalty with his life.

Zwanziger's devoted ministrations to the unfortunate Grohmann gained her a place as nurse to the wife of another magistrate, Gebhard, who was expecting her confinement. Never was there a more attentive nurse, but Madame Gebhard was soon seized with illness, the same old symptoms showed, and in her torments she accused Zwanziger of having given her poison. She died; but as she had been constantly ailing her death caused no suspicion. The widower, sorely troubled

with family cares, gladly kept Zwanziger as housekeeper, although his friends warned him against her. There was, as yet, no accusation; she was only deemed a fatally unlucky person, who carried death with her everywhere. As for herself, ympathy was felt for a woman so cursed; a woman, too, who deserved better, for she was still greatly liked and respected as a pious, worthy creature; "her obliging deportment, her air of honesty, humility, and kindness, protected her from every breath of suspicion."

She continued at Gebhard's for several months, quietly practising her infernal arts, and only slowly incurring the distrust and hostility of her fellow-servants. Strange things happened from time to time. Gebhard's guests at dinner were afterwards seized with colic, and so forth; a messenger boy to whom Zwanziger gave a glass of brandy detected a white sediment at the bottom of the tumbler after drinking, and was violently sick; a maid-servant with whom Zwanziger had quarrelled was taken ill after swallowing a cup of coffee prepared by Zwanziger; last of all, a party of friends who had come to play skittles with Gebhard suffered so greatly after drinking his beer that it was necessary to summon the doctor.

After this Gebhard yielded, and dismissed Zwanziger, but gave her a written character for honesty and fidelity. Furious at this, although making no outward sign, she resolved to leave her sting behind her. It was no part of her duty to attend to the salt-box, but the night before her departure she filled that in the kitchen afresh, saying if other servants were as thoughtful they would keep their places the longer. On the last morning she prepared coffee for the other maids, which she sweetened with sugar she took out of a paper in her possession. Lastly, as the vehicle in which she was to travel to Baireuth stood waiting for her at the door, she took Gebhard's infant child in her arms, caressed it affectionately, and gave it a biscuit soaked in milk. Half an hour afterwards the whole Gebhard household became alarmingly ill. Suspicion was at last aroused; the contents of the salt-box were analysed, and found to be largely mixed with arsenic.

In the salt-barrel, too, there was more arsenic, some thirty grains to every three pounds of salt.

Now Zwanziger's cup was full. The law was set in motion, and as a first step the bodies of those in whose death Zwanziger had been concerned were exhumed. That of Madame Glaser exhibited all the appearances we now know to be associated with poisoning by arsenic; although it had been buried for fourteen months it was scarcely decomposed, but was dried up and hardened like a mummy, and the colour of mahogany. Madame Gebhard's, when disinterred, presented precisely the same aspect; so did Grohmann's. The intestines of the two women contained arsenic, but none was found in the other, although every symptom of arsenical poison was present.

An order was now issued to arrest Zwanziger, who, ignorant of these discoveries, lived on in perfect security. She had gone to Baireuth, where she had taken up her quarters, and where she remained a month, writing thence to Gebhard, reproaching him for the ingratitude he had shown her after her devotion to him and his child. She wrote him again from Nuremberg in fulsome terms, sending kisses to "her darling child," and clearly hoping to be recalled to his service. From Nuremberg she visited Mainfernheim, and sought a home with the son-in-law who had already turned her out, was again repulsed, for he had just divorced Zwanziger's daughter, lately sentenced to imprisonment for theft and swindling. The prisoner went back to Nuremberg and was arrested there on October 18th, 1809. She had poison in her pockets, as has been said, two packets of tartar emetic and one of arsenic.

Zwanziger's attitude before justice was one of indignant denial. Criminal procedure in Bavaria is extraordinarily patient: the judge combines in himself the office of judge and public prosecutor; he builds up the whole case against the accused, from the investigation of antecedents, the testimony of witnesses, above all from the admissions of the prisoner, whose evidence is only circumstantial; no

matter how complete, there can be no actual conviction until the accused makes a confession. At the same time, the judge accumulates evidence in the prisoner's favour which he hands over in due course to the defence. This system of inquiry, with the appeals that often follow, tends to prolong the trial, sometimes for years. One case, that of the priest Rimbauer, filled forty-two folio volumes, and lasted five years.

Zwanziger defended herself stoutly when interrogated by her judge. She evaded inconvenient questions with astonishing cunning and adroitness, which was only surpassed by the skill and patience of the judge as he narrowed the net around her. For six whole months she positively denied any knowledge of arsenic, all accusations of using poison, and began to believe that all evidence against her was exhausted. All at once it was burst upon her that Madame Glaser's body had been exhumed, that the traces of arsenic had been detected, that there was the strongest suspicion that she, Zwanziger, had administered it. Then her composure at last gave way; she lost her courage, and after a few feeble protests confessed. The words had hardly passed her lips when she fell as if struck by lightning, rolled upon the floor in strong convulsions, and had to be carried out of court.

In July, 1811, nearly two years after her arrest, she received sentence of death; decapitation by the sword, her body to be afterwards exposed on the wheel. She heard her fate without perceptible emotion, and spent the last three days of life with outward composure, confessing to the judge that her death was fortunate for mankind as it would have been impossible for her to abandon the practice of poisoning. She was penitent, seemingly, yet she laid her head on the block with a lie upon her soul, for she persisted in taxing Judge Glaser with the murder of his wife. This slanderous accusation had caused his arrest when first made, but he had been fully acquitted upon trial.

Many of the traits seen in Zwanziger were reproduced

an Jegado, the Brittany poisoner, who enjoyed the same opportunities in domestic service of glutting her revenge, and working out the fell purpose to which she seemed predestined.

ELIZA FENNING.

Next in date to Zwanziger is the English case of Eliza Fenning, also a domestic servant and a mere girl, who was indicted for an attempt to poison her master and his family with arsenic. She was cook to a Mr. Orlibar Turner, living at 68, Chancery Lane, in the year 1815. Here there was no strong bias towards murder as shown by repeated deliberate acts. The crime proved against Fenning was the result of a sudden access of resentment after unmerited reproof, and yet the evidence was mainly circumstantial, and the case in some opinions should be classed with judicial errors. Mrs. Turner, the mistress of the house, thought Fenning failed in due respect to her, and said so. For some days the cook was very sullen, but in a fortnight's time, seeming anxious to regain favour, she begged to be allowed to make some dumplings, in which she pretended to be very skilful.

The dumplings were made, and eaten at the family dinner about three p.m. Six of them were not at all satisfactory dumplings; it was remarked of them that they were black and heavy, not white and light as they should have been. The whole party partook, and were more or less violently affected, according to the quantity eaten. All were very ill, with retching, swollen head and tongue, and acute pains, yet none with fatal results. Mr. Turner's apprentice, Gadsden, who ate one of the dumplings downstairs, was also affected. Throughout Fenning expressed no concern for the universal sickness, and this was remembered against her.

Next morning Mr. Turner, suspecting foul play, made a minute search in the basement and came upon the brown pan in which the dumplings had been made. He found some of the leavings sticking to the pan, and on removing them to mix with water saw that a white powder was deposited at the bottom, which he believed to be arsenic. This suspicious

matter was carefully collected and submitted to a Dr. Marshall, who had attended the family in their recent attacks, and who decidedly pronounced it to be arsenic. He also tested the yeast and flour with which the dumplings had been made, but found no poison; the fair inference being that the arsenic had been added to the dough after mixing. Arsenic was kept in the house for the purpose of killing rats and mice, a frequent temptation to, and an almost unfailing explanation of, arsenical poisoning.

The prisoner Fenning, when arraigned, stoutly denied her crime, repeatedly declaring her innocence. Her defence was to throw the blame on others, especially on a fellow-servant who had bought a halfpenny-worth of milk for the sauce. It was no doubt true that the prisoner suffered from the same form of sickness as those who had eaten the dumplings. But the Recorder summed up decidedly against her, pointing out the poison must have been in the dough; it could not have been in the yeast, or the milk, or the flour, or the sauce, for no one who had eaten these alone had suffered. Again, that the dumplings had been compounded of some doctored substance was shown by their black, unwholesome colour when sent to table, and the fact that the dough never rose in the cooking.

The verdict promptly returned was guilty, and the wretched girl was carried out of court in convulsions, uttering frightful screams. In the opinion of many people her guilt had not been satisfactorily proved, and strong representations were made to the Home Secretary for a reprieve. They were unavailing, and Fenning suffered, protesting to the last. She paused on the scaffold and said to the ordinary at Newgate, "Before the just and Almighty God and by the faith of the Holy Sacrament I have taken, I am innocent of the offence with which I am charged." As great uneasiness was still felt that there had been a failure of justice, it was publicly stated that the law had not been allowed to take its course until after a minute revision of the facts of the case by the Lord Chancellor, the Recorder, and Mr. Beckett. "So anxious was the Lord Chancellor, in particular, to satisfy his own mind and put a stop to all doubts on the part of the people at large, that

another meeting was held by the same parties last night, when they came to the same determination."

Yet the evidence was entirely circumstantial, and to this day an impression survives that Eliza Fenning had been wrongly convicted.

HÉLÈNE JEGADO.

In July, 1851, a doctor of the city of Rennes, in Brittany, came, with a colleague, before the officers of the law, both being satisfied that a female servant in the house of M. Bidard had been poisoned. The police, with an "instructing judge," proceeded at once to the house, and at their appearance another servant hotly declared she was innocent. "Of what?" asked the magistrate. "No one has accused you." But this almost involuntary justification drew attention to the woman, Hélène Jegado, who had made it. Inquiries were set on foot, her life and antecedents were investigated, and it was found that wherever she went death, sudden and mysterious, followed in her track.

Finding friends when an orphan child, she was taken into family service, and became a cook, but does not seem to have shown her fatal tendencies till she was thirty years of age. Then all at once seven people died within three months in the house where she was cook, one of them her own sister. All died in agonies after terrible sickness. Hélène was their devoted attendant, and after each death was heard to say, "This will not be the last," a dark forecast soon verified. Suspicion was aroused, and led to a *post-mortem* examination in one case, but there was not sufficient evidence to prove poison. Besides, Hélène was a woman of exemplary piety; it was monstrous to accuse her. This assumption of sanctity is a frequent trait with the poisoners, who are accomplished hypocrites by the very nature of their crimes.

After this catastrophe Jegado again took service, and the same terrible mortality entered every family with her. She moved on perpetually. "I am obliged to do so," she said, "lest I should be charged with these deaths. I am a wretched creature, I carry an evil influence with me everywhere. Wherever I go people die." Her wish now was to

enter a convent, to take the veil, to withdraw from the world in which she seemed a scourge. In one religious house she was charged with thefts, and quickly expelled; in another her soups and warm drinks produced the same results. It is unnecessary to trace her progress from convent to convent, from house to house, in all of which masters, friends, relatives paid toll. In this period, from 1833 to 1841, twenty-three deaths and numerous thefts were brought home to her; but under the French law she was protected from prosecution by the lapse of time.

Although, probably, her murderous instincts were still busy, no fresh crime was laid to her charge until 1849, by which time she had become established in the city of Rennes. The whole family of M. Rabot, who had given her notice for stealing his wine, was suddenly attacked with sickness and violent pains, but no deaths ensued. Her next "place," with M. Ozanne, she stole the brandy, was taxed with it, and presently the youngest child of the house died in torments of a disease supposed to be croup. She passed to an inn, the Bout du Monde, where she fell foul of an upper servant who was greatly trusted by her employers, and who soon suffered from the symptoms with which we are already familiar. This servant died, after a terrible illness, and the mistress, who was also attacked, succumbed. Thefts of wine led to Hélène's prompt dismissal, but although suspicion was aroused, there was no mention of a more serious charge. From the Bout du Monde she went to the house of M. Bidard, where fate at last overtook her.

Jegado's trial came on in December, 1851, at the very moment of the famous Napoleonic *coup d'état*, and the proceedings were complicated and delayed by the absence of important witnesses, "some killed, some sent to exile." There was a scarcity of expert evidence at first, and the medical questions raised were never thoroughly thrashed out. The prosecution rested, however, on very strong circumstantial evidence. A weak point was the failure to prove Jegado's possession of arsenic, the poison used. She denied her guilt persistently. "I know nothing about arsenic," she repeated.

"No one has ever seen me with it;" and, as a fact, no witness was forthcoming with this evidence. Nor was it possible to ascertain how she had obtained it. The detectives were entirely at fault in this respect. The only fact elicited was that at a time long antecedent to her arrest three packets of "white powder," supposed to be powdered gum, were seen in her box, and it was believed that she had got it in one of her earliest places of service, hoarding it carefully through all the years.

Her demeanour throughout the trial was sombre and generally impassive, with occasional outbursts of violence. She spoke as a rule slowly, stupidly, with downcast eyes, in a hesitating manner, but, when roused, became very voluble. She is described as a hard-visaged, common, brutal, repulsive-looking peasant woman, with dull, expressionless eyes, except when betrayed into showing the ferocity of her true nature by the anguish of some victim whom she especially hated. Then a wild light came into them, as in a tiger's about to make a spring.

In these later days Hélène Jegado is held up by the criminal anthropologists as a perfect type of the "born criminal." She was, no doubt, impelled irresistibly to crime by her innate evil disposition, for there was nothing in her early training and surroundings to produce deterioration: no pernicious example, no incentive and encouragement to evil-doing. Her character was, naturally, of the very worst. From her childhood she was ill-tempered, evil-thinking, ungrateful, hypocritical, and a thief. So deep was her dissimulation that all these bad qualities she carefully concealed beneath the cloak of piety. She regularly attended mass. She might be seen there on the morrow of a murder, or when planning a new crime. She was in church the day before the murder was out and she was finally accused. Beneath this respectable exterior she had a passion for drink, and was given to vicious, dissolute ways.

The tone she assumed when first taxed with crime was one of indignant surprise. She admitted some small thefts, mere peccadilloes, but, beyond that, had nothing to reproach

herself with. "I have ever been sincerely pious," she assured the instructing judge. "I have never had a thought of injuring a single soul. I have been devotedly attached to the persons who are now called my victims. The mistake I made was that I was too fond of them. There is not a spark of jealousy in me. I hate no one. But I have had a severe lesson, and it has warned me to avoid sick people. I will nurse no more of them. It is better I should let them die, for if one does one's duty one is accused of foul play." All this although she had kept on steadily in the path of destruction, and spared no one who crossed it.

She was convicted in the end, and suffered on the guillotine.

VAN DER LINDEN.

The Dutchwoman Van der Linden must be grouped with the foregoing. She had the same murderous instincts, and indulged them to the full. Like Brinvilliers, she sacrificed her own nearest and dearest—father, mother, three of her own children. Like Jegado, she killed for the mere love of it, for although her murders were mostly to secure some trifling gain, others were committed with no sort of advantage to herself. Like Zwanziger, she enjoyed many opportunities to carry on her death-dealing business, for she was a professional nurse, and was much esteemed as a kindly, well-disposed creature, most attentive to her patients, anxious, it was thought and, as she said, to do good to all the world.

When she was at length arraigned for her crimes, many of them were covered by the prescription of time allowed by the law of Holland, and only four poisonings were actually brought against her. But the total number of deaths she had caused amounted to 102. The larger number were of a kind not unknown in England, where murder has often been committed, in these latter days, in order to secure the sums paid by the life assurance companies. Van der Linden worked on a small but wide scale. It was her custom to insure the lives and the health of her relations, friends, neighbours, and patients, unknown to them, and punctually but secretly keep up the policies. As soon as she had worked her will,

either by causing prolonged illness or death, she drew the allowances in the first case, or the whole sum in the last-named.

Yet she poisoned others than those who could thus benefit her. In one case, where a girl whom she knew well complained of the ill-usage of her stepfather, Van der Linden advised her to try poison. When the girl refused, Van der Linden sent her some soup powdered with arsenic, which would have killed them both. Even in prison, after her arrest, she tried to poison one of her cell mates by giving her coffee which she had doctored.

The last case, that for which she was tried and convicted, included an old soldier, Aimard de Hees, a cousin, who came to share his small pension with her and to keep house with her, another cousin and her husband, the Freylhuisens, and a child of five who had been entrusted to her by the mother. De Hees was killed for his life policy. When a brother came to protest she gave him arsenic too, and when he was taken to the military hospital, supplied him with delicacies, all poisoned, which he shared with his comrades, and all alike suffered. The Freylhuisens were the objects of several attempts, but were at last finished, when Van der Linden called, and making pretence of skimming their pot, threw in several pinches of arsenic. When the trial came on witnesses volunteered evidence; one that she had nearly died of some rice given her by the prisoner, another of some curaçoa from the same hand.

There was no stint in the quantities of poison used. In the *post-mortems* made it appeared that enough was often found in a body to have killed hundreds of people. In the four cases that came before the court both liver and stomach were loaded with arsenic. The murderess generally obtained her supply of poison for the purpose of killing rats.

In appearance this dreadful creature rather recalls the portrait drawn of Zwanziger. She was a small woman, very pale and thin, and with an ugly, forbidding face. Her age at the time of her arrest was about forty-six. Her conduct was daring. She went the length of marking down her victims

beforehand. "It will be your turn in a month," she openly told one man, who had been bemoaning the sudden death of a relative. The month passed, and this man was carried to his grave.

As I have said, an attempt was made to prove homicidal mania by the defence. A woman who killed on the most trifling excuse, or on none at all, to gain a mere pittance, or to settle a dispute, who threw arsenic to her own fowls, who laughed aloud at the torments of her victims on their sick beds, this woman could not be responsible for her acts. Yet the court would not accept this plea. Van der Linden was found guilty, and sentenced to perpetual seclusion.

MADAME WEISS.

The scene of the Weiss case was a small town in Algeria, Ain Fezza, in the province of Oran, and the date was 1884. The would-be poisoner was a woman, the intended victim her husband; the motive of the crime was his removal so that she might marry a lover who was already the father of one of her children. It was urged on her trial that she had acted under the instigation of this man, who, like Captain Cranstoun in the Mary Blandy case, first suggested the crime, discussed means, provided the poison, and explained how it should be administered.

M. Weiss, a young artillery officer, met a beautiful girl, Jeanne Daniloff, at Nice, and offered her marriage. His mother's strenuous opposition prevented the match, but Jeanne followed him to Algeria, where he had accepted a civil appointment, and eventually became his wife. Children were born and the marriage was happy enough until a railway engineer, M. Roques, came to Ain Fezza and by his marked attentions to Madame Weiss, introduced a disturbing element into the *ménage*. Presently the couple separated, amicably, and the wife on plea of ill-health returned for a space to Nice. M. Roques also went to France.

By-and-by M. Weiss got leave and joined his wife at Nice, where he was soon taken ill. His malady was mysterious, although the symptoms should have told their own story to

anyone of a suspicious nature: vertigo, constant sickness, shivering, a burning head and icy feet. The doctors advised the waters of Vichy, which were beneficial, but on his return to Ain Fezza, with his wife, all the old troubles returned.

Now at last people began to talk. It was noticed that M. Weiss was only ill after eating in his own house. If he breakfasted or dined abroad he could eat heartily and feel no ill-effects. If he drank only a bowl of broth or milk at home (he was thus strictly dieted by the doctors) he was invariably sick. His wife was particularly careful to prepare his food herself, so careful that she always threw away what was left. Her tender solicitude was beautiful to see. She nursed her suffering husband morning, noon, and night, and let no one else come near him.

Still people talked; no one more than a M. de Guerry, another *employé* in the place and a warm friend to M. Weiss. He played the part of an amateur detective; whether by accident or deliberate intention was never exactly shown. But one day he called to M. Weiss, and heard that he was desperately ill, with "his eyes shut," the children said, and rushing in, fearing the worst, he came upon a letter addressed in Madame Weiss's handwriting to M. Roques, at that time in Spain. Having satisfied himself that his friend, although not yet dead, was in great danger, he resolved to become possessed of this letter, intuitively concluding that it held the key to the mystery. He shrank from nothing to secure his ends. Calling at the local post-office he saw the letter lying alongside a newspaper addressed to him and took them both up; then slipping the letter inside the paper, made off.

He was right in his surmise. This letter which he did not hesitate to open, was practically a full confession of guilt. Madame Weiss was inordinately fond of letter-writing, and was, for one engaged in criminal acts, strangely imprudent in what she said.

"Monsieur has taken to his bed," she wrote; "this is the fourth day; more than half of my *supply* is expended. He does not succumb, he struggles with a vital energy and instinct of preservation that makes me despair. The doctor

says there is nothing the matter with him. . . Meanwhile I have increased the dose, but the sickness only increases. . . . I am getting afraid that the remedy will not suffice, that I shall not be able to go through with it. Send me more, by parcel post; send it in with four or five pairs of children's socks. Hide the bottle carefully. . . I am getting thinner every day, and am horribly nervous."

This letter decided M. de Guerry to call in the law. When the police arrived Madame Weiss tried to swallow the contents of a bottle of corrosive sublimate, but survived and was taken to the hospital. A telegram was despatched to Madrid for the arrest of M. Roques, but he evaded retribution in committing suicide. In his house were found letters ready prepared to announce his marriage, a number of compromising letters from Madame Weiss, and all the official documents necessary to make her his wife. He was clearly expecting early news of the death of M. Weiss.

Madame Weiss was in due course arraigned and convicted. Her sentence was twenty years *travaux forcés*, but she did not live to undergo the punishment. It was noticed in court that she often bit the corner of her handkerchief, which was sewn up, and which she could not open. In the gaol she was carelessly guarded, and one morning quite early she was found fully dressed on her bed with this handkerchief held to her lips. In a feeble voice she asked for water, drank a long draught, and died. She had taken strychnine, which had been hidden in the handkerchief, committing suicide as she had threatened, in order to spare her children the disgrace of owning a mother in gaol.

AUBERTIN.

A taste for poisoning has been proved to be hereditary in some families. In 1884 the butcher Bourlette, of a little village in the Vosges mountains, was rash enough to marry a girl named Aubertin, whose people enjoyed this sinister reputation. Madame Aubertin, her mother, being anxious to make another marriage, was suspected of having disposed of her first husband, by giving him arsenic in his soup. The Aubertins always had poison handy for inconvenient husbands, and

Madame Bourlette, having shown too strong a liking for a young lover in her husband's house, M. Bourlette gave him notice to quit. Whereupon he became alarmingly ill after breakfast one morning, with internal pains and intolerable thirst.

But he recovered, and Madame Bourlette, in her disappointment, sought the assistance of her more practised mother. A week later, Madame Aubertin appeared at midday at the house, and, finding the evening soup in the pot, threw in some white powder, unseen. After dining, the butcher had a second and more violent attack; the doctor was sent for, and Madame Bourlette received him with loud lamentations. "We have no luck here. People die like flies. They are taken ill—and piff paff, they are gone." Her husband, too, was doomed, for he was unduly nursed by his wife and mother-in-law, who were careful to add arsenic in anything they gave him. On the fourth day he died.

A *post-mortem* at once revealed the cause of death. Arsenic was found in the corpse and in considerable quantities.

The two women were arrested and also Hennezel, the mother's second husband. He was a workman in a neighbouring glass factory, and he had stolen the arsenic thence to oblige the others. The case was proved, and sentence of death was passed, but this was in the days of soft-hearted M. Grévy, who had a horror of capital punishment, and he pardoned the criminals.

CHAPTER XXV.

MALE POISONERS.

Characteristics of Male Poisoners—Many have been Medical Men—Castaing—Palmer, His Career—First Suspicious Case—His Money Difficulties—His Connection with Cook—Shrewsbury Races—Cook's Illness—Palmer in Attendance—De la Pommerais, the Parisian Doctor, who Murdered Madame de Pauw after having Insured her Life—Supposed to have also Murdered his Mother-in-Law—Madame de Pauw Killed by Digitaline—After Death De la Pommerais Greedily Claims Policies—He is Arrested and Convicted—Dr. Pritchard—Crime also Inspired by Palmer's—Dr. Eustachy and the Poisoned Birds—Dr. Lamson Poisons his Brother-in-Law.

MALE poisoners have, in all ages and countries, been largely found among medical practitioners. We need not emphasise the fact, although it is incontestable; it would be grossly unjust to throw discredit upon a noble profession, to whose unstinting devotion and deep research humanity owes so much. It is enough to record it, and rest thankful that the controlling powers they wield over the issues of life and death are not more freely used for evil purposes. The doctors might decimate the human race, if their general morality did not stand so high. Otherwise, with their intimate knowledge of all scientific processes, of the fatal properties of drugs, microbes, and bacilli, the trust implicitly relied upon them, their ready access to persons, however closely guarded, the construction they can put on anything, the ease with which they can cover up their tracks, their power to give certificates, remove damaging evidence, and leave the plain inference that death was due to natural causes, would enable them to cause terrible mortality.

Various motives have impelled these the most dangerous of all enemies to their fellow men. In all, the hope of sub-

stantial gain, worked out by calm calculation, has been the contributing cause. Castaing, the French doctor, did his friends to death in order to secure money for his wife and children, ease for himself, the leisure to pursue his professional studies. Palmer slew remorselessly the victims whose death was to relieve his sorely straitened circumstances; it was the same with the French doctor La Pommerais, and our own doctors Pritchard and Lamson.

CASTAING.

Castaing was tried in Paris on November 11–17, 1823, charged with the poisoning of two brothers Hippolyte and Auguste Ballet, in order to succeed to their estate. He is described, in the records of the time, as quite a young man, of fair complexion and interesting appearance, with a mild, gentle voice, and very decorous manners. The poison he used was a vegetable kind, the acetate of morphine.

The elder brother, who was possessed of large property, but in very feeble health, actually in an advanced stage of consumption, had made a will in favour of his brother-in-law to the exclusion of his brother Auguste. Castaing took advantage of an opportunity to secure and destroy that will, and at the same time compass the death of Hippolyte. In spite of his illness, this death was a surprise to his medical advisers, who believed that he could have lingered on for many months, and, to clear up the mystery, a *post-mortem* was agreed upon. There was at this time no suspicion of foul play, but the examination was made in the interests of the family, others of whom suffered as did Hippolyte, and they might benefit if light were thrown upon the action of his malady. The autopsy revealed strange appearances, attributed by the doctors to vegetable poison.

It is well to notice here that the science of toxicology was not greatly advanced at this time, and that the above conclusion was based on presumption rather than fact. No traces of acetate of morphine or any other poison were found, and probably the first would not have been mentioned, had not witnesses, all chemists and druggists, come forward to swear

that Castaing had purchased quantities of this drug from them at various times.

As Hippolyte Ballet died intestate, his property now went to his brother Auguste, who was the bosom friend of Castaing and who was, subsequently, charged with being his accomplice Auguste did not survive long to enjoy his ill-gotten wealth There had been some division of the proceeds between the two or rather a large payment, £4,000, as the price of blood, but Castaing would not be satisfied with less than the whole property, and now plotted the death of the second brother Together they went down to spend a few pleasant days at St. Cloud, and here the second deed was done.

One morning Castaing walked alone into Paris, and it was proved that he again went to the chemist's and bought more morphine, his plea being that hackneyed one that he wanted to kill rats, as well as to use it in his experiments.

On his return to St. Cloud, early next morning, he brought Auguste, at his request, a jug of new milk warm from the cow, of which his friend drank freely. In less than an hour he was seized with violent sickness and other strange symptoms. Another doctor, Pigache, was called in, who prescribed medicine, which Castaing administered, when the former alarming symptons returned with increased virulence accompanied by strong couvulsions. Dr. Pigache was again summoned, and advised bleeding with the application of leeches. But the disease, attributed first to cholera morbus then to congestion of the brain, made rapid progress, and ere long Auguste Ballet died. It was brought against Castaing that he carefully removed and destroyed everything that could have afforded a clue to the cause of illness.

The same brother-in-law, M. Martignon, now appeared at St. Cloud, where he met the doctors who had attended Hippolyte, and at their instance, as they were strongly suspicious, a *procès-verbal* was drawn up, and a *post-mortem* made. The appearances were precisely similar as in the first death. Castaing's position was critical, and it was not improved when it was found that the deceased had left a will constituting the doctor universal legatee. His arrest and

trial followed as a matter of course, and he was eventally convicted of having destroyed Hippolyte's will and of poisoning Auguste.

The cause of death does not seem to have been actually proved. Orfila, the eminent toxicologist, and at that time the first authority alive, could give no positive evidence, from the absence of the *corpus delicti*, the remains of which had not been submitted to him. Had that been done he could established the most satisfactory proof. "By exact analysis I could easily discover," he said in court, "a single half-grain of acetate of morphine in a pint of liquid." Chemistry has made great progress (1823), and it is almost as easy to discover the vestiges of vegetable as mineral poison. But two or three years ago it was a common error, on which, indeed, an axiom of legal medicine was based, that certain vegetable poisons left no trace exclusive of other symptoms of disease." M. Orfila's early dictum is now abundantly corroborated.

PALMER.

One of the most remarkable cases of the misuse of medical knowledge was that of William Palmer, the sporting doctor of Rugeley, in Staffordshire, whose crimes were many, although he was actually convicted of only one. The physiognomist would have detected nothing in Palmer's face to indicate the secret poisoner. He had an open, rubicund visage, was frank and free-spoken, and generally esteemed a good fellow and a merry companion. He was still young, barely thirty-one, when he paid forfeit with his life, but he looked older.

The world had not gone well with Palmer for many years. After taking his diploma he set up practice in his native place, Rugeley, in 1846, and married money, as he thought, the following year. His wife was the natural daughter of a Colonel Brookes, of the East India Company's service, who had settled at Stafford on his retirement. He left a fine fortune among his children at his death, but it was claimed and secured by his legitimate heirs. Very little came to Mrs. Palmer, but the doctor had started extravagantly. Yet now he made no change in his way of life, neglecting his profession, and attending only

a few relations and personal friends. He had gone upon the turf, owned racehorses, and was engaged in large betting transactions. The luck was steadily against him, and within two years of his marriage he must have begun his murderous career, for in 1849 his mother-in-law died quite suddenly when on a visit to him. Viewed in the light of later events, he no doubt had compassed her death in order to succeed to certain house property in Stafford. Again, in 1850, he appears to have been responsible for the death of one Bladon, a turf man, who stayed a few days with Palmer in Rugeley, but did not leave the house alive. Bladon had but just won a large sum of money, which he carried with him, to his own undoing. He died suddenly and mysteriously, and was buried on the certificate of a friendly old doctor, Bamford, who subsequently figured in the Cook case. Only £15 was found in Bladon's possession, and his betting book, in which Palmer figured as a heavy loser, had also disappeared.

Bladon's wife was urged by friends to insist upon an inquiry, but she shrank from giving pain to Mrs. Palmer on such seemingly insufficient grounds. But Mrs. Palmer already entertained some suspicion of her husband, and was heard to ask, about this date, "Where will it end? Last year my mother, now Mr. Bladon. What will the world say?" Poor Mrs. Palmer was herself to figure in the list of victims, which reached in all, so it is credibly believed, to the number of fourteen or fifteen. I may add a trifling experience of my own, when a small lad living with my parents in the Isle of Man. There was a noted young sportsman, a native of Douglas, who was wasting his substance in dissipation, and who died very suddenly in an hotel, it was said, of a surfeit at dinner, when he consumed more than a dozen eggs. This explanation was accepted at the time. No one suspected Mr. Palmer, the sporting surgeon, who was with a young man at the time, and one of his chosen boon companions.

At last, in 1853, Palmer became involved in serious money difficulties. He could only meet his engagements by borrowing from the bill-discounters—notably Mr. Padwick, whose name was better known in after years. Next year he was

still more hardly pressed, and renewed his acceptances with fresh bills for about £12,000, bearing the signature of his mother, who had good means. These signatures were forged by Palmer, who also forged other acceptances in the name of his friend, John Parsons Cook, whom he eventually murdered.

These new bills provided only a temporary relief; they were discounted at a ruinous rate, 60 per cent, and the truth was sure to come out when they fell due. Palmer now deliberately planned a diabolical scheme for escaping from his embarrassment. He resolved to insure his wife's life for a large sum, and effected several policies in various offices; for £3,000 in the Norwich Union, £5,000 in the Sun, and another £5,000 in the Equitable. He made proposals to other companies which came to nothing. The whole amount of £13,000 was handed over to him on the month of September, when Mrs. Palmer died. Viewed by the light of later events there is little doubt that she had been poisoned by Palmer.

This large sum was yet insufficient to clear him of his liabilities, and Palmer next doomed his brother to death, following the same system of insurance, and no doubt using the same means for compassing his death. It came in August, 1855, and with the policies, again £13,000, Palmer confidently hoped to take up all his bills. A bitter disappointment met him. The insurance companies refused to pay.

The crisis was desperate. Palmer was almost penniless and heavily compromised on every side. It was the time of the Shrewsbury races which he attended in company with Cook, a friend and ally, with whom he had been engaged in many turf transactions. Cook, although prosperous and well-to-do had joined him in raising money, giving him his signature to bills for comparatively small amounts, but he had further backed Palmer by allowing him to pledge a couple of his racers as security with a money-lender. Palmer had also, of course secretly, forged Cook's name to other acceptances.

Cook did well at Shrewsbury; on the 13th of November his horse, Polestar, had won the cup, and his owner pocketed some £700 on the event. He had this cash in his possession

at the Raven Hotel when he dined there with the impecunious Palmer and other friends. After dinner Cook complained of the taste of his grog, and asked for another tumbler. "You shan't have one," cried Palmer, gaily, "till you have emptied this." Cook drank off the contents with manifest disgust, declaring that he had swallowed some filth which burnt his throat. "Nonsense," was Palmer's reply, and he called upon another man present to taste the drink. "How can he do that?" asked Cook, "I have finished the tumbler."

That night Cook was taken desperately ill, so ill that he handed over all his cash to Fisher, a "ring" man and associate. But the doctor, who was called in, so far relieved him that he was able to attend next day's racing, when Fisher returned him his money. As Cook was still ailing, Palmer that evening persuaded him to go home with him to Rugeley, where he lodged him at the Talbot Arms, just opposite his own house, and where he could nurse and attend him.

Between the 16th, Friday, and Monday, the 19th, Cook became much worse. Palmer was always at his bedside, with medicine, broth, milk, tenderly solicitous for his friend's health. But the pains and sickness continued. Palmer explained them to the local doctor whom he called in, his friend the same aged, near-sighted practitioner, Bamford, as the effects of excessive drinking. On the 19th Palmer left for London, and in his absence Cook's health improved. That night, however, when Palmer returned he gave the patient certain pills and all the old symptoms revived, aggravated by a terrible crisis, accompanied by convulsions, in which the whole body was extraordinarily twisted and contracted.

Next day, Tuesday, the 20th, a third doctor, Jones, of Lutterworth, was summoned and expressed surprise; Cook's appearance was not that of a man suffering from bile and drink. There was a consultation by the bedside and when they were discussing treatment Cook turned to Palmer and implored him to give him no more of his pills. Yet in further consultation Palmer insisted on his prescription, saying "we need not tell him what it is composed of; why frighten him unnecessarily?" The making up of the medicine was

entrusted to the old doctor, but Palmer gave it, Cook resisting feebly and unavailingly. That night was his last.

Dr. Jones had decided to sleep in the sick room, but he had hardly closed his eyes, when he was startled by a cry of the most acute anguish, the agony of someone tortured by frightful and inexplicable pain. Cook was writhing on his bed in new convulsions; his spine was arched, his arms twisted, his legs stiffened, he was choking, with round staring eyes and hair on end. Yet he was perfectly conscious and spoke with clear lucid intelligence as he begged them to turn him in his bed and described his sufferings.

Palmer was summoned and came almost instantly. He said afterwards that he had never dressed so quickly in his life. The fact was, no doubt, that he was waiting in his bedroom expecting the crisis. At Cook's prayer for relief he administered ammonia, but it failed, and presently the end came. With one last spasm of pain through all his members the unfortunate victim died.

Suspicion of foul play does not seem to have been aroused for some time. In the days following, however, it was ascertained that Cook's papers and money had disappeared, that Palmer had hurried off to Tattersall's to secure the payment of certain moneys due to the deceased; it also transpired that Palmer was ruined, and that the money-lenders had issued writs against him and his mother on his protested bills. Now attention was drawn to the strange and sudden death of Cook after so short and mysterious illness, and a warrant was granted to the police against Palmer. On searching his house and papers proof was easily obtained of his financial difficulties; more, on his library shelf was a treatise on poisons, annotated in Palmer's own handwriting.

This was the first ray of light for the police. On one page, that dealing with strychnine, Palmer had incautiously recorded, "kills by tetanic action the muscles." This alkaloid poison was not much known in those days. Its fatal properties had been discovered in 1818 as one of the products of the nightshade family of plants.

At that date the famous toxicologist, Dr. Taylor, had

verified the effects of strychnine upon the lesser animals, but had not yet seen them in man; all his experiments produced symptoms analogous to those shown by Cook. When administered in the liquid a couple of minutes sufficed for it to kill a rabbit; in the solid state it took from six to eleven minutes. The poison acts by its absorption into the circulation, and then quickly attacks the spinal cord, then the whole nervous system. After that come muscular spasms, which pass soon into convulsions; the anterior members are thrust forward, the posterior backward; the jaws close tight, the eyes protrude. These symptoms abate for a moment, and then increase in violence till death supervenes. From his experiments, Dr. Taylor, when giving evidence at Palmer's trial, concluded that the strychnine would act more slowly in pills. He was satisfied that strychnine was the cause of Cook's death; although no traces of it could be found in his remains, for the *post-mortem* had been rather carelessly performed. All the circumstances pointed to the use of it, and the effects it produces were unmistakably apparent.

The investigation soon accumulated further facts damaging to Palmer. It was found that he had purchased strychnine at a chemist's in Rugeley on the day after his arrival there with Cook. He had been seen in the shop by a friend, Mr. Newton, at whose entrance Palmer quickly left the counter, saying, "Ah! I particularly wanted to speak to you;" and, taking him by the arm, led him out into the street. Yet the communication was of the most trifling character, and Mr. Newton had the curiosity to return to the shop and inquire what Palmer had been doing there. He was told that Palmer had bought small quantities of strychnine, antimony, prussic acid, and opium.

Many witnesses could testify to Palmer's constant visits to Cook; a maid-servant in the Talbot Arms said that Palmer had sent in soup from his own house, and was very anxious to know whether the patient had taken it. As to the pills, the probable cause of death, there was only strong presumption; but it was cleverly established that although Dr. Bamford had made them up, and written in his own hand

upon the box the way in which they should be taken, Palmer had gone to the chemist's for them, and had kept the box in his possession for three-quarters of an hour. This was more than time enough to make a substitution. One of the points most strongly urged for the consideration of the jury was to decide whether Cook had taken the original pills or others prepared by Palmer.

The feeling against Palmer was so intense that it was feared impartial justice could not be done in his own county. Any local jury must be influenced by preconceived opinions hostile to the prisoner, and Palmer's counsel demanded that the trial should be removed from the assizes at Stafford to the London Central Criminal Court. A writ of *certiorari* was therefore issued, and the case came on at the Old Bailey on the 14th of May, 1856. The court was densely crowded although admission could only be obtained by ticket from the sheriffs, and was filled, the leaders of society, princes, lords, and fashionable ladies expecting to gloat over the sufferings of a miscreant struggling for his life against an overwhelming weight of accusation. They were disappointed, for Palmer's demeanour was calm and unruffled throughout the whole trial. At times he seemed an indifferent spectator at some one else's case. He betrayed no anxiety even at the most critical points; only at the last, when the jury retired to consider their verdict, he buried his head in his hands for a few moments. Finally, when the jury returned, he grew white for one moment at the word "Guilty," then regained his complete mastery over himself, and never faltered again till he paid the last debt on the scaffold. Serjeant Ballantine, speaking of his coolness, says that after the verdict Palmer wrote on a scrap of paper, "The riding did it."

The absorbing interest in the case continued to the very end. Although his conviction justly satisfied all dispassionate minds a reaction soon set in, and a party soon sprang up to take his part, questioning his guilt, and clamouring loudly for a reprieve. Much fault was found with the marked bias of the judge's summing up; the errors and discrepancies in the medical evidence were quoted in Palmer's favour, and his

innocence was positively asserted. Every newspaper teemed with letters reviewing the case, and many indignation meetings were held in London and the provinces. One of the wildest stories in circulation was that of a woman who owed Cook a grudge, and who had killed him by pricking him with a poisoned arrow brought by a famous traveller from India. This was only disposed of by the traveller's statement that all the arrows in question were still in his posssession and safely under lock and key.

Palmer spent the short span of life left him in Stafford Gaol preserving the same cold self-possession. He saw his relatives and a few other visitors, with all of whom he talked freely upon the incidents and vicissitudes of his trial. He never ceased to proclaim his innocence, yet showed no resentment at his sentence. He never feared for the result, he said; "I felt sure of acquittal, even after the jury had withdrawn; but when they returned I saw plainly on the foreman's face that the verdict was against me." His last words were a protest: "I have been wrongly convicted; I am sacrificed to a mistake."

Executions were still public in 1856, and when he appeared on the scaffold he was greeted with loud yells of "Poisoner! murderer!" but he stood unmoved, gazing calmly, but without bravado, at the excited crowd. He quietly shook hands with the hangman, and was launched into eternity.

DE LA POMMERAIS.

The vegetable kingdom has contributed its quota of substances noxious to life. The poisonous alkaloids of many flowers figure in criminal records, especially meadow saffron, the pretty purple blossoms so often seen in the damp green fields of Switzerland; veratria, the alkaloid in white hellebore; gelsemine, obtained from yellow jasmine; digitaline, the product of a common foxglove; aconitine, that of the plant known indifferently as monkshood, wolfsbane, and blue rochet; cytisine, obtained from the laburnum; poppy juice, morphia, laurel leaves, absinthe or oily wormwood, nicotine, the deadly liquid alkaloid of tobacco; atropine, the alkaloidal

principle of belladonna or deadly nightshade; daturine, the alkaloid of the datura or thornapple; strychnine and brucine, both obtained from nux vomica. All these have their fatal properties, and many of them have been associated with great crimes. One or two of the more remarkable of these may be mentioned here, although they belong in some cases to other groups. But it is not possible to follow out any exact system of classification, as cases many belong to more than one group and the characteristics of a crime may be multiform.

One of the most noticeable instances of the use of digitaline was that of De la Pommerais, a Parisian doctor who murdered Madame de Pauw by means of it. We may never exactly know whether this poisoner got his inspiration from Palmer, but the French doctor's (De la Pommerais') methods and processes were much the same. He paid the same penalty, too, for his crime.

De la Pommerais came from Orleans to Paris in 1859 or 1860, a young doctor of four-and-twenty, to seek his fortune. He took up homœopathy, gave lessons in it, and started also a dispensary, where he treated the poor at reduced prices. His nature was ambitious and vain. Shortly after his arrival in Paris he assumed the arms and title of Count de la Pommerais, pretending that they belonged of right to his family. He craved for other honours, tried to get the Cross of St. Sylvester from Pope Pius IX., and the Legion of Honour from Napoleon III., but failed in both attempts.

The *particule*, the *de* that implies nobility, helped, however, as is so frequently the case in France, to secure him a good marriage. Chance threw him in the way of a Madame Dubizy, the widow and child of an army doctor who had left a small fortune; the girl took a liking to him, and in spite of her mother's opposition, married him. Two months later, Madame Dubizy died in horrible suffering, after having dined with her son-in-law.

Probably this death would not have been laid at Pommerais' door, but for the stronger suspicions aroused by a second with which he was clearly connected, and for which he eventually suffered. He was in effect acquitted of poisoning

Madame Dubizy, but the circumstances told greatly again him. The marriage had never pleased Madame Dubizy; sl distrusted the source of the fortune La Pommerais brought the contract, and which did, in fact, consist of securiti borrowed for the occasion. The mother-in-law had insist that the marriage settlement should place the wife's mon absolutely beyond the control of her husband. Moreove Madame Dubizy retained her own fortune, and Pommera had nothing while she lived.

This passed in 1861. In November, 1863, a certai Madame de Pauw, the widow of an artist, and an old, very o friend of La Pommerais, died suddenly, having till then e joyed excellent health. An inquiry was set on foot, a autopsy ordered, and the eminent Dr. Tardieu, to whom was confided, soon reported that he believed poison was t cause of death, the medical certificate notwithstanding, whic had attributed it to a serious fall two or three months before

Moreover, the gossip of the neighbours threw suspicio on De la Pommerais, and under the French law, which arbitrary enough, but only, as is said, in the interests of t greatest number, a search was made in La Pommerais' hous Various papers were seized, and also a large quantity poisons, no less than 900 phials of various sorts. One bott now containing no more than fifteen centigrammes digitaline, was marked as having held two grammes 2·3 grains Troy against 31 grains.

It was concluded therefrom that digitaline had been t poison employed. Although no traces had been found in t remains of the deceased, the symptoms before death we found to be identical with those shown by animals to whor the poison had been administered.

The police were satisfied: (1) that death was not acc dental; (2) that suicide was most improbable, according t the testimony of those who were most intimate with t deceased. A crime remained as the only explanation. B whom could it have been committed, and with what motive Only one person could benefit by Madame de Pauw's deat and that was La Pommerais.

He had presumably followed Palmer's example, and having assured her life for enormous sums, some £20,000, held the policies in his own hands.

His acquaintance with Madame de Pauw had begun during the lifetime of her husband, whom he had attended professionally. It had ceased on the occasion of his (La Pommerais') marriage, but had been resumed in June, 1861. At that time she was living in great poverty, supporting her three children with her needle, and quite without resources. La Pommerais appeared as a providence, and soon unfolded a scheme which, with her assistance, would provide her with a certain income for the rest of her life. She was to insure her life. La Pommerais would pay the first premiums, but before the second was due she was to feign serious illness, so as to frighten the assurance officers. Then La Pommerais would approach them, proposing an allowance to Madame de Pauw during lifetime, so as to escape payment of the full capital sums.

The victim consented willingly enough, although the scheme was clearly fraudulent. As La Pommerais was naturally anxious to keep in the background, an agent was introduced to her, and through him her life was taken by eight well-known companies for a total sum of 550,000 francs (£22,000), the first premium being 18,840 francs, or £750, the larger part of which La Pommerais paid. His next step was to have the policies assigned to him by Madame de Pauw on the pretence that she owed him the whole sum, and next to cause her to make a will constituting him her sole heir.

The final act in the drama was the pretended illness. One day in September a great weight was rolled down the staircase with great noise, and Madame de Pauw gave out that she had fallen and sustained severe internal injuries. She continued ailing until November, constantly keeping her bed, and preparing to play her trick upon the officers of the assurance companies. She admitted this in strictest confidence to some of her friends, declaring she was not ill or suffering in the least.

On the 16th November La Pommerais called to see her,

and spent some time with her. Next morning the bake woman, who brought the bread daily at 6.30 a.m., v surprised to find the key in the door, an unusual circu stance, for Madame de Pauw was in the habit of removi it carefully at bedtime. The woman went in and saw dreadful sight: Madame de Pauw in agonies. She was ju able to say that she wanted no help; her daughter was to as usual to school; she was suffering from cholera, but th she would recover within twenty-four hours, "Dr. Pommerais" had told her so.

That doctor arrived at eight a.m., and remained alone wi her, after which she became considerably worse. Anoth doctor, one who had been attending her previously, cau about one p.m., and would have prescribed, but finding th Madame de Pauw had not followed his advice in oth matters he went away much offended. Presently Pommerais returned, but stayed only a short time. So afterwards the poor woman died.

The murderer seemed to have taken every precaution divert suspicion from himself. Besides the false pap showing that the deceased owed him large sums, he h persuaded her to write a number of letters to him and h near relatives purporting to extol La Pommerais for l charitable intervention in her behalf; she spoke of h terrible fall on the staircase; in order to remove any possil suspicion from him she talked of a past illness, for which doctor had ordered her to take a quantity of digitaline.

As against the foregoing he was unwise enough greedily advance a claim on the policies immediately aft Madame de Pauw's death. He was quite unable to expla satisfactorily his large purchases of digitaline. Homœ pathists do not require such large quantities of drugs; n could he name any client or correspondent to whom he h forwarded a supply. It was remembered now that he h lost his mother-in-law very suddenly, and that for some tir before her death their relations had been strained. Madar Dubizy had kept too tight a hand on her daughter's fortu to please La Pommerais, who was ever in great straits f

cash. She was much in his way, and, moreover, her inheritance was worth securing.

The prosecution now pointed out that Madame Dubizy had been taken violently ill directly after dining with her son-in-law, just two months after the marriage. Two doctors were called, but their prescriptions were not used, and the treatment was left to La Pommerais. He diagnosed the malady as Asiatic cholera, yet administered medicines never given in that complaint. A chemist deposed to making up prescriptions for Madame Dubizy, containing digitaline and hydrochlorate of morphia, and the day after she died. The gravity of the suspicion against La Pommerais was emphasised by the fact that he forthwith laid hands upon all her personalty, securities to the value of £2,500, which he disposed of without rendering an account or allowing any inquiries into the estate.

Madame Dubizy's body was exhumed, but as two years had elapsed, the expert doctors were unable to pronounce positively as to the real cause of death; and in consequence the charge of poisoning Madame Dubizy was not proved to the satisfaction of the jury. Tardieu, however, stated that from the condition of the various organs he could not believe it to have been a natural death. It was not apoplexy, or cholera, or yet heart disease.

The doctors were also at fault as regards the second death. An examination of Madame de Pauw's body thirteen days after death by Tardieu and Roussin, both eminent toxicologists, revealed no trace of poison, nor could any be found in the vomited substances, which had been carefully preserved. Both doctors, however, deposed to death from a vegetable poison, which, although it had left no marked change in the body, and which could not be detected by any chemical analysis, but only by the noxious effects produced on animals, which effects were similar to those shown by the deceased. These were what digitaline produced, and hence, without swearing positively to its administration, there was the strongest presumption that it had been given. Madame de Pauw had been well the day before her death, and the *post-*

mortem exhibited no natural cause for her sudden decease. In short, as Taylor puts it, "De la Pommerais had the motive, means, and power of destroying her life," and no theory consistent with his innocence could be suggested by the defence to explain away the mass of moral and medical circumstances proved against him.

The jury was quite satisfied of his guilt, and gave a verdict to that effect, without extenuating circumstances. De la Pommerais received sentence of death without flinching, and was duly guillotined.

DR. PRITCHARD.

The atrocious nature of Palmer's crime has thrown into the shade that of Dr. Pritchard, which was later in date, and which, like De la Pommerais, was probably inspired by it.

Pritchard had a decent medical practice in Glasgow about 1865. He had been married some fifteen years, and had five children by his wife, the daughter of an Edinburgh merchant. They were living in Blythswood Square, Glasgow, and Mrs. Pritchard being in poor health, her mother had come to nurse her. Suddenly the latter died, and, three weeks later, Mrs. Pritchard was also buried. Dr. Pritchard gave the certificates, in Mrs. Taylor's (the mother's) case as death from apoplexy, in his wife's from gastric fever.

Neither explanation seemed satisfactory, but Mrs. Taylor was buried before the police interfered. Her body was, however, exhumed, when a *post-mortem* in Mrs. Pritchard's case revealed traces of antimony poisoning, and Dr. Pritchard was arrested on charges of murdering both his wife and his mother-in-law.

The evidence brought against him was mainly circumstantial, but it was shown that Mrs. Pritchard's health had suddenly begun to fail, mysteriously, with frequent attacks of sickness, with violent cramps in the hands and side. When her mother, Mrs. Taylor, arrived, she was taken with much the same symptoms, and within a fortnight died when unconscious.

One motive proved against Pritchard was a guilty intrigue

with one of his maid-servants, and he had told her, "if my wife dies I will marry you." Another doctor had attended Mrs. Pritchard, and deposed that all along he had his suspicions that she was being poisoned with antimony, but he never confided his belief to anyone else, and only spoke after the catastrophe. Chemists proved that Pritchard had made many purchases of tartar emetic (antimony), while further medical evidence ridiculed the idea of death having been due to any such causes as Pritchard had certified.

A second even stronger motive for the murders was that Pritchard was interested in life assurances on both his victims. He was in monetary difficulties, and thought thus to benefit, like Palmer and De la Pommerais, by compassing their deaths. The domestic life of Pritchard was unhappy, beneath the surface, and, in addition to his incontinence, he was much given to drink. The whole crime was vulgar and commonplace, and only deserves mention as one of a wide class.

DR. EUSTACHY.

In more recent years a respectable medical man was driven by professional jealousy to attempt the life of a more successful rival. Doctor Eustachy had enjoyed the best of the practice at Pertuis, near Vaucluse, in the south of France, until another and younger doctor, Tournatoire, had set up in competition. The new man soon won the favour of most of Eustachy's patients, and then had the audacity to stand against him as candidate for the local administration. When Tournatoire won the election Eustachy attacked him furiously in the local Press, using the most unparliamentary language, stigmatising him as a coward, a thief, a drunkard, and Jesuit. That no one should miss these libels Eustachy distributed the paper broadcast, and sent them by post to his enemy's patients.

At last Tournatoire cited Eustachy for libel, and succeeded in securing his conviction, with fine and costs. This was on the 13th of November, 1884. Six weeks later a mysterious present of game reached Tournatoire, half a dozen thrushes delivered from the railway station by an omnibus-driver.

They were supposed to be an offering from some gratefu patient, and came *à propos* on the very day of a banque given by the doctor to his friends. The *menu* was lon and satisfying, so that when the thrushes were put o the table no one touched them. The birds went into th larder, and one was eaten next day at *déjeuner* by Madam Tournatoire.

The effect was extraordinary. She was soon seized wit excruciating pains in her head and such extraordinar dilatation of the pupils of her eyes that she could see neithe to read or sew; at the same time she was afflicted wit strange and terrible hallucinations, a sort of waking night mare. She saw her grandchildren dead, her husband abou to fight a duel, had so many fancies that the doctor feare she was going out of her mind. Next day she was better but the cook of the house, having also eaten a thrush, wa taken in much the same way, talked wildly, made grotesqu gestures, and blinked her eyes as though she was staring a thousands of lighted candles. So greatly was her ments balance disturbed that she tried to throw the dog into th fire, and made the house hideous with her savage cries. Las of all the same dog stole a thrush, but would not touch it.

Now Dr. Tournatoire thought it right to make a chemica examination of the remaining birds, and discovered ther impregnated with a vegetable poison, the neutral sulphat of atropine. The startling news was made public, and b common consent Dr. Eustachy was charged with th attempted crime.

Damning evidence was soon obtained. It came out tha Eustachy had ordered some atropine paste from his chemis that he had won a prize of game in a friendly lottery, an having his choice among thrushes, partridges, and hares, ha declared for the first. Now this foolish man, seeing the cas clear against him, confessed, and seeking to extenuat his offence, called it only a practical joke played upo Tournatoire.

But the law did not see the joke in the same ligh especially as the experts declared that the birds containe

enough atropine to poison a whole household, and Dr. Eustachy was committed for trial. At the assizes he recanted his confession and made an elaborate but quite inadequate defence. The case was clearly proved against the prisoner, who was sentenced to eight years' *travaux forcés*. The poisoned birds had been analysed by an expert who had isolated the atropine, then photographed the crystals obtained in the analysis. This is said to have been the first application of microphotography in medical jurisprudence.

LAMSON.

One of the few recorded cases of the homicidal use of aconitine is the comparatively recent murder of a youth, Percy Malcolm John, by his brother-in-law, Dr. Lamson, at Wimbledon. The lad, although nineteen years of age, was still at school, but had a small property, some £300 a year, half of which would revert at his death to each of his sisters, one of whom was Mrs. Lamson. Young Malcolm was a paralytic, from his waist downward, but was not otherwise suffering. Lamson professed to be greatly interested in his case, and often went to see him at school, taking with him, generally, some little present, toothsome delicacies, cakes, sweets, and so forth.

On one occasion he produced some gelatine capsules, and pressed them on Malcolm John, pointing out that by using them he could take any medicine without tasting it. The schoolmaster, Mr. Bedbrook, was present, and saw Lamson fill one with powdered sugar, which he gave the lad to swallow. No doubt he had introduced poison into the sugar, probably the whole of the two grains of aconitine which he was known to have purchased a few days before. Malcolm John, at his brother-in-law's request, swallowed the capsule; then Lamson made off, saying he was on his way to Paris.

Half an hour later Percy Malcolm John complained of violent heartburn, a pain very similar to that which had attacked him once before, in the Isle of Wight, when Dr. Lamson had given him a pill. After Malcolm John's death, Lamson was found to have in his possession both pills and

powders, professing to be compounded of quinine alone, but which were proved to contain aconitine. The pains soon increased to a terrible extent, the sufferer complained of the tightness of his skin, of constriction of the throat, and of being unable to swallow. He retched violently, and writhed so much, that he was with difficulty kept down on his bed. Morphia was injected under the skin, which gave temporary ease, but the effect was lost when repeated, and the lad presently died within four hours of swallowing the capsule. The *post-mortem* showed no disease to account for this sudden death, but the chemical analysis plainly disclosed the use of a vegetable irritant poison, aconitine.

Suspicion at once fell upon Lamson, which deepened to strong presumption, when it was ascertained that he had made considerable purchases of aconitine, both in London and, some time back, in the Isle of Wight, previous to the lad's former illness. But Lamson put a bold face upon it, and, returning from Paris, he presented himself at Scotland Yard, where, much to his surprise, he was promptly arrested, and in due course brought to trial.

The case was strong against him. It came out that he was in very straitened circumstances at the time of his visit to Wimbledon, and the discovery of the pills and powders already mentioned went strongly against him. The defence set up was the impossibility of detecting vegetable poison by any chemical test. But the existence and presence of the alkaloid in the various organs was fully ascertained at the *post-mortem*, and Sir Henry Hawkins summed up dead against the prisoner, pointing out that Percy Malcolm John, although a cripple, was proved to have been free from mortal disease and that the medical tests for poison had been amply successful. Lamson was found guilty, and although great pressure was brought to bear, especially from America, to obtain commutation of sentence, he was eventually hanged.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GENERAL ASPECTS OF POISONINGS.

Secret Poisoning thought to have Diminished in Modern Times—Reasons for this Opinion—Difficulties of Access—Strange Fact that Poisoners Belong to Particular Categories yet there are and may be more Mysterious Poisonings—Sir Henry Thompson and Possible Failure to Detect through the Cremation of Bodies—Sir J. Crichton Browne on Secret Poisonings—The best known Kinds of Poison—Neurotic Poisons—Oil of Vitriol—Phosphorus—Arsenic—The almost Universal Poison—Tartar Emetic—Annapolis Case—Bravo Case—Epidemic of Poisonings in England about 1847—Full Catalogue of Poisonings would be wearisome but a few more Cases cited—Pel, the watchmaker of Montreuil—Wholesale Poisonings—Arrested on Suspicion and Interrogated—His Appearance, His Ways, His Victims, and the Motives of his Crimes—Michellaud—Ribout the Artificial Flower Maker—Suspected Use of Colchicine—Medical Evidence Secures Acquittal.

It is generally held that secret poisoning has much diminished in these latter days, and no doubt the law, assisted by science, affords better protection to the general public. We are now closely safeguarded by the regulations that govern the sale of poisons; science has a deeper insight into the properties of lethal drugs and aids detection by improved methods of analysis, a readier, more positive recognition of the traces and effects of poison. Again, the stringent and precise rules in force as to death certificates, the law that the cause of death must be in all cases attested by a properly qualified medical practitioner is a great guarantee, although, as we shall see, its value may be diminished under new conditions of interment.

A chief obstacle no doubt to a free, unlawful use of poison is the difficulty of access to the person threatened. Now and again the reckless homicide, who kills for the mere pleasure of it, casts his or her poisonous net over a whole circle, some family, some gathering of people, by the casual distribution of poisoned food, cakes, confectionery, and so forth, to take effect as it may. But if there is a definite, deliberate intention to murder a particular victim facility of access is a first, indispensable

condition. As a natural consequence the use of poison is very largely limited to particular agents, who enjoy special advantages of time and place, to women and doctors; people, in short, whose ways of life bring them into daily contact with those they have marked down. It will be found that this is almost a general law. The most notorious poisoners of modern time have been members of the medical profession, chemists, and females, whether wives, nurses, companions, cooks or servants intimately associated with others by family or domestic ties. Abundant proof of this statement will be found in the following pages. In this connection it is interesting to note the corroborating evidence of American statistics, which show that some five-eighths of the homicides by poison in the United States were wrought by females in personal service, housewives, housekeepers, servants, washerwomen, and nurses.

While we may take heart of grace as regards the reduced chances of this most cowardly and insidious attack, there is another and less pleasing side to the question. An uncomfortable feeling prevails that modern science is not altogether on the side of defence. It may assist detection, but yet it has multiplied the methods of poisoning by many chemical and other discoveries. Some of the newer processes favour the criminal; many products, animal, vegetable, and mineral are available which leave little or no trace if cautiously administered. Improved knowledge again has developed the practice of chronic or gradual poisoning, of sapping life by small deleterious doses that eventually cause death, but only after simulating the symptoms of natural disease. There may be exaggeration in all this; yet suspicion of undiscovered poisonings may be met with in the numerous cases that as time passed were brought to light.

Sir Henry Thompson in the spring of the year 1898, when engaged in a controversy as regards cremation and its possible effects in encouraging crime strongly urges the appointment of a special expert medical officer to examine all bodies before they are disposed of by cremation. His argument is based on the rapid progress of knowledge with

regard to poisons, and his belief that those employed in the future will probably be such as leave the least, if any, traces behind. He is strongly of opinion that "easily decomposed compounds are likely to be used, the existence of which it is difficult, if not impossible, to verify after two or three days." An uncomfortable reflection follows close on these words. Can it be that the present infrequency of criminal poisoning, as evinced by the daily records, is due to the employment of these safer lethal substances to which Sir Henry Thompson refers? Later in the same year fresh emphasis was imparted to this suspicion by the outspoken evidence of another eminent medical man. Sir J. Crichton Browne at a public lecture stated explicitly there were organic poisons well known to experts which could be used with impunity, without the slightest fear of detection. "A connoisseur in poisons could, by keeping microbes," he explained, "slaughter hundreds of innocent persons without the slightest fear of his crime coming to light." He, however, qualified this sweeping assertion by stating his belief that these poisons, in his wide experience, were rarely if ever, illegitimately used.

Meanwhile it will be interesting to glance cursorily at the various drugs that are known to have been employed to destroy life.

Poisons are commonly classified as irritant, corrosive, or neurotic according to their action on the system. As to the two first, many irritant poisons have no corrosive effect, but every corrosive may act as an irritant. The irritants mostly belong to the mineral kingdom, and they may be metallic or non-metallic. The animal and vegetable kingdoms supply a few, and some of the gases come within the province of irritants. "Neurotic poisons act upon the nervous system. Either immediately or some time after the poison has been swallowed the patient suffers from headache, giddiness, numbness, paralysis, stupor, and in some instances convulsions." * But the symptoms of all kinds intermingle, and the irritants may produce the same as the neurotic, and some—those especially which are derived from the vegetable kingdom—have a

* Taylor, i. 187.

compound action. But one and all are defined in legal medicine as substances which, when absorbed into the blood are capable of seriously affecting health or of destroying life.

First among the irritants we may take sulphuric acid or oil of vitriol, a poison often used in suicide, and, in the form of vitriol-throwing, to do injury without actually causing death. Nitric acid is the aquafortis of the middle ages often mentioned in the annals of poisoning. With nitric may be classed hydrochloric or muriatic acid, which was given by a servant at Taunton to her mistress in beer. Oxalic is a vegetable acid, generally very rapid in its action and leaving, as a rule, little trace. Tartaric acid and acetic acid, although irritants in large quantities, are not commonly classed with poisons.

Cases of poisoning by phosphorus, an irritant poison, have been known in this country, but they are more common in France, the substance having generally been obtained from the tips of common lucifer matches. A girl at Norwich put some compound of phosphorus used for vermin-killing into the family teapot with murderous intent, but when hot water was poured upon the leaves the smell betrayed the poison. A woman put some phosphorus into soup she gave her husband, who began to eat it in the dark, when the luminosity of the liquid showed something was wrong.

Arsenic is the best known of the metallic irritants. There are so many preparations of it that it is easily obtained; it is not difficult to give, for it imparts no particular flavour to food. The symptoms vary; they have shown within eight hours, and sometimes not for five and six days. The poison may be administered in small quantities, and spread over some length of time so as to constitute chronic poisoning.

Arsenic is sometimes called "the fool's poison" because it so generally betrays its presence in the human body, even after long periods have elapsed. The mother of Alice Hewitt, who had poisoned her, was exhumed after eleven weeks, and 154 grains of solid arsenic were found in her intestines alone. Other still more remarkable cases are recorded—one in which the poison was found in children after eight years' burial;

a second case is quoted where twelve years had elapsed, and a third fourteen years. Arsenic has also the inconvenient action (from the murderer's point of view) of preserving the body and resisting decomposition. This has been exhibited for months, nay years, after interment. It was seen to a marvellous degree in the case of Pel's wife,* and in the Guestling poisoning.† And yet again in the St. Colens (France), where ten bodies were exhumed and found well preserved. Zinc chloride is another powerful preservative; it retards putrefaction by combining with the tissues. Palmer's wife was exhumed after twelve months' burial, and all the organs had been preserved by the antimony with which she had been poisoned. Chloride of lime had the same effect in the case of Harriet Lane, already quoted.‡

The facility with which arsenic or some of its compounds can be purchased has no doubt multiplied its felonious use —this, and the plausible excuse so generally put forward when buying it that it is to kill rats and other vermin, an excuse as old as Chaucer.

Lady Fowlis, when indicted for witchcraft and poisoning in 1590 was accused of giving "eight shillings money to a person for buying rateoun poison." To this day the same excuse is used in India, where arsenic is easily obtainable, being largely imported, and where it is much given medicinally in fevers or, infused, as a wash in skin diseases. Cases of arsenical poisoning are very common in consequence there. Chevers quotes a native official who reported that in the fourteen years between 1856 and 1870, 211 cases had been brought before the chemical examiner in Calcutta where arsenic had been feloniously administered, and these did not embrace the whole presidency. Dr. Morehead, also quoted by Chevers, states that from his own observation criminal poisoning, chiefly by arsenic, was common enough in Bombay.

Tartar emetic is a substance with an evil reputation in the chronicles of poisoning. Two famous cases are on record, although both are mysteries to this day, surrounded with

* See post, p. 169. † See post, p. 176. ‡ See ante, p. 45.

such strong doubts that they should, perhaps, be removed from the records of crime. The first occurred in the United States at Annapolis, in 1871, when a Mrs. Wharton was charged with having poisoned her friend, General Ketchum. He died after a very short illness, and poisoning was suspected. At the *post-mortem* only eight-tenths of a grain of tartar emetic were obtained, and the appearances of the body proved nothing for or against antimonial poisoning.

THE BRAVO CASE.

The Bravo case is not likely to be soon forgotten, for the scandal it caused and the abortive results of the long inquiry held to investigate the supposed crime. Mr. Bravo was seized with violent sickness after dinner, and when seen four hours later by a medical man his heart's action was barely perceptible, and he was nearly unconscious. Next morning, when so far better as to be able to speak, he accounted for his state by declaring he must have swallowed some of the laudanum he used for rubbing his gums. All that day he was in excruciating pain, and when towards evening Sir William Gull was called in, he found him pulseless and dying. He was told that he was poisoned, and asked how he had taken it and what it was. His answer was laudanum, and that he had taken it himself. The doctors shook their heads, and said there must have been more than laudanum to explain his symptoms, but Mr. Bravo would say nothing more, and died forty-five hours after his first attack.

Both a *post-mortem* and the examination made during the fatal illness disclosed antimony tartar emetic in large quantities, to the extent of twenty grains. At the inquest a verdict of wilful murder was recorded against some person unknown, the deceased's statement that he had himself taken the poison was deemed untenable, there being nothing to show that tartar emetic had passed through his hands or any of those about him for the previous six or seven weeks. But Dr. Taylor, who reports the case in his Medical Jurisprudence, ascertained some months after the verdict that Mr. Bravo did actually possess a quantity of tartar emetic in the shape of

quack powders, purchased to cure dipsomania, a malady from which his wife suffered. He knew that their action was to produce much sickness, and it was possible that, having swallowed laudanum, he took some of the powders as an emetic to eject it.

That Mr. Bravo would willingly have committed suicide was scarcely believed. He was a man of cheerful disposition, fond of his home and of his handsome wife. As to the probable cause of death, he had dined with Mrs. Bravo and her companion, Mrs. Cox, and they had all alike eaten of lamb, new potatoes, spinach, and poached eggs. Mr. Bravo alone had drunk Burgundy, three glasses out of a decanter into which the wine had been poured early in the day; it had stood in the cellarette all the afternoon in the dining-room, and was thus within access to any evil-disposed person.

At the inquest a verdict was found to the effect that the deceased did not commit suicide, but that he was wilfully murdered by the administration of tartar emetic, but there was not sufficient evidence to fix the guilt on anyone. This verdict was condemned in the Press as tending to throw suspicions upon individuals that could neither be verified nor refuted, but the Government offered a reward of £250 for information that would lead to a conviction.

EPIDEMIC OF POISONINGS.

About 1847 there appears to have been an epidemic of murders by poison, and scarcely an assize passed without a case of trial for this atrocious crime. At York one Mary Lennox was charged with poisoning her husband by putting arsenic in his porridge; at Carlisle John Thompson was convicted of killing his wife with the same lethal drug; at Warrington there was a third case—a woman, Mather, poisoned her husband. Early in the year occurred the Acton murder, in which a young wife, Catherine Foster, poisoned her husband, whom she had just married after a long and seemingly affectionate courtship. She went off on a visit to friends in the neighbouring town of Bury St. Edmunds, and was heard to say that she wished she had gone there sooner,

as she would then never have married, but would have got a good place. When she rejoined her husband, who doated on her, at the first meal, supper, she served him with poisoned dumplings, being scrupulously careful not to eat of the same as he did. He died of bowel complaint, as it was supposed, but some fowls which had tasted of this same dumpling all died, and a *post-mortem* was ordered, which revealed arsenic as the cause of death. Catherine Foster was convicted and hanged in due course, and confessed her crime, but adduced no sufficient motive for it.

In the isle of Ely, Ann Barnes, who pursued the business of baby-farming, was suspected of poisoning wholesale the children left in her charge. Many poor little things were taken ill and died in horrible suffering, the result of arsenical poisoning, as was clearly proved by the exhumation of the bodies. Yet again, at Tiverton, a young married woman, Ann Fisher, did her husband to death with arsenic mixed in his food. They had not been married many months, yet the man Fisher, who was in robust health, died quite suddenly, and the woman Fisher disappeared with her victim's savings. The same week Hutchings, a cooper of Deptford, who poisoned his wife, also with arsenic, was condemned to death. Much weakness and vacillation just then oppressed the authorities, and the Home Office used the electric telegraph — a comparatively recent invention — to give effect to its indecision. On the very day of execution, and a few minutes off noon, the dread hour, a message was sent from the Home Office through the telegraph office at London Bridge, to stay the execution for two hours. The message was transmitted with the "usual rapidity" of this recently introduced triumph of modern science, says the contemporary chronicle, and the convict was respited. Scarcely had the message been despatched, before a second arrived from the Home Office, cancelling it and desiring the execution to proceed. The telegraph clerk very properly refused to send this, which was practically a death warrant, without being satisfied that it was genuine, and referred to his superiors. The chairman of the railway company therefore

sent a confidential officer to the Home Office, in whose presence the Home Secretary himself affixed his signature to the document.

It was in this year, July, 1847, that a woman, Mary Anne Milner, of Lincoln, was tried for poisoning her mother-in-law, sister-in-law, and niece. Her father-in-law was also reduced to a state of imbecility by poison, said to have been administered by her.

In the first case the purchase of arsenic to poison mice was proved—two ounces of white arsenic—and it was shown that she had sent some sago to her mother-in-law, in whom arsenic was found after death. But there was no direct evidence of administration, and no apparent motive for the attempt. Accordingly, Milner was acquitted on the first count.

The first poisoning as alleged occurred on the 22nd June. On the 26th of the month the prisoner invited her sister-in-law, Mrs. Jickels, to come to breakfast, and set before her a pancake, which she fried for the purpose. Mrs. Jickels, with her little daughter, partook of the pancake and went home, where both were taken violently ill. The symptoms all pointed to poisoning, and when both died the presence of metallic poison was clearly apparent in the stomach. The inference was clear, but had the arsenic been put purposely or by accident into the pancake by deceased? The jury did not hesitate to convict Milner of wilful murder, and the judge declared that it was a very proper verdict. Throughout her trial the prisoner bore herself with extraordinary composure, showed no emotion, did not shed a single tear. But she confessed her crime, and shortly afterwards, through the negligence of her gaolers, succeeded in hanging herself in the prison cell. The probable motive of these murders was to secure the burial money from societies to which the deceased belonged.

Nor did the year end without another remarkable case, where a boy of the tender age of twelve, having first robbed his grandfather of a quantity of jewellery, a gold eyeglass, and a gold watch and chain, proceeded to poison him with arsenic. This depraved young gentleman had committed several thefts

previously, and had early made an attempt to shoot the old man. A pistol was fired at the grandfather, and the boy, who was in the garden, cried that he had seen a man climbing over the wall. But the pistol when found was identified as one which the boy had bought in a shop in the Minories.

The victim, by name Nelme, was a retired, well-to-do City merchant, seventy-four years of age, with whom a widowed daughter lived, the youthful murderer being one of her children. When Mr. Nelme was attacked with violent sickness, and presently died in great agony, suspicion fell upon the boy. It was remembered that he knew his grandfather kept arsenic (for poisoning rats) in a bureau, and also the deadly properties thereof, for he had questioned his mother on the subject. Closer investigation brought home to the boy possession of a key of this bureau, and he confessed his crime. He had effected it by mixing arsenic with the powdered sugar his grandfather ate with baked apples, and the *post-mortem* plainly indicated that the old man had been swallowing arsenic for a week or more. Traces of it were found in the brain as well as in the intestines, pointing to chronic poisoning. The boy, who had been thought to be no worse than mischievous, declared he had been tempted to the crime by an inner voice whispering continually, "Do it! do it!" A verdict of wilful murder was found, and the boy was sentenced to transportation for life. It is but fair to add that his father died insane, and no doubt in our more humane days the child would have been also certified as out of his mind.

PEL, THE WATCHMAKER OF MONTREUIL.

The disappearance of a woman who was general servant to Pel following on the unexplained deaths or illnesses of others who lived under his roof, brought suspicion to a climax, although many years had passed since the first mysterious affair. That was the sudden death of Pel's own mother in 1872. Five years later, Pel's apprentice, Marie Mahorn, was taken seriously ill in his house, but recovered when she had left it; but another apprentice who had been similarly attacked remained, and disappeared. Next year, 1880, Pel's

wife, his first, died in the second month of marriage. Pel now took another wife, whose mother came to live with them. Both were attacked with illness; the mother fled for her life, the daughter followed, and both escaped. Finally came the case of the servant, which led to the suspicion of foul play.

There was no direct evidence against Pel, but he was arrested, and under the French system of interrogation it was not difficult to complete a strong case against him. He was an extraordinary character, his history, as pieced together, strange and compromising. When no more than twenty, sixteen years before, he had been established in Paris as a watchmaker by his mother, who lived with him. But his heart was not in his business; he was consumed by two hobbies, music and chemistry. The first led him to seek the post of organist in a church, but he proved only an indifferent musician. He gave free course to the second, and set up a laboratory, with all proper apparatus and chemicals. His studies were chiefly in poisons, and he openly claimed to be acquainted with the kinds that killed without leaving the slightest trace. At one time he had obtained a permit from the Préfecture to possess poisons, and a quantity was found in his laboratory after his arrest, including the most deadly, cyanide of potassium.

Pel was of odd appearance and eccentric ways. He is described as tall, with a long thin face ending in a pointed beard; his complexion waxy, almost deathlike; two small, ferrety, red eyes glittered balefully behind gold-rimmed glasses. A spectator at his trial felt that "these eyes had never looked straight at anyone, that this shrivelled mummy's face had never smiled, that this impenetrable mask had had no youth." Vain of his acquirements, which he pretended had gained him many decorations and much distinction, he wore ribbons of all colours at his buttonhole, and gave himself out as a learned professor, a doctor of the Sorbonne, the foreign correspondent of all the European scientific societies. He sported a medal for saving life, and claimed to have dragged two drowning people out of the Seine. These vagaries took such hold of him, he grew so wild and

incoherent, that he was shut up in a lunatic asylum, but was sent out again, cured. Still he seemed unchanged, was often morose, solitary, refusing to associate with a soul. He would sometimes shut himself up in his house for weeks together, taking his letters in through a hole in the shutter, being engaged within wholly in playing the organ or in chemical experiments. These periodical sequestrations were, however, found to correspond with the disappearance of a victim.

While his second wife still lived with him a woman entered Pel's service, Elise Boehmer by name, who remained with him when left alone. He moved now to a small house in Montreuil. Elise had accumulated a little money in service, some of which Pel borrowed from her, as it afterwards appeared. When she shut her narrow purse-strings she sealed her fate. She became terribly ill; Pel would allow no one to enter, but two neighbours got in one day and found her in horrible suffering, with an unquenchable thirst, writhing and tearing at her skin. They saw her only once again, when she appeared to be dying, and no more was heard of her. Pel would give no account, and shut himself up in his house.

Presently nauseating odours infected the whole neighbourhood, proceeding from Pel's quarters. It was seen that the house was constantly lit up, a blaze of light, as though from some great furnace within — plainly seen, although black curtains had been hung in front of all the windows. A curious crowd constantly watched the house, believing that some devilish drama was in progress inside. One or two, more daring, climbed up and looked in, when they saw Pel, like a fiend, stoking up a fierce fire. Next day they spied again; now the fire was extinguished, but at the foot of the stove lay a great heaped-up pile of white ashes. When the police broke in, the whole place was in confusion, the air filled with an overpowering smell of chloride of lime. Blood-stains were seen on the walls, a saw, the teeth encrusted with blood, and remains were also found.

Pel's story, when interrogated, was that his servant, Elise Boehmer, being a little better, had left him, to go he did not know where. He had fetched her a *fiacre* from the nearest

station, although it was soon proved that only one cab had gone thence to Montreuil, and it was not to Pel's house. Pel had, however, laid hands on the woman's property, her watch, a few ornaments, and some garments, all of which he had sold to the first comer. Now it was remembered that his poor first wife had died of an illness exactly resembling that of Elise Boehmer. The doctor who had attended her thought she had been poisoned by mushrooms, but gave his certificate as death from "gastro-enteritis, cause unknown." He admitted that he had seen symptoms that had rather embarrassed him, indications of arsenical poisoning, but there had been no *post-mortem*—Pel was in too great hurry to have his wife buried.

Now, however, in the light of the suspected crime, her body was exhumed and submitted to the examination of two of the most eminent doctors in Paris, Lhôte and Brouardel. The first fact noted was the perfect state of preservation of the remains, by the well-known action of arsenic, so frequently mentioned already. An appreciable quantity of arsenic was found in the liver and kidneys, and it is another known characteristic of the poison to collect in these organs. On further inquiries, the doctor who had attended her described symptoms that could only be traced to arsenic. At the same time evidence was obtained to show that these were the very symptoms exhibited by Pel's mother, although there was no exhumation to support the charge, and, moreover, the crime, if crime there had been, was covered by "prescription"—the time for prosecution had expired, according to French law. Pel explained this death as due to rash interference with an electric apparatus in his laboratory. He had quickly appropriated all moneys and effects left by his mother.

Greed was in every case the motive of the crimes that were fully proved against him. He pitilessly murdered all whom he could get within his clutches, merely to succeed to their little property. Three escaped him, among them his mother-in-law and second wife; the first refused to live with him after her illness, and as he could get nothing from the second until her mother was dead, she, fortunately for herself, got off

unhurt. But at least one other victim succumbed, a female servant, Eugénie Mayer, who had disappeared, leaving no trace. Blood was found smearing the walls of the house Pel occupied at that time, and Mayer's clothes had been sold by him to a dealer in the place.

Pel was tried for his life at the Melun assizes, and convicted, but it was "with extenuating circumstances," although why or wherefore did not appear, and he was only sentenced to transportation for life.

MICHELLAUD.

Difficulty in proving death by vegetable poison has been experienced since Lamson's case, and it sufficed to acquit the accused. In that of Michellaud, strongly suspected of murdering a man named Rol in the mountainous country behind Chambery, guilt was not proved to the satisfaction of the jury.

Rol was a farmer advanced in years who had married a young girl without fortune, on whom he had made ample settlements. A child was born, and they lived happily until the return from service of an ancient admirer, a soldier of the infantry marine, Michellaud by name. He was an intelligent, good-looking young man, whom Rol made very welcome in his house, knowing nothing of the past. They went together to visit a distant property, and one morning Rol proceeded to inspect his orchards, leaving Michellaud to prepare the soup, an onion soup.

When he got home the soup was on the table in the *marmite*, and Rol attacked it. "*Nom de chien!*" he cried on swallowing the first spoonful, "but it's bitter." Michellaud explained that it was the flavour of the onions. Rol jumped to his feet and ran off shouting he had been poisoned; he went to a neighbouring farm in search of fresh butter, which he meant to take as an emetic. Michellaud sat still, showing no concern, but following presently found his friend on a neighbouring farm in the agonies of death, shouting, as he pointed to Michellaud, "That miscreant has poisoned me." Then he died, and when the doctors arrived Michellaud was found coolly smoking a pipe by the side of the corpse.

Death was attributed to poisoning by strychnine. The bitter taste of the soup, the tetanic symptoms exhibited by the moribund man, all pointed to this; at the *post-mortem* a small quantity of strychnine was found in the stomach. But there was no trace of it in the soup itself, nor in the spoon which the deceased had used; the spoon still contained some crumbs of bread, a few onion parings, but no strychnine. The defence laid stress on the fact that if there had been strychnine in the soup it must have been in the spoon. The wine which Rol had tasted showed something which might have been strychnine, but the medical experts could not speak positively.

In the end Michellaud was acquitted.

RIBOUT.

Another French poisoning case turned on the possible use of colchicine, the alkaloid of meadow-saffron, by a husband, Ribout, who was charged with having poisoned his wife to make room for a younger and prettier helpmate. This M. Ribout was a manufacturer of artificial flowers who had purchased his business with funds provided by his marriage. He had chosen the daughter of a tailor, with no charms but a comfortable dowry; and after twelve years of matrimony he had got very tired of it. All at once she fell ill; her symptoms were frequent sickness, palpitations, shortness of breath, and burning pains in the chest. The doctors were at fault; talked vaguely of nerves, of gastric affection; when at last she died the final verdict was constriction of the œsophagus.

Ribout was little concerned at his loss. He rushed from the death chamber refusing even to cut off a lock of hair from the deceased, and his heartlessness figured against him on his prosecution. Three days later he proposed marriage to one of his apprentices, a pretty girl of twenty, Lucy Quiot by name, of whom his late wife had been furiously jealous, and whom he married in four months' time. This precipitated matters, and his mother-in-law, the mother of his first wife, openly charged him with murder. There were, no doubt, many suspicious circumstances against him.

It came out that shortly before his wife's last illness he had sent one of his workmen to buy a pound of colchicine from a chemist in a distant quarter. He had forged a prescription for this, and signed it as though ordered by a doctor named Guillaume. The chemist started at the quantity ordered, enough to kill a whole family, said Doctor Guillaume was an idiot, refused to supply the colchicine, and kept the prescription. Evidently, then, Ribout did not get any poison by this means. Why did he want it? His own story was that he was experimenting in dyes for the purposes of his business, and that he had read in some old treatise of the effect this drug exercised on various colours. He was asked (he had been arrested and was being dealt with as already proved guilty) why he had forged the doctor's order. His answer was that he could not get the colchicine in the open market. Why not openly ask some doctor to assist him? Assistance would assuredly have been refused for a purely trade transaction. Why send to a distant chemist? That particular chemist had advertised especially low prices for cash. Why not explain all this to his messenger? Because the proposed use of this dye was a profound secret. Why, last of all, did he not send for the colchicine sooner, when he first made the discovery of its value as a dye? A change of fashion only had brought in the colours he proposed to obtain, and as this fashion was fugitive it had quickly passed away, and he had needed no colchicine since.

Science did not help justice in convicting Ribout. His deceased wife's body was exhumed, but a *post-mortem* examination disclosed no traces, not the slightest trace, of colchicine. The medical experts reported some discolorations, but only such as are sometimes seen in death from natural causes. No medical evidence of poisoning could be adduced at the trial.

The prisoner, however, was his own worst enemy, and the strongest weapon against him he furnished himself. When committed to Mazas for trial he appeared altogether without apprehension, was quite self-possessed and satisfied that his innocence would be eventually proved. But this was only on

the surface. It was discovered that he was carrying on a clandestine correspondence with his young wife. Openly he wrote letters (all of course, were read by the authorities) that showed him calmly confident of the result. Secretly he passed out letters having a very different character. These he smuggled out after the approved system in dealing with prison "stiffs." Some were concealed in the *débris* of his food, one he pinned inside the skirt of his little daughter, who often came to visit him. He was less cautious in confiding one letter to a fellow prisoner about to be discharged, who "passed it out" by concealing it in the lining of his trousers. The prisoner, once at large, with a treachery, common enough with his class, instead of giving Madame Ribout the letter, joined a band of blackmailers and proceeded to demand money from the wife.

Madame Ribout applied to her husband, and he, after having been so unwise as to write the letter, now stupidly denied that it was genuine. His wife accordingly caused the blackmailers to be arrested and charged them; with the result that they were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. But the letter was impounded by the police and proved, according to experts, to have been really written by Ribout. Hence the contents were of capital importance, and they amounted to something like an acknowledgment of guilt.

"Deny everything," wrote Ribout; "don't allow yourself to be influenced. You know nothing, remember. . . . nothing whatever can be found now. If there should be I will put it all on Madame David (his mother-in-law). Do not confess, you would only sacrifice yourself without saving me."

This would have been fatally compromising, but the defence stoutly maintained to the last that the letter was false, a forgery by the ruffians who had tried to use it, and in the end this view was accepted by the court, for the value of expert evidence in handwriting did not at that time stand high. Yet other clandestine letters had passed between husband and wife. That was clearly proved, and it might be fairly conjectured that this last was authentic from the very

terms in which it was couched, and the references to subjects not likely to be known to strangers.

Points recorded in favour of the accused were the evidence of a dealer in dyes, who deposed that Ribout had discussed with him the value of colchicine for the particular purpose proposed, and again of an *employé* of Ribout's, who gave it as his opinion that Madame Ribout had poisoned herself in a fit of jealousy. But the strong point of the defence was the entire absence of any traces of poison, and on these all the medical experts were agreed. Men of such eminence as Brouardel, Vulpian, and Schützemberger, carried a decisive weight of opinion, and they were entirely against the theory of poison.

The result was the acquittal of the accused. Ribout is described as leaving the court brushing his hat with his coat sleeve and with an air of complete *nonchalance*, as though he had never for an instant expected anything else. He was a coarse, heavy-looking man, with a shock head of hair, an ill-trimmed beard, small pig's eyes, and altogether unprepossessing.

It would be wearisome to give a full catalogue of the poisoners whose names are recorded in criminal annals. Some of the most notorious and flagrant cases have been already dealt with at length, and there are many others which might call for detailed treatment, did space permit, from the peculiar interest surrounding them, whether from their enormity, the obscurity that still enshrouds them, or from the failure of proofs. Hundreds, however, were only commonplace attempts having a strong family likeness, stupidly conceived, carried out with little care or acumen, easily detected and brought home.

Such was the attempt made by a Scotch maidservant in 1828 near Forres, who, to punish some fancied slight, mixed arsenic with the "sowens" sent out to be eaten by the sheep shearers in the field. The men did not fancy the "sowens," but ate them, and were all taken so violently sick that they escaped fatal results. More mystery surrounds another case of this kind, where arsenic, by some means or other, became mixed with the soda of a farmhouse spice box. A young lady

named Dover, on a visit to Farmer Crouch, of Ridgemont, near Ampthill, Beds, proceeded to make cakes to regale certain friends who were expected, and having no yeast asked for soda, which was brought by the cook, Ann Lee, from the spice box. The cakes were made and put by for next day's dinner, at which the fare consisted of rumpsteaks, sago puddings, and partridges. During the meal it was observed that these viands had a peculiar flavour, were very highly peppered. Soon afterwards the whole party was taken ill. So were all who partook of the cakes compounded by Miss Dover, and one of them died next day. The *post-mortem* disclosed a quantity of arsenic in the stomach of the deceased, and accordingly an analysis was made of all the articles of food eaten.

All—steaks, partridges, puddings, and cakes—contained arsenic. Further inquiry showed that arsenic had been mixed not only with the soda but with the pepper still left in the spice box. The cook, Ann Lee, was taken into custody, also a fellow servant, George Peppott, who was proved to have purchased arsenic at a grocer's in Ampthill a day or two before. These servants were examined at the inquest, but no sufficient evidence of guilt was forthcoming, and the verdict was against persons unknown.

One or two of these rather commonplace cases may be quoted; as that of Betty Eccles, who, at Liverpool in 1847, administered arsenic to her stepson in order to secure the burial money from a factory club to which the lad belonged. Her crime was manifest because she had tried to come upon the club for the expenses of burying other children who were not entitled by the rules of the club. Three children were exhumed and in all arsenic was found. Sarah Dazley, the Westlingworth murderess, administered poison to her husband in the form of pills, substituted for those bought at the chemist's, and added another direct dose of "white powder" given in a teacup, which quickly killed him. Her crime was only discovered through a quarrel with a would-be second husband for questioning her too closely as to the death of the first. It was proved at her trial that she had also poisoned an infant stepson. Eliza Joyce at Lincoln, in 1841, disposed

of several children, her own and step-children, by giving them laudanum. Sarah Westwood, in 1844, poisoned a husband to whom she had been married for twenty years, giving him arsenic in his gruel. The chief evidence against her was that of her own children.

The Shapwick and the Guestling poisoners were wholesale in their action, although less so than Jegado and Van der Leyden. Sarah Freeman, of Shapwick, was indicted on four distinct charges of attempting to murder. She administered arsenic to her husband, her mother, brother, and illegitimate son. The brother died from eating herring and potatoes prepared by the accused, and it was proved that she had bought a large quantity of arsenic at a druggist's on the pretence (as usual) of killing rats. The Guestling woman, Geering by name, poisoned her husband and two of the sons, having also attempted the life of a third son, all for the sake of the burial fees. Arsenic was the poison used, and it was found in large quantities in the bodies when exhumed.

A mysterious case illustrating the devilish desire to destroy life is recorded in the criminal history of 1821. An unknown woman, who immediately disappeared, gave a boy she met in a London street a shilling to carry a cake to Mr. Drummond's shop, hard by. Mrs. Drummond kept the cake until the boy's mother, troubled about the shilling her son had received, brought it to Mrs. Drummond and took away the cake. As she went home she broke off a bit to give a little girl she encountered, and divided the rest among her own and other children in the neighbourhood. Some of these children were equally generous to their little friends, and in all nine individuals tasted the cake. The whole of them were taken violently ill, and with such distressing symptoms that an examination was made of what was left, and it was found to be crammed full of arsenic. Only one of the children, however, succumbed to the poison. No detection followed this daring attempt, which was evidently aimed against Mr. Drummond, although he would not admit that he suspected anyone.

Part VII.

CRIMES OF GREED AND ACQUISITIVENESS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BURGLARIES.

Classification of Crimes of Greed—Various Categories—Burglary defined—The Burglar's Pre-eminence in his Craft—Tools and Methods—Latest Developments—Charles Peace's "Jemmy"—Wedges, false Keys, dark Lanterns—The Burglar and the Safe at Wormwood Scrubs—Early Burglaries—Colonel James Turner robs Mr. Tryon—Turner's Trial and Sentence—His Demeanour at the Gallows—Holloway—Jack Sheppard—Blake or Blueskin Lewis—George Webb—West Moulsey Burglary in 1828.

CRIMINAL statistics may be dry reading, but they offer a mine of wealth to any who will search patiently through the accumulated deposits of solid fact. This is especially true of English statistics. In England figures are kept with great regularity, and the results recorded with such breadth and judgment, that it is possible to range at a glance the fluctuations, the increase and decrease, the general tendencies of crime. I do not propose to do more than call attention to one point emphasised by these statistics, and that is the great preponderance of crime for spoil and gain over all others in the general criminality of the world. These crimes of greed and acquisitiveness, as they have been styled in scientific nomenclature, amount to 75 per cent. of the whole number committed. They may be again subdivided, and, for purposes of description, I will slightly alter the classification of the Blue Books, taking them up in the following order:

1. Offences against property with and without violence.
2. Thefts and frauds, simple and compound, of every category.
3. Malicious injury to property.
4. Forgery and offences against the currency.

In the first category are included burglary and housebreaking; the forcible entry of premises in order to plunder; robberies effected, or blackmail extorted, by threats or personal outrage belong to this class, which stands at the head of all such crimes, as being the most daring and desperate. The second category is remarkable for its extent, the almost infinite variety in which the offences appear. It comprises all forms of larceny, that hydraheaded and most prolific of crimes being continually developed and born anew under the stimulus of criminal inventiveness, and endowed with perpetual vitality. It has its roots in greed, in the hunger of unlawful possession, the constant overmastering desire to secure by flagitious means *le bien d'autrui*, the goods and property of others. It appears not in theft alone, but ramifies through all varieties of fraud and embezzlement; it inspires the impostor, the gambler, and the cheat; it is the basis of the lesser larcenies, such as pocket-picking, shoplifting, sneak-thieving, and in its largest forms it blossoms into robbery of graves, the kidnapping of children, the fraudulent claims to great names and large estates. It will be difficult to do full justice to all offences in this gigantic branch, but I shall endeavour to cover a part of the ground by the selection of a number of typical cases to illustrate this many-sided crime.

The third category—that of malicious damage to property, arson, frauds on insurance companies—will not demand a great space, but the fourth and last embraces some of the most notable and hurtful misdeeds that have affected the world. The whole community suffers at the hands of the forger, whether he attacks private fortunes, banking institutions, or attempts wholesale fraud by the manufacture of false notes. The coiner is of the same stamp of criminal, and his base imitations of the currency often injuriously affect every class of society.

The expression "burglary" includes all forms of housebreaking or forcible entry, and to constitute the crime it must be committed with felonious intent between nine p.m. and six a.m. The term, according to the dictionaries, is derived

from the two words *bourg* or burgh, and *laire* or *larron*, Norman-French, the first implying the "toun," Scotticè, any habitation, residence, or house, the latter the well-known word "thief." The business of the housebreaker has always flourished, and no doubt will still be carried on, with greater or less ingenuity, daring, and success, according as conditions favour or tend to check the practice. In these latter days, for instance, science has helped to diminish this particular crime. The cracksman especially dreads the electric light, which can be turned on with such instantaneous brilliancy to expose him and his nefarious proceedings. The watchful eyes of the police, again, are everywhere; in great towns the householder can generally depend upon their vigilance while he sleeps in security. On the other hand, the burglar's methods have improved: he has finer, more artistic weapons, the prospect of bigger prizes encourages him to mature his plans more patiently, and, last of all, he inspires greater terror, for he is more reckless than his predecessors, ready to resist capture at all costs, even that of murder. The armed burglar, freely using his six-shooter against all comers, police or proprietor, may gain himself a certain impunity from interference. He is a peculiar product of these times. Pistols were rarely carried by the past generation of burglar. Sometimes, when the risk was great, and the expected booty worth fighting for, the thief was armed; but he knew that the law would deal out its heaviest sentence if he were caught on premises at night with deadly weapons in his hand.

The burglar has always stood at the head of his evil profession; he is chief among the fraternity of thieves, having risen above the "low thieves" to the rank of "right man," "good man," "family man," "cracksman," by all of which titles he has been called. It is the same across the Channel, where the member of *la haute pègre*, the general name for this the highest class of thief, is quite a personage, often a swell of the first water, smartly dressed, with kid gloves and varnished boots, driving his own carriage, frequenting, when not at work, the theatres, the best *cafés*, and the Bois de Boulogne. In London he has his own home nicely furnished,

sometimes in a fashionable quarter; one highflyer, whose line was bank and bullion robbery on a large scale, was known to have occupied good chambers in the West End, and to have used a smart mail phaeton and pair. A distinguished practitioner of this aristocratic type was once captured in New York, where he led two lives, one as a gentleman in good society, the other as a daring and indefatigable "crook." These "tiptop" thieves are often persons of good manners, possibly of the best education, certainly of high intelligence, without which they could not hope to succeed in their dangerous calling. Hence their contempt for the meaner practitioners, the small fry, stupid people who depend on brute force, or mere chance, for their *coups*.

In this country many burglars hide their real business under some honest trade or handicraft. They are often skilled artisans, especially carpenters, plumbers, and locksmiths, trades which give them access to the insides of houses, and an excuse for loitering about with their basket of tools as though employed on a job. Not a few follow the calling of costermonger during the summer time, and driving their carts here, there, and everywhere, they gain useful information against their busy season—the winter months, when long dark nights are particularly favourable to their enterprises.

Burglars often go "off the crook" and turn to honest ways of life, backed by the capital they have acquired. But they never forget their old business and the adventurous life they have led. They will tell you there is nothing like it in the world; that the prizes, however large, are small in comparison with the pursuit, the preparation, the breathless excitement when the job is being done.

Burglars' methods have no doubt improved with the greater facilities afforded by modern inventiveness, but the old general principles remain unchanged. Before speaking of the tools employed it may be remarked that now, as heretofore, the utmost circumspection is observed before any burglary is undertaken. The professional invariably makes a long preliminary examination, reconnoitres his ground patiently and carefully before he decides upon his method

of entry. This point is, however, clearly settled before the attempt is made. The habits and way of life of the family, the number, character, sex of the occupants—all these are minutely studied. In most cases the job is "put up," as the saying is—in other words, assistance is obtained from inside, one or more of the servants are suborned, especially the female servants, one of the burglars being told off to ingratiate himself with some maid, whose "follower" he becomes if he can, and so gains all the information he requires. As a general rule, burglars never allow the "putters-up" to take part in the robbery, nor do they often allow them to know the exact night on which it is to take place. Although some of the most successful burglars on record have worked altogether alone, it is more common for them to do business in small parties of three or four, seldom of more than six. Men are stationed in the open to watch, outside; another on the stairs, inside, prevents interruption from above. Entrance is variously obtained, according to the plan of the premises and the system on which the thieves work. Sometimes the portico is the avenue of approach, sometimes the backyard or an unguarded window on the ground floor. Certain burglars enter by the cellar or basement, others have broken through the wall from an adjoining house. In streets an empty house is useful; if the thieves can gain admission unobserved, they will reach the roof, travel along the housetops, and enter their quarry from the attic. For all these purposes tools are, of course, needed, and considerable ingenuity has been shown from time to time in the improvement of their design. Many burglars make their own instruments, often with no ordinary skill.

From the first simple weapon of the Indian dacoit, one of the earliest used—a pointed knife with which he picked out the bricks of a wall or made a hole in the mud—to the elaborate tools of our modern burglar there is a long jump. Burglars' implements have greatly progressed, indeed, since over sixty years ago, when, according to the detailed description given by Mr. Chesterton, the well-known Governor of Bath Fields, the best burglars of his time used the

following: Crowbars, centrebit, saw, hammer and mallet, picklocks, keys, and pocket-knife. The crowbars were constructed on the same lines as those in common use; there were two of them, one for the pocket, the other much larger, but the ends of both were alike, one curved, the other sharpened like a chisel. With these weapons (our modern "jemmy") doors might be wrenched open if the noise did not matter, chests of drawers, boxes, cases, even iron chests could be forced by their help. In dealing with an iron chest a piece of thick leather was applied to the edge, which was then struck a sharp blow with the hammer or mallet; this was not heard on the leather, and the blow generally separated the edges so far as to allow of the insertion of the chisel edge. The centrebit was invaluable; it was on a small scale, the stock being in several pieces which could unscrew so as to be carried in the pocket; its use was for taking out the panel of a door, which was accomplished by boring holes within half an inch of the beading, then running a pocket-knife from hole to hole, when the panel was easily removable. The saw was employed when lock or bolt defied the action of the crowbar; a hole was first bored through the door with the centrebit just above the lock, the keyhole-saw was introduced and the whole slab of door containing the lock was cut entirely away. The uses of the keys and picklock were obvious, and they were generally effective in opening and rifling drawers, cupboards, and safes. Besides the foregoing, the burglar carried other articles, notably the dark lantern, sometimes a pistol, although not always, as has been explained, and invariably a small quantity of prussic acid or nux vomica—"ox vomit," as it was commonly styled—swift poisons to be administered to any troublesome watchdog.

In marked contrast to these, some very beautiful weapons are now exhibited in the Black Museum of Scotland Yard, ingenious toys fashioned with extreme nicety and marvellous technical skill. They are the same in principle as those above described, but they are beautifully finished. The jemmy is a splendid steel crowbar nearly five feet long; the brace is beautifully finished and has a complete outfit of

bits of all sizes and shapes. One of these is a straight piece of steel, really a graduated screw, which forces two upright knifes to revolve, and so makes a hole of any size in shutter or door. Amongst these interesting exhibits are some of the tools used by the notorious Charles Peace. His jemmy, a perfect gem, is a neat small bar of polished steel; he used a small vice for turning any key from the far side which had been imprudently left in the door; also a gouge or, rather, a large gimlet and a small bit not three inches long, with three sharp steel teeth good enough to penetrate any woodwork, and workable with the palm of the hand. Peace's folding ladder has been preserved; it is a triumph of simplicity. When closed it looks like a bundle of sticks in short lengths, but it can be expanded like a lazy tongs upwards to a height of twelve feet; the top carries a hook to catch on to a window ledge or any projection. Ladders of this kind are much used by "portico thieves"; constructed of light rope with slender wooden rungs, they will pack into the smallest compass and yet give access at a considerable height. Wedges are also employed by modern burglars. When strongly made of zinc or steel they serve in the forcing open of iron safes; of plain wood, they effectually close any door if slipped under it. If secured by running a gimlet or bradawl through them into the floor, the whole door must be broken down before entrance can be obtained. There are a set of wedges still preserved to which much interest attaches, for they were the means of securing the conviction of three notorious burglars. These wedges were found in the various premises which had been broken into, and it was seen that all had been cut out of the legs of a chair. Suspicion led to the arrest of certain men in whose lodgings the remains of a mutilated chair were discovered. The wedges had been made out of it.

False keys are still largely used, and every burglar carries a whole bunch of them when doing business. Half a dozen must often be tried, and more especially when dealing with a lever lock, before the right one is found. They are, of course, skeleton keys, the central parts being filed away so that when inserted in a lock the key may miss its wards and

principal parts and throw up the lever or bolt. I have seen a neatly made holdall in cloth, part of the stock-in-trade of a famous burglar, which carried a complete set of false keys with a general handle into which each specimen could be fitted. Picklocks are of all sizes and sorts, constructed sometimes of simple wire, sometimes of solid metal, and twisted into all shapes. The modern dark lantern, a very important part of the burglar's outfit, is a small, neat article, with a bull's-eye that will throw one strong pencil of light and can yet be darkened by simply closing it with the thumb. The hero of a famous burglary left on the premises a little dark lantern cleverly made out of a tin matchbox; the bull's-eye was small, and the box had a handle to save the hand from the heat of the flame. But the burglar's favourite light when at work and when he does not fear interruption, is a scrap of wax candle stuck into a square of soap. Chemicals are often used in forcing safes. In some burglaries the keyhole has been filled with sawdust and strong acids poured in. The most "up-to-date" cracksman has been known to use dynamite and other explosives, but few care to play with such excessively dangerous tools.

What a practised burglar may do with a safe, using ordinary weapons, I have myself seen with my own eyes. When I was building Wormwood Scrubs prison (1877), as I was handing my keys to the gatekeeper for consignment to the prison safe, he, through some mischance, hampered the lock, and could not open the safe. I waited some time impatiently, as I was expected elsewhere, but to no purpose. The safe could not be opened, and until it was not only must I remain on the spot but so must every other official. It is a strict rule that no one can leave prison until the keys are collected and safely put away. At last, in despair, I turned to the chief warder and asked, "Have we any especially good cracksman in custody?"

"There is K——, sir," he replied promptly, "one of the most noted housebreakers in London; doing fifteen years. He is employed just now in the carpenters' shop."

The man was fetched. He was tall, dark-haired, rather

good-looking, a clean, industrious, well-behaved prisoner. He brought with him his bag of tools, and, showing him the safe, I asked him quietly if he thought he could open it. "Do you mean it, sir?" he asked in his turn, and when I assured him I was in earnest he attacked the safe with one of his tools. In less than three minutes the door swung open; the lock had been quite conquered. It was a first-class safe, too.

COLONEL JAMES TURNER.

One of the earliest burglaries on record was that committed by Colonel James Turner, in the reign of Charles II., on an old money-lender named Tryon, who had at times greatly befriended him, and undoubtedly advanced him much cash. The story of the robbery is amusingly told by Pepys, under date January 8th, 1664. "Upon the 'Change a great talk there was of Mr. Tryon, an old man, a merchant in Lime Street, robbed last night (his man and maid being gone out after he was a-bed), and gagged and robbed of £1,050 in money and about £4,000 in jewels, which he had in his house as security for money. It is believed that his man is guilty of confederacy, by their ready going to his secret till, in his desk, wherein the key of the cash-chest lay." Pepys two days later gives a further account of the robbery and of the person chiefly suspected. "All our discourse to-night, he says, "was about Mr. Tryon's late being robbed; and that Colonel Turner (a mad, swearing, confident fellow, well known by all, and by me), one much indebted to this man for his very livelihood, was the man that either did or plotted it; and the money and the things are found in his hand, and he and his wife now in Newgate for it; of which we are all glad, so very known a rogue he was."

Later on at the trial Mr. Tryon gave his own account of the transaction; how, "about eleven of the clock or something past," two men came into his chamber when he was fast asleep. One who had a lantern waked him. "When I saw him I was much astonished (as I might well), and said, 'My masters, who are you?' . . . I was newly out of my sleep, being an ancient man. . . . 'What do you here at this

time of night? What is your business?' . . . They said nothing to me; one took both my hands, the other with a little cord bound me very hard in so much that here yet is the dents of it, and bound my feet, gagged me, used me barbarously and most inhumanly. . . . After I had been an hour in this manner I rolled myself out of bed, fell down, and so with much ado got to the chamber window and called out, 'Murder! thieves!' Quickly after many of my neighbours came in, and one Mr. Peter Vanden-Anchor, a Dutchman that selleth Rhenish wine, came in and unbound me." Then the old man went down into his warehouse and verified his loss. He had been robbed of upwards of a thousand pounds in gold and a great quantity of very valuable jewels, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, amethysts, sapphires, and so forth.

Great sympathy was felt for old Mr. Tryon. One of his most active friends was a certain alderman, Sir Thomas Aleyn, who seems to have taken upon himself the part of detective officer. He began an investigation at once at Mr. Tryon's house, where he learnt that the two servants had gone out when their master was retired and that "they had supped abroad at a dancing school, had been at cards and came home afterwards." When pressed the man confessed that he had been at Colonel Turner's, indeed, that he often went there to supper; and this was the first suspicion against Turner. Sir Thomas forthwith visited Turner and interrogated him strictly, charging him point-blank with the theft. Turner denied it, but not, as Sir Thomas thought, "as a person of his spirit" should have done. "I desired to search his house," the alderman deposed; "nay, I told him I would, whether he would or no." The house was accordingly searched, but nothing found. The fact was Turner had removed most of his plunder, so it came out next day, to a house in the Minories, which he had no doubt hired for the purpose. This was a linen shop kept by one Betty Fry, the daughter of a "Commissary General to the king." A brother alderman met Sir Thomas Aleyn next morning and told him, without saying how he got the information, that if Sir Thomas would go promptly to this place he would come

upon the thieves. *En route* some friends joined him, and they came upon Colonel Turner in the back of the shop, his hands deep in a chest. They seized him, and searching the chest found several wallets full of money. Then Turner was carried to Mr. Tryon's, where he soon afterwards promised to surrender the rest of the money and jewels.

When brought to trial with his accomplices, who were mostly of his own family, Turner made a stout defence, but the case was clear against him from the first, and he was duly convicted. Pepys records there are "strange stories of his (Turner's) confidence at the bar, but yet great indiscretion in his arguing. All are desirous of his being hanged." After the sentence the Colonel made full confession before the Lord Mayor and aldermen that "the contriving and setting of this robbery was wholly his," that he had had four accomplices, that they had dined before the robbery at the Red Lion in Bishopsgate Street, and that he had fetched a neck of veal from the cook-shop for their dinner.

He admitted that some time before he had obtained a wax impression of Tryon's door key and had had a false key made He described how he had carried off money and jewels, hiding them in a lodging which they had hired by the river side for a pretended shipmaster, and how next morning he had come and fetched away the money and jewels "at five turns" to his house. Turner was at great pains to exonerate his wife, who was charged as a receiver, and two of his sons, both of whom, he declared, were absolutely innocent. When brought to the scaffold, which was erected near Tryon's house, he addressed the crowd assembled, at great length, hoping that by delaying a reprieve might arrive. He recounted his whole history, beginning with telling his early life, how he had served as a cavalier through the wars, being a captain of horse under the Marquis of Newcastle, how he had paid his troop out of his own pocket, how he had fought and bled for the king, how he had been often taken prisoner. He went on to repudiate other crimes of which he was darkly accused, repelling the charge cast at him on the very scaffold and by the ordinary, that he had feloniously substituted a bit of glass for a

jewel that he was to hand over to the Countess of Devonshire; how he had set fire to a house in Lothbury; how he had taken money from a lady to save her husband's life, although he was quite powerless to help in the matter. All this time the sheriffs and the ordinary warned him to be brief, told him to make his peace with God, that nothing could save him. But he still delayed, chopped words with the hangman, whom he declared knew nothing of tying the knot; he took the halter in his hands, kissed it, and fitted it on himself. Just as he was turned off he waved his hand to a lady at a neighbouring window, saying, "Your servant, mistress," and thus, according to Pepys, "he kept his countenance to the last," when despite his longwindedness he was eventually turned off.

HOLLIDAY.

Before leaving that somewhat remote period it will be well to refer to a famous housebreaker whose depredations were very extensive in the reign of William III. Holliday, *alias* Simpson, the name under which he suffered, had been a soldier in Flanders, where he had committed innumerable robberies. It was not until he was sentenced to death for burglary in 1700 that he made full confession of his misdeeds. He had been most active during the campaign, frequently robbed the tents of his officers, and when the army lay before Mons under the king in person he plundered the royal tent. He was one of the king's guard, and when William, accompanied by the Earl of Marlborough and Lord Cutts, visited the outposts, Holliday boldly entered the king's tent and laid hands upon a thousand pounds. The theft was never brought to him nor a later robbery, when he broke into a church at Ghent, where he had been lodged under sentence for killing a comrade. He was pardoned for this offence by the intercession of the priest, and showed his gratitude by rifling the church of its plate, worth £1,200, a favourite form of robbery with him, and practised also in Brussels, Antwerp, and Malines. He was apprehended on suspicion, but escaped punishment for want of proof, and survived to die at Tyburn for stealing two feather beds.

JACK SHEPPARD AND OTHERS.

Burglary flourished almost unchecked through the eighteenth, and was very rife in the early days of the nineteenth century. It was no doubt encouraged and facilitated by the inefficiency of the police at that time, and by the peculiar daring of some of the more notorious robbers of this class. There is nothing apocryphal in the exploits of such men as Jack Sheppard and his confederate Blueskin. The first was brought up as a carpenter, when he acquired that skill with tools of all kinds that served him so well not only in his robberies but in his marvellous escapes from prison. When he was hanged he was little more than a lad, with a lithe, active young figure, and gifted with extraordinary strength. He always showed much ingenuity in gaining admission to the premises he intended to rob, and in his very first affair sawed through the iron bars of a cellar window to effect an entrance. After that he broke into several houses and secured quantities of plunder, but was captured and sent to Newgate, from which he effected his escape in a way that astonished all London. He forced six great doors, one of which had not been opened for seven years, and "made hay" with their massive locks and bolts. He was only at large about a fortnight, but during that time committed several fresh burglaries, the chief being at a pawnbroker's, where he secured a quantity of jewellery and fine apparel, in which he ruffled it with his former associates in his old haunts between Clare Market and Drury Lane. When he was arrested "he was wearing a suit of black and a tie wig, he had on a ruffled shirt, a silver hilted sword, a diamond ring, and a gold watch, all spoil from the pawnbroker's." He was now quite a celebrity. "Nothing contributes so much to the entertainment of the town at present as the adventures of the housebreaker and gaolbreaker, John Sheppard. 'Tis thought the keepers of Newgate have got above £200 already by the crowds who daily flock to see him." He sat for his portrait to that eminent painter, Sir James Thornhill. Seven biographies, with full accounts of

his adventures, were published, profusely illustrated. His life, short as it had been, was dramatised, a pantomime was based on it entitled "Harlequin Jack Sheppard," and a farce in three acts, with appropriate music, played at Bartholomew Fair. He was only twenty-three in 1726, when he suffered at Tyburn before a large and sympathetic crowd.

Blake, or Blueskin, the captain and chief of a gang of burglars, was an intimate associate of Jack Sheppard's. They had their home in the Mint in Southwark, a species of Alsatia and chartered retreat for criminals. Blueskin, so-called from the darkness of his complexion, began his career under Jonathan Wild,* who was yet one of the first to secure him when he was wanted for breaking into a cloth-seller's shop in St. Clement's churchyard. Blueskin was so exasperated against Wild that when the latter was visiting him in the bail-dock just before trial, he attacked him with a penknife and tried to cut his throat. Wild was badly wounded, and incapable of tendering evidence.

It would be wearisome to enter at length into the many burglaries perpetrated in the years as they rolled on. Many have a strong family likeness, and are often the prototypes of more modern cases. The discharged footman treasures up the knowledge of his former master's house, returning to carry off the plate. Such was Luke Cannon, who in 1771 robbed the Hon. Edward Stratford of property to the value of £2,000. Information given by servants helped the robbers in 1778, who carried off Mr. Stapleton's plate when on its way to his country seat in Yorkshire; here the goods had been packed and handed over to the proprietors of the "York Waggon," whose premises were then burglariously entered and the plate stolen therefrom. Francis Lewis, again was butler to Mr. Edwardes, when he planned, as he thought astutely, a trick to secure his master's plate, pretending that it had been stolen by burglars. Lewis went out to see his wife, then returned and slept in the pantry. About three a.m. a watchman passing, heard a pistol-shot and groans from within; on inquiring what was wrong, a voice replied that there were

* See post, p. 424.

villains in the house, and that he could not open the door, for he was tied. Help was afforded, and the butler found, as he said, made fast hand and foot. He said it had been done by three men, who took the plate out of his closet, and asked where his mistress kept her jewels. Clarke, an officer of Sir John Fielding's, discovered that the shutters could not have been forced to give admission without wrenching out a bar that was still in its place, and moreover, that no one could have come in through the window, because a cobweb across it on the inside was still intact. Clarke was certain that the robbery had been committed by someone inside, but the family still trusted Lewis, until the officers went to search his wife's house, where they came upon most of the stolen property.

It was a common practice then, as now, for housebreakers to blacken their faces or wear masks of crape. They feasted and made merry after securing their plunder. In the burglary in Mrs. Errington's, who kept the "Copenhagen" public-house, they went downstairs, drank three bottles of wine, and ate some buttock of beef and cold mince pies. Soon afterwards Mrs. Errington heard one of them on the stairs asking how she did, and saying that the beef was exceedingly good, and that they would call again in half an hour. Sometimes the thieves blindfolded their victims so that they might not be identified afterwards.

George Webb was a notorious burglar, who long ravaged the district of Blackheath, where he occupied decent apartments as a cover for his depredations. He came of respectable parents; his father had been a clergyman, and his widowed mother lived in Birmingham respectably with her two daughters. But he had left home as a lad, fallen into low company, then enlisted, deserted, was recaptured, and again deserted, when he took to housebreaking on an extensive scale. Houses were robbed continually at New Cross, Deptford, Eltham, Shooter's Hill and Woolwich. At last he was arrested, and a letter found on him addressed to his mother was the means of betraying the full measure of his crimes. A Bow Street officer, the well-known Adkins, was despatched to Birmingham to see Mrs. Webb, and with powers

to search her house. A quantity of plate and other articles were found in a trunk left by the son; and the sisters, when called upon, produced purses, pocket-books, silver pencil-cases and smelling-bottles, the gifts of their brother, and all of them recognised as the proceeds of burglaries. Mrs. Webb said she believed her son to be in good circumstances; he had told her "he was married to a wife with a fortune of £950, that he was in the wholesale tea trade and doing very well." She was not charged with collusion, although the police obtained possession of a letter from a friend of her son at the time of his arrest which was certainly suspicious. She was desired "to put everything out of the house as soon as possible." Her story was that she was distressed to the utmost, fearing her son had done something wrong, and in her doubts how to act for the best, had concealed a lot of the plate in the rabbit pen. Webb's guilt was easily proved, and he was cast for death, although several of his accomplices were acquitted. This led the convict to exclaim just before execution, "This is a fine night for 'cracking'; White is free, and will do another to-night. Had I been at liberty I would have robbed two or three houses."

WEST MOULSEY BURGLARY.

A very daring robbery was committed in the winter of 1828 at West Moulsey, at the house of a clergyman, Mr. Warrington. It is one of the earliest cases on record when the thieves used fire-arms. They had entered the house noiselessly, by wrenching off the fastenings of a window on the first floor, which they had reached by a ladder; they had not broken the glass, still Mrs. Warrington heard them, and had roused her husband. Mr. Warrington, who kept a loaded pistol in his room, shot at one of them, but without effect; the thief would have returned the fire, but the powder did not ignite the first time, and the second it only flashed in the pan. Now Mrs. Warrington fell upon her knees and pleaded "in a most earnest and affecting manner" for their lives. Whereupon the thieves tied them back to back with cords, promising to shoot them if they gave the alarm, then carried them downstairs to a vault or cellar under the house, where they

left them; the two female servants of the house were bound in like manner and carried to the same vault. After that they ransacked the house completely, broke open chests and drawers, the jewel boxes and plate-chest. When they had secured all that was worth removing, they loaded up Mr. Warrington's phaeton, which was in his chaise-house, put his horse—worth £80—in the shafts, and drove away.

The robbery when reported was immediately taken in hand by the Bow Street runners, Ruthven, Ellis, and Bishop, who went at once to Moulsey to examine the premises. It was soon made plain that this was a "put-up" affair. Suspicion fell upon one of the female servants, who had been addressed by her Christian name, Fanny, by the thieves, and who had been so lightly tied that she was the first to secure her escape from the cellar. That someone in the house was privy to the crime was proved by the undoubted fact that the buckshot had been withdrawn from Mr. Warrington's pistol, which had been lying on the mantelpiece of his room for several days before the robbery. Still, every means failed to trace the robbers, until a prisoner in custody for burglary—one Barnet, a Jew—offered to give information, and presently named five men, one of whom was a notorious thief. This man, Banks by name, had been heard to declare that he would never be taken alive. However, Ruthven, who, disguised as a butcher, had followed him from point to point, came upon him suddenly and, pointing a pistol at his head, secured him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BURGLARIES (*continued*).

How Burglaries are Encouraged—Stacey of Portsmouth—Risks of Retaining Large Sums in Cash at Home—Lambel and Lespinasse, Their Capture by Canler—All Fair Game to Burglar—Flies High—Robbery at Lady Devonshire's, at Lambeth Palace, Holford House, and other Great Houses—General Schram at Aubervilliers—Chance Detection—Epidemic of Burglary at Windsor—at Battle Abbey—Great Burglary at Netherby Hall, Cumberland—Daring Use of Firearms—Professional Cracksmen—How Crime was Brought Home to Perpetrators—Orrock, who Shot the Policeman at Dalston—The Only Clue, a Chisel—The Scratching on the Blade—Orrock Suspected—In Gaol for Another Offence—His "Pals" Help to Convict Him—Some Other Instances of Use of Firearms—Stamford Hill—Hoxton—Burglars do not Always Have the Best of it—Mr. Purcel of Charlieville, Limerick—Mr. Alford's Butler in Regent's Park Villa.

ALL burglaries, however, are not committed by professional depredators; the spirit of greed has been aroused by tempting opportunity, and the sudden downfall of a lad named Stacey, at Portsmouth, was a remarkable case in point. He was a barber's apprentice, and was in the habit of shaving an old gentleman, named Langtry, who been a brick-maker, and had amassed a considerable fortune. It was reputed in the neighbourhood that he always kept a large amount of money in notes and gold in his house. Stacey knew this, and yielded to his criminal instincts. He was not satisfied to break into Mr. Langtry's house and rifle it, but he murdered both the old man and his housekeeper quite early in the evening. A neighbour had knocked at the door about six p.m., but, getting no answer, had gone away, believing the occupants were already asleep; she returned next morning, and, being still unable to obtain admission, gave the alarm, and with others, forced open the back door, and the crime was discovered. The whole place was in a state of indescribable confusion; boxes and drawers were wide open; money, deeds, and wearing apparel lay strewn about the floor. Nothing was gone but a

bag containing some £600 in cash, and there was no doubt that the thief and murderer had been disturbed at his work by the knocking above mentioned. No suspicion fell upon Stacey at first; he continued to carry on his daily duties, shaving and cutting hair with the greatest *sang-froid* for a whole week. At last he asked for a holiday, and went off as he said, "for a lark." He was seen to be in possession of considerable funds, and it was remembered that on the evening of the murder he was absent from his master's house.

The constables on the strength of this arrested him, but the evidence against him was chiefly circumstantial, the strongest point being that a glove picked up in Mr. Langtry's house was identified as belonging to Stacey. After his trial he made full confession, and said he had handed over the £600, less £30 expended in a watch and seals, to his father, who had buried it. He pointed out the spot, and the bulk of the money was recovered.

The dangerous practice of retaining large sums of money at home is more common in France than with us. In 1870 an old woman of seventy lived a lonely sort of life on the outskirts of Paris, keeping no servant, and having no one under her roof but her nephew, a little child of ten. She was known to be well-to-do, the owner of a good deal of property in the neighbourhood, and in the month of November of this year it was reported that she had sold some land, receiving payment in cash, which she kept in the house. On the first of December she was on the point of going to bed, when she heard the smashing of a pane of glass, and soon afterwards three men entered her room. One of them flew at her throat and threw her down; a second kept her there; and a third, producing a knife, swore he would take her life unless she confessed where she kept her cash. She admitted that she had seven hundred francs in a drawer upstairs, which one of the thieves, who carried a lighted candle, immediately fetched; but they were not satisfied and became more threatening, until in terror of her life she added that there were six thousand francs in canvas bags in the attic. They now compelled her to precede them upstairs and indicate the exact

spot where the money was hidden, and she was forced to drag out her treasure from the midst of a heap of haricot beans.

The case came under M. Canler, the well-known head of the French detective police, who tells the whole story in his memoirs. He was satisfied, on examining the premises, that the job had not been done by first-class hands, and he strongly suspected that the thieves were ordinary tramps and vagabonds, greatly tempted by the rumours of the widow's wealth. Still, he could not lay his hands upon them, although he hunted through all the low haunts of the neighbourhood and probably the case would have been classed with other undiscovered crimes, when an old woman came and voluntarily offered to lead him to the thieves. By this means they were arrested, and proved to be, as M. Canler thought, unprofessional criminals; all three of them, although previously out at elbows, were in the possession of considerable sums. When confronted with the widow, she identified them chiefly by their voices.

It is a well-known fact that a good detective officer can speak with certainty to the handiwork of a particular thief by the traces he has left. No one was cleverer at this than Canler. On one occasion a serious robbery was effected at the apartment of a well-known actress during her absence at the theatre. The place had been entered by using false keys; the cupboards, wardrobes and drawers had been forced with violence, and everything valuable abstracted. Canler on reaching the spot, made the customary minute examination of all parts, and presently picked up from the floor a tiny silver horse, which had evidently been carried upon a watch-chain and which had one of its legs broken off. This gave him a clue, and led him to suspect a certain Lambel, a well-known burglar, who was just then at large. Lambel was one of the type of gentlemen burglars; a young man of pleasant, even insinuating manners, who was always fashionably dressed, and admitted into really good society. He thus gained knowledge invaluable to him in his business, while he was always associated with a man of entirely different stamp, who did the heavy work. This was a certain Lespinasse; a great, strong

savage brute, ready for any violent *coup*, and thus adding the complement of strength to the partnership.

Canler was satisfied in his own mind that these were the men he wanted, but he could not find them. That they were about Paris he was certain, for several of his people had seen them, one, indeed, described Lambel (a little time back) smart and showily dressed, as usual, with a fine gold chain, from which dangled many trinkets. One, as Canler heard to his delight, was a silver horse with a leg broken, and this fact was corroborated by a prisoner in custody who, when shown it, identified it as the property of Lambel. All this time, however, the search for the thieves continued fruitless, while many new burglaries were being committed. Wherever descriptions could be obtained they tallied with those of Lambel and Lespinasse. At one time the police learned that they lived together near the barrier Monceaux, and the house was surrounded, but no arrest was made, for both villains fought their way out pistol in hand. At last Lespinasse was run into in a hiding-place in the Faubourg du Roule. But Lambel remained at large and continued his depredations, associated now with a younger brother. They left Paris together and went to Nantes, where they entered a jeweller's shop by the grating of a cellar and completely cleared out the place, securing a booty of some 30,000 francs' worth of jewellery. Thence they passed across the frontier, and, reaching Turin, committed a fresh burglary, securing quite 80,000 francs more.

Nothing more was heard of Lambel for three or four years, when news came from the police of Geneva that two Frenchmen residing in the town had ordered from a local steel worker a complete set of house-breaking tools. The tradesman had promptly informed the Geneva police, and when the two Frenchmen returned for their goods they were arrested. The prisoners were the two Lambels, who were soon transferred to Paris to answer for their misdeeds.

It will be readily understood that the human birds of prey will scent out the carcase, their spoil, wherever it is to be found. Booty is what they hunger for; lucre in some form or other; the precious metals, precious stones, gold, notes,

the circulating medium, art treasures, ancient coins, choic curiosities, valuables, wherever they are to be found. The bu glar in pursuit of his quarry will win through every obstacl Like the lover, he laughs at locks and bars; he is prepared t attack and pass through any barrier; he will trespass on an premises; churches, royal palaces, the mansions of the aristc crat and the millionaire, banks and treasuries, the inne receptacle of the bullion brokers, jewellers and goldsmith

BURGLARIES IN GREAT HOUSES.

One of the earliest high-class burglaries occurred in 181 when the town house of the Marchioness of Devonshire wa entered and all her jewellery stolen. The burglar was an adroi operator, by name Richardson, a well-known criminal, havin a strong facial resemblance to the great Napoleon. Th device he adopted was new then to the business, but sinc repeatedly imitated: he made use of the lamplighter's ladde which had been left against the outer wall, secured by an iro chain. Richardson was known to have also broken into th mansions of the Earl of Bessborough and Lord Crewe. I the "thirties" Lambeth Palace was attacked, but the thieves wer disappointed, for the Archbishop, before moving to Danbur had sent eight plate-chests to the silversmiths' for saf keeping. In 1844 a quantity of silver plate was stolen fro Windsor Castle, and soon afterwards Buckingham Palace wa entered feloniously. Not many years ago the winter palace a Pekin was systematically robbed by a gang of thieves, wh long lurked without detection in one of the Imperial bastion and were in collusion with the palace attendants. Th Doria Palace, at Genoa, when tenanted by Verdi, the gre composer, was "burgled," and many of the valuable po sessions stolen. Holford House was broken into in 185 but the thieves were cleverly detected. Many countr houses, which are particularly tempting from their isolate position and their generally valuable contents, have bee burglariously entered, and the long list is by no means com pleted yet. Fresh instances crop up continually. The bu glary at Battle Abbey in 1877; that of Encombe Hous

Dorset, the seat of the Earl of Eldon, which was entered and robbed of jewellery and plate to the value of £20,000; that of Beechwood House, Slough, occupied by Princess Alexis Soltykoff, where £10,000 worth of jewellery was taken; that at Netherby Hall, Cumberland, in 1885, which will presently be described at length, and many more.

An extraordinary burglary was committed in August, 1860, not far from Paris, in the mansion of an old General Schram, near Aubervilliers. The house stood isolated and appears to have been easily forced. The thieves climbed the garden wall, then broke off a boot scraper at the front door, and with this weapon forced the general's dressing-room window, and so gained admission to the house. Every part of the premises was ransacked, study, dining-room and drawing-room; the thieves even penetrated the general's bedroom without waking him, emptied the pockets of his clothes, carried off his watch and snuff-box, besides the whole of his plate, two rouleaus of gold, a quantity of bank notes and securities to the value of 700,000 francs (£28,000). The police were active in their researches but could discover nothing. Indeed, a scandalous story was circulated that the general himself had committed the robbery in order to defraud his natural heirs.

In the month of November the bulk of these securities were found in the possession of a man arrested in Brussels for fighting. He was named Victor Contesenne and had a brother living in Aubervilliers who was perfectly acquainted with the interior of the general's house. He and another man named Sonnet had sold the general a boat and some fishing tackle just before the robbery. It was they who had suggested the job to Victor, and he although not actually a professional thief, took up the business on large lines and was the master spirit of the robbery. He was altogether a superior person, who dressed well and was quite *comme il faut*. At his trial later on it was seen that he was a tall, good-looking man with a long fair beard very carefully trimmed; he wore a well-made suit of grey dittoes, spoke with a good accent and was quite the gentleman.

Whether or not he did the bulk of the work, he took the

bulk of the profit, his accomplices coming in for a very small share. He gave his brother only 500 francs, and made Sonnet, who had seized a bundle of bank notes, surrender them in exchange for a few dozen napoleons. This affair took place the next day at a tavern, and was not accomplished without violence. Sonnet told the judge at his trial that Victor Contesenne had beaten him unmercifully to make him give up the notes. It was Victor Contesenne who took the plate to be melted down, and then hastened across the frontier to take ship for New York, where he hoped to realise the securities. He found this more difficult than he had expected; the American bankers and money-changers were unpleasantly inquisitive, and in the end he was obliged to bring back his 600,000 francs' worth to Brussels, which, in the end, returned to their proper owner. Old General Schram could scarcely complain of ill-luck; not only had he escaped with his life on the night of the robbery—for had he awoke when the thieves were in his bedroom, they would certainly have made short work of him—but he recovered the greater part of his stolen property. As for the thieves, Victor Contesenne was sentenced to ten years' hard labour, Sonnet to eight, and Louis Contesenne to three years' imprisonment.

There was a perfect epidemic of burglary in 1875 in the neighbourhood of Windsor, when many country houses were attacked in turn and considerable spoil in jewels obtained. In the early days of February that year an entrance was effected to the house of the Count and Countess Morella,* near Virginia Water. The family was at dinner; the thieves got into the countess's dressing-room and swept up the whole of her jewellery, watches, brooches, necklaces, rings, and other trinkets to the value of several thousand pounds. About the same time the Belgian ambassador's house at New Lodge, Windsor, was entered in much the same way by means of a rope ladder, which the thieves fastened to the trellis-work under Madame Van de Weyer's window, and having gained admission through the window, they carried off a large quantity

* Count Morella was the famous Carlist general, Cabrera, who married the great English heiress, Miss Bates.

of jewellery. Next, Lord Ellenborough's house, Holly Springs, near Bracknall, was attacked by the burglars. His lordship, returning from a drive one evening, had gone upstairs to his dressing-room, but found the door closed from within. He called up assistance and eventually broke in to find the room in the greatest confusion and all his most valuable possessions spread out on the bed. It was obvious that the thieves had been disturbed by the unexpected return of Lord Ellenborough and had gone off without completing the robbery. They had used a ladder as in Madame Van de Weyer's case, and had reached his lordship's bedroom from the outer wall.

A great sweep was made by burglars at Battle Abbey, the country seat of the Duke of Cleveland, when the thieves got clear away with a large amount of jewellery. Here the robbery was committed after dinner, while the duke and duchess were in the drawing-room with a number of guests, and the servants had gone to supper in the hall. Access to the house had been obtained from the front, where the duke's dressing-room window, at the height of about twenty feet, faces the terrace. At half-past nine his grace's valet had gone through the room, when the door was open and everything apparently safe. An hour later one of the upper housemaids went up and found the door close fastened from inside. All was silent, but she, suspecting something wrong, alarmed the household, and when the men came up the door was broken open. It was at once apparent that the place had been rifled, the drawers and wardrobes were open, and empty jewel-cases were tossed about the floor: many of these had been brought from the duchess's bedroom, which communicated, but one large case containing a very valuable set had fortunately been overlooked. The amount of jewellery carried off was valued approximately at £10,000, and included a magnificent necklace of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, the gift of the Queen to the Duchess of Cleveland, who had been one of her Majesty's bridesmaids. The thieves in this case had used ladders, two of them lashed together, which were found still against the wall, and the general impression was that the robbery had been planned in collusion with some of the servants inside.

NETHERBY HALL BURGLARY.

Perhaps the most daring burglary of later days was that committed in November, 1885, at Netherby Hall, the seat of Sir Frederick Graham, in Cumberland. The thieves had gained admission, as in the cases just quoted, by a ladder placed so as to enter Lady Hermione Graham's bedroom. Again the robbery had been carried out at the dinner hour, when one of the maids going upstairs found the room door fast closed and gave the alarm. When the door had been broken open, it was found that a quantity of jewellery had been carried off, three diamond stars, a diamond ring and a pair of diamond drop earrings, the whole valued at about £400, but, strange to say, the great bulk of valuables amounting to something like £1,000 worth of jewellery had been overlooked. Immediate information was given to the county police and a hue and cry raised throughout the neighbourhood. Before the night was ended a second and far more serious crime growing out of the burglary occurred just two miles outside Carlisle. Police constables were on the alert, watching every road, and two of them were stationed at the village of Kingstown. These last met four men coming from the direction of Netherby, and challenged them to give an account of themselves. The only answer given was with a revolver. Several shots were fired by the strangers, who, after wounding the policemen, got away, running down the line towards Carlisle. Later, about one in the morning, another police constable came upon them and gave chase, when they turned and attacked him, leaving him half dead. After this they were seen in the goods yard of the railway station at Carlisle, and it was supposed that they hoped to travel southward in some goods train. Having failed in this, they again took to the road, and approaching Plumpton, a village near Penrith, were encountered by the village constable, who pluckily called upon them to stand. He too was answered by the revolver and shot dead.

After this deliberate murder the thieves got into Penrith station and concealed themselves beneath the tarpaulin of an empty waggon, but they were seen by the guard as the train was starting. As by this time the Netherby burglary, with

the atrocities that had followed it, were universally known, he would have stopped the train and secured the strangers. But he failed to attract the notice of the man in the signal-box, and the train continued its journey to Tebay, the first stopping-place. *En route* the guard threw out a note to the pointsman near Shap station, but again failed in his purpose; further on he posted another letter of the same kind, and now the missive fell on a passing engine and was read by the driver. It was an urgent request to telegraph to Tebay stating the facts and asking to have policemen ready to arrest the fugitives. This telegram was sent but delayed, and on reaching Tebay, the guard, finding no preparations, hurriedly called together the whole of the railway servants, and they proceeded in a body to the waggon where the men were concealed. A fierce struggle ensued. The thieves, as they proved to be, made a desperate resistance, trying to use their revolvers, but two of them were secured and safely tied to telegraph posts; the third in the confusion escaped. This man rejoined the train after leaving Tebay, but when it reached Lancaster he was seen to drop from a waggon and rush across the line towards the night express then at a standstill in the station. He also was captured.

The three prisoners were lodged in the police cells at Carlisle and closely interrogated. They gave the names of Rudge, Martin, and James Baker. Rudge called himself a dog trainer; he was a sturdy, broad-shouldered man of middle height, standing straight and erect with a soldierly bearing, had a clean-shaven round face and black moustache. Martin described himself as a cigar-maker by trade, but he earned a living as a tout for betting men at race-meetings. The third man, James Baker, was a Londoner carrying on business as a greengrocer at Bethnal Green, but also given to racing. It was soon proved, however, that all three men were professional burglars of the most desperate kind. Although they had for some time past been operating in Cumberland they were well known to the London police, and Martin was soon identified as the man who had murdered Police-inspector Symmonds, near Romford, for which another of the gang had been hanged. Soon after these

three burglars had been captured, the fourth, William Baker, was arrested at Manchester on suspicion; it was proved that he had been at the private race-meeting held on Sir Frederick Graham's estate, between Longtown and Gretna, and there was blood on his coat when taken at Manchester. By-and-by, when sent down to Carlisle, he was identified with the others as having been seen in the neighbourhood of Netherby the day of the burglary. William Baker was no relation of James, but he was well known in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, and when questioned by the police he admitted that he had undergone a sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment as one of the thieves who stole the Duchess of Montrose's jewels at Newcastle not long before. Afterwards James Baker was recognised by the London detectives as a well-known criminal who had been sentenced to five years' penal servitude for a robbery at Greenwich in 1877.

Further evidence against the prisoners was afforded by the station-master at Gretna, who stated that the day before the burglary they had arrived by train from Carlisle and had left three portmanteaus in his charge, which, by Baker's orders, were subsequently forwarded to Carlisle to be kept till called for. The police, of course, secured them, and their contents left no doubt of the guilt of the accused; in one portmanteau two bunches of skeleton keys were found, a chisel of the jemmy class, a dark lantern, and a piece of new rope. Worse still, there was a leather pouch filled with ball cartridges, which exactly fitted Rudge's revolver and corresponded with a bullet extracted from one of the constables who had been wounded; more, keys in the possession of the prisoners fitted the various portmanteaus. None of the jewellery was found on the prisoners, but everything was eventually recovered. Five days after the affray at Tebay station a diamond eardrop was picked up by the banks of the river Lune, close to where Rudge had concealed himself under a railway bridge. This discovery encouraged the belief that other jewels had been thrown into the river, which was dragged for nearly a month, but without result. At last one of the policemen engaged in the search came upon a

tobacco-pouch lying in the thick grass, and on opening it found that it contained the whole of the jewellery still missing. At the termination of the trial, when the whole of the prisoners were sentenced to death, a very high compliment was paid to the police by the judge, who not only commended them for their intelligence in pursuing the inquiry, but for the great gallantry shown by members of the force in the first pursuit. Some interest attaches to the execution, which subsequently took place within the gaol at Carlisle, from the fact that Berry, the hangman, was assisted by an amateur, an eccentric baronet, Sir Claude de Crespigny.

ORROCK.

The readiness of the modern burglar to appeal to firearms had already been fatally displayed on other occasions. In 1882, in the case of Orrock, at Dalston, a robbery, unimportant in itself, developed into a serious crime through the murderous recklessness of the burglar when disturbed. The whole story is interesting as an illustration of good modern detective methods.

About half-past nine on the night of the 1st December, 1882, a young and newly-married policeman, Cole by name, went on duty in Ashwin Street, Dalston. There was a thick fog hanging low, but it did not prevent Cole from seeing, soon after ten p.m., a man in the act of clambering over the low wall in the front of a Baptist chapel that faced the street. As in duty bound, he promptly summoned the intruder to stand, and as the man would not surrender voluntarily, he endeavoured to take him into custody. A fierce struggle ensued, in which the constable was getting the best of it, when the depredator drew a revolver, and fired three shots in quick succession. Two, as was afterwards ascertained, threw high and hit the chapel wall, but the third struck Cole's truncheon-case.

Now, a young woman who had witnessed the affray, and heard the shots, ran off screaming for help. Very shortly afterwards she returned with the two constables on the neighbouring beat in Dalston Lane. But in her absence a fourth and fatal shot, as it proved, was fired. Assistance came

too late; the two constables on reaching the spot found their poor comrade lying dead in the gutter. The murderer had made off, and for the moment all hope of successful pursuit and capture was gone.

A crime of this kind—the murder of a comrade in the execution of his duty—is calculated to stimulate the energies of the police, ever ready though they are at all times to give their best efforts in the service of the public. The case was entrusted to Inspector Glasse, and he was not a man to delay unduly, or leave a stone unturned in following up the criminal.

Various articles to serve as *pièces à conviction* had been picked up on the scene of the crime. A couple of chisels, a small wooden wedge, a low-crowned, rather flat, black felt wide-awake, a policeman's truncheon-case, from which the fragments of a revolver bullet were extracted. Later, another bullet, nearly intact, was taken out of the murdered constable's brain, which it had penetrated just behind the left ear.

Of these, the only thing that offered any immediate clue was one of the chisels, a cabinet-maker's, with a blade an inch and a quarter wide, and a stout wooden handle. There were a few scratches on this blade, undecipherable by the naked eye, but under a magnifying glass they resolved themselves into letters, spelling the syllable "Rock." This syllable probably implied ownership; the owner's name or a part of it. Who knew the chisel? How was it to be traced? The police at once, with that painstaking completeness that generally characterises their action, proceeded to show the chisel to all tool-manufacturers, tool-sellers, and employers of cabinet-makers in and around Dalston. At last, quite a year after the murder, they were rewarded. An old woman named Preston, a widow, who had continued her husband's business of sharpening chisels, thought she remembered this particular tool. "If it had been through my hands, I must have marked it with the name of the man that owned it."

"Where?"

"On the blade near the handle. I always scratch it on with the point of a nail or file."

They showed her the letters forming the syllable, "rock." Yes, that was her mark, and it meant "*Orrock*," a young chap —she had not seen him very lately, who worked as a carpenter, and who had sent this chisel to be ground.

Orrock! Orrock! The name was familiar to the police also, as belonging to a ne'er-do-well, who had once been in trouble, but who had for some time past disappeared. An organised search was now made for Orrock, and it ended in his being run to ground in Coldbath Fields prison. He was "doing time"—twelve months—for a burglary, and it was afterwards strongly suspected by the police that he had intentionally sought arrest and imprisonment as the best method of concealing himself. As a Persian proverb puts it, "The thief is safest under the king's castle wall." But Orrock had really played into the enemies' hands; for while in custody, he was at the mercy of the police, as regards identification, and the first link in the chain that brought him to the gallows, was forged at Coldbath Fields.

It happened that on the very night of the murder, half an hour before it was perpetrated, two policemen, Sergeants Cobb and Brockwell, had got a glimpse of a man in a black wide-awake in the neighbourhood of Dalston Lane. The officers were at once taken to Coldbath Fields, where Orrock was placed in the middle of seven or eight others. He was recognised, although not quite positively until Sergeant Cobb saw his profile as he marched out of the room. Then he had no doubt whatever of Orrock's identity.

The web was now beginning to close around him. It came to the ears of the police that Orrock had been in company with two men on the day and evening of the murder, Evans and Miles, both of them well known and within easy reach. Evans was at once interviewed, and although reluctant to inform against a "pal," when cross-examined, admitted all he knew. Yes; they had spent the day drinking together at various public-houses, being out of work, and at one of the last they visited, the Railway Tavern, in Ashwin Street, Orrock had told them quite frankly that he was going to "crack a crib" that very night.

It was the Baptist Chapel in the same street, where there was a lot of sacramental plate. Orrock knew all about it, for he had once been "good," and had occupied a seat in the chapel. Now, to maintain his character as a chapel-goer, he was dressed in dark clothes, and looked, so his pals told him, like a Methodist preacher. But the wolf was concealed beneath the sheep's clothing—Orrock was fully equipped as a burglar, and carried chisels, a wedge and a revolver "in case anyone interfered with him" as he truculently put it. All he wanted was a dark lantern, and this he purchased at a lamp-shop on his way to the job in hand.

Evans and Miles remained at the Railway Tavern while Orrock was "at work." They heard the four shots, but "took them for fog signals." Yet they soon left the public-house, and reached the scene of the murder almost simultaneously with the police. Of course they were aware who had done the deed, but they stuck to their friend and made no revelations. Orrock knew that he was in their power, and came to Evans three weeks later asking if he meant to "peach on" him, or give information. There was a reward of £200 offered. Evans swore roundly that he would not "put his pal away" for £1,000. They both told all they knew only when other evidence began to point to Orrock.

So did another friend named Mortimer, also a prisoner in Coldbath Fields, who had accompanied Orrock when he purchased the revolver, and who now volunteered information. Mortimer said that Orrock had seen the revolver advertised for sale, and had gone with him to Tottenham, where the purchase was effected. Orrock became possessed of a nickel-plated pin-fire revolver for half a guinea. It was almost a toy weapon, throwing a miniature bullet, but it seemed likely to serve his purpose. Returning home, he tried it on a tree in Tottenham Marshes, from which, when the fact was known, the bullet was dug out to afford an additional link in the chain of evidence. Mortimer went farther, and revealed a very damaging conversation that had passed between him and the supposed murderer. Orrock asked Mortimer if he would be surprised to hear that he had done it? Mortimer could not

believe him capable of it, but Orrock with great effrontery declared that if they could prove it against him he was willing to stand the consequences.

The proof was now so complete that the consequences were inevitable. A further and closer examination of the barrel under the microscope revealed two more letters, an initial capital O and another r.

The man who had sold the revolver, a Mr. McLellan, who had moved from Tottenham, was found, and expressed himself ready to swear to Orrock as the purchaser. He had sold it, with seventy-five cartridges, for 10s. 6d. He recognised the bullets produced which had been found in the victim and in the tree in Tottenham Marshes. Several witnesses swore to the black felt hat, had seen Orrock wearing it, had seen that he had substituted a hard bowler hat after the crime. Lastly Orrock's sister, a respectable woman, with whom he lodged, testified that Orrock had come home on the night of December 1st without a hat and with his trousers badly torn at the knee, saying he had had a fight in the street. The judge summed up dead against the prisoner, the jury did not take long in making up their mind, a verdict of guilty was returned, and the death sentence passed without delay.

ARMED BURGLARS.

The use of firearms was now constantly adopted by burglars when disturbed in their operations. The cases have been so numerous that it is impossible to quote more than a few. Highfield House, Stamford Hill, had been tried by thieves on several occasions in the autumn of 1882, and a groom, by name Howe, was employed as a watchman to guard the premises. Soon after ten p.m. on the night of the 6th, Howe caught sight of a man entering the grounds with a ladder, which he placed against one of the bedroom windows. After looking cautiously around, the thief ran up and opened the window, forcing back the latch with something he took from his pocket. The groom gave the alarm inside, and several gentlemen who were still up in the billiard-room left their game, removed the ladder, and sent for the police

When the officers arrived the whole party went upstairs to tackle the burglar, whom they found busily ransacking drawers and boxes, and sorting out the most valuable articles to be carried away. The ruffian, seeing that he was caught in the act, showed fight, declaring he would murder anyone who dared come near him, and, pulling out his revolver, he fired several shots, one of which entered the groom's back. The others narrowly escaped being hit. After the first revolver had been emptied the burglar drew a second, but now his assailants fell upon him in a body, the weapon was wrenched from his hand, and someone struck him to the ground senseless. He was secured and sent to the police-station at Stoke Newington, and in the end was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

Again, on the 18th of July, 1884, a man named Wright and an ex-convict named Wheatley broke into the warehouse of Mr. David Elsbach, a furrier, at Hoxton; and two hours later, having been "disturbed," they quietly left the house by the front door, having in their possession some sealskin bags. After dodging several policemen, the thieves were in the act of concealing themselves in a neighbouring burial ground when a constable caught sight of them, and, climbing the railings, endeavoured to apprehend Wheatley. Wright showed himself during the struggle, and, drawing a revolver from his belt, fired three times at the officer, the last shot passing through the constable's thigh. Although weak from loss of blood, the officer pluckily held on to his man until assistance arrived, and Wheatley, on whom was found a six-chambered revolver, was secured. By this time Wright had walked down Herbert Street, where he was met by two officers who were running to their comrade's assistance. While one attempted to seize Wright in front, the other got behind him; but the burglar, turning suddenly, fired at the officer, who received the bullet just above his belt on the right side, the missile, as was found afterwards, having passed clean through his body. Wright, hotly pursued by the other constable, took refuge in Tomtit Court, where he rapidly gained access to the roofs of a block of seventy or eight

houses lying between East Road and City Road. By degrees a great force of constables was got together, some fifty in all, who surrounded the block, and a long and most exciting chase ensued, in the course of which the fugitive threw bricks and tiles at his pursuers, and also threatened them with a huge dagger and a jemmy. Ultimately he was captured from behind while again presenting his revolver at the constables. A similar case occurred the next year, when a constable named Davis received three shots from a couple of burglars wearing masks, whom he had followed on to the roof of a house in Kensington Park Gardens, Notting Hill. The burglars escaped, leaving behind them a revolver, four chambers of which had been emptied.

The burglars do not always have it quite their own way. When they carry arms they have been met with their own weapons and very much worsted. The law is a little vague as to when a householder may shoot, for, although he may undoubtedly fire in self-defence, it has never clearly been laid down whether he may shoot an intruder even at the dead of night. There was no hesitation, however, about old Mr. Purcel, a gentleman of upwards of seventy. This gallant old man, who lived at Highford, near Charlieville, in the county of Limerick, was sitting up late one night over some accounts when he heard a noise at his window, and soon afterwards a band of burglars, a dozen or more, jumped into a parlour communicating with the bedroom where he was. Mr. Purcel waited for them with his back to the wall in his own room. It was pitch dark inside, but the moon shone brightly into the passage through the broken windows, and Mr. Purcel could plainly see the men coming on, two abreast, towards where he stood. He had no weapon but the knife which he had used at supper, but he promptly used this, and stabbed the first man in the breast, who fell back with a scream and expired on the spot. The captain of the burglars now gave orders to fire, and Mr. Purcel could feel the barrel of a musket actually touching him. But again Mr. Purcel made play with his knife, and although the musket was fired, he wounded the man who held it, and also a third man who tried to force

his way through. At last one of the gang, a strong, powerful ruffian, forced his way into the chamber and closed with Mr. Purcel. The old man still fought on, struggling fiercely, and stabbing his assailant several times; but the wounds were, seemingly, ineffectual, and he realised that the point of his knife had become blunted by repeated use. Now he found that the thief wore a sword, and Mr. Purcel strove hard to draw it from the scabbard; but in the midst of this the man dropped dead where he stood from a mortal wound received in the fight. After this the thieves drew off, having had enough of old Mr. Purcel.

In 1850 three burglars broke into the house of a rich American, Mr. Alford, in the Regent's Park, having forced the window in the back parlour and cut through the shutters. But they disturbed the butler, Paul, who dressed, roused the other servants and armed them. He carried a double-barrelled pistol himself, and he gave one coachman a loaded gun, and the other a pitchfork, and the footman had a drawn sword. Meanwhile the thieves were busy in the dining-room, and the butler, like a good general, awaited them in the garden outside the house, every point of egress being held by one or more men. The first to fire was the butler, who brought down one, but he was not taken, although wounded. Another had been knocked down with the pitchfork, and was captured. The noise of the firing brought up the police, and the third man was also seized. The first escaped for the moment, as he hailed a passing cab; it was noticed that his hand bled much, and he explained it by saying he had been bitten by a dog. Later the police had news that a wounded burglar was hiding in a street off the Blackfriars Road, and on visiting the house they caught the man in female disguise—wearing, that is to say, a woman's nightcap and gown. A fustian coat in the room showed the marks of bullet holes. The whole of the men were identified as having been seen in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park on the day of the burglary, and all were convicted.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BANK, POST-OFFICE, AND KINDRED ROBBERIES.

The Bank Burglar—Qualities required and generally seen in Leading Practitioners - Some Early Feats of Treasure Robbers—London Custom House Robbery—Police Arrest supposed Culprits—Fortunate Discovery of Plunder—How Theft was Effected—"Stowing Away" by "flashing" an Umbrella—Robbery of Roger's Bank, of the Bank at Berwick-on-Tweed, of Baum's, Bill Brokers, Lombard Street—The Drugged Dog—Some American Bank Robbers—Frequency of the Crime in the United States—Banks Robbed by Stratagem—Adroit American Thieves—English Bank Counter Thieves at Bank of England and at Birkbeck Bank—Cauty, "the Father of the Robbers"—His Extensive Depredations on Banks—"Run in" at last at the London and Westminster Bank—Robbery of the Isle of Man Branch of Glasgow Bank—The Mystery cleared up.

It is generally understood that the "leading" bank burglar stands at the top of his evil profession. Thieves of this class seldom work alone. Realising the strength that comes of partnership, and especially the need of good direction, they yield ready and implicit obedience to the capable man who takes the lead. The captain's word is law; his orders are never questioned, his plans are willingly accepted and punctually carried out; he is greatly esteemed and respected by his fellows as their superior. No doubt to become expert and successful in this line, a man must be endowed with peculiar qualities in rare combination. He must have high intelligence, unwearied patience, and the power of prolonged industry. He is the better equipped for his business if he can make his own instruments, and has some knowledge of the mechanical arts. He must be a man of wit, brain, and nerve, fertile in resource; astute and far-seeing, quick to ferret out good "business," and ingenious in designing methods of attack. He knows how to reconnoitre the ground, to calculate how nearly the vaults, cellars, strong rooms can be approached from the outside or from some adjoining

residence, he will be skilful in gaining the confidence of *employés* and securing their unconscious, often their guilty, co-operation. Where the modern bank burglar shines is in dealing with the latest and most scientific means for securing valuables, the "combination" safe, that which can only be opened by the proper allocation of letters and numerals. The way in which these cryptograms yield their secrets to the master cracksman sometimes approaches the supernatural. No doubt the thief shows peculiar genius in unravelling the problem of the lock, but many exploits that seem marvellous have been explained afterwards by the artfulness with which the necessary knowledge has been obtained. The solution of the combination difficulty is, however, more common beyond the Atlantic than with us. These safes are more popular there, but it is also a fact that highfliers in this line are more often met with in the United States than on this side. Few bank burglars have achieved greater renown than "Skell" Hamilton, Max Shinburn,* Walter Sheridan,† and Dave Cummings, all well-known Yankee practitioners.

THE LONDON CUSTOM HOUSE ROBBED.

I will, however, recount one or two early feats of the safe and treasure-chest robbers before dealing with some of the latest developments in this direction. A great triumph was scored by the men who robbed the London Custom House in 1836, when nearly £5,000 worth in notes and gold was carried off by the thieves. It was the custom of the Receiver of Fines to keep considerable sums in his chest, especially after the periodical sales of goods seized or forfeited. On the night of the 27th of November, Mr. Walsh, the official in question, locked up £4,292, public money, and other sums of his own and subordinates, in an iron chest with a padlock, the key of which he left in a drawer securely locked. There was a second padlock with another key, held by the assistant receiver, the rule being that the chest could not be opened except with the concurrence and in the presence of two officials. The chest was lodged in an inner room

* See *ante*, Vol. I., p. 280. † See *ante*, Vol. I., p. 252.

beyond that in which Mr. Walsh sat, and the door of the latter closed with a spring.

Next morning when Mr. Walsh came to business he saw that the second padlock had been wrenched off. The first, his own so to speak, was still intact, but the lock of his drawer where the padlock key was kept had been forced. On examining the chest it was found that the whole of its contents had been removed, except a few foreign securities which had been left no doubt as unnegotiable. News of the robbery was at once circulated through the metropolis. All the police officers were informed of the numbers and values of the notes stolen, and all other particulars that might help in the discovery of the offenders. For a long time pursuit hung fire. Lea, a City detective, had soon conceived suspicions of two well-known depredators at large about that time, but could bring nothing home to them, although he watched for a year or more. Besides, when the scent grew warm, both men had disappeared.

At last Lea ran into them quite by chance, after shadowing an acquaintance of theirs, who unconsciously led him straight to them at an inn, the Red Lion, King Street, Holborn. Determined not to lose them again, the police officer boldly took them both into custody and forthwith searched their apartment. There was evidence enough of their criminal habits, especially as jewel thieves, although nothing bearing directly upon the Custom House robbery. Concealed in their portmanteaus was a complete outfit of house-breaking implements, files, centre-bits, spring saws, and in addition a pair of goldsmith's fine scales for weighing precious metals and stones. It was an important capture, no doubt, but the full value was not realised even then. It came out presently that this room of theirs in the Red Lion was really a treasure chamber in which they stored the valuable proceeds of their extensive robberies. The first suspicion of this was given by the extreme anxiety of guests arriving at the Red Lion to be located in this particular room. So many came and asked that the landlord refused to take in any stranger at all. An

old customer turned up at length who was shown into tl long vacant chamber, and a fire was lighted in the grate make him the more welcome. That evening the visitor w attracted by something glistening with great brilliancy amoı the live coals. Using the tongs he drew forth the skeleton a brooch set with fine pearls much injured by the fire. further search produced a great quantity of valuable jewelle seven diamonds of the finest water, seven large emeralds, a some few dozen smaller brilliants. The landlord sent at on for Lea, who had the fire raked out and examined the interi of the grate and chimney. A bag, blackened with smok was found hanging high up the chimney filled with go chains of massive manufacture, and easily recognised as pa of the plunder carried off from a warehouse on the Custo House Quay some months before.

The two men in custody, Jourdan and Sullivan, as th were called, had a bad reputation before, but no doubt of tl wholesale nature of their depredations could now be ente tained. They were put back for trial on a charge of unlawf possession, to which was soon added one of complicity in tl Custom House robbery, for several of the stolen notes we traced to their hands. Still, conviction might have bee difficult had not an accomplice, a subordinate officer in tl Customs, Huey by name, been found with some of the missi notes, and on his arrest made full confession. His revelatio led to the arrest of two more Custom House officers, Mo and Seale, who were also implicated. All five men were p on their trial, when the full story of the burglary was to by Huey.

The first conception came from inside the office. Sea seems to have sounded Huey, and they then brought in Mo when the three agreed that a great stroke might be ma some day when the receiver's chest was especially full. Tl assistance of professional burglars was next sought, and a application was made to Jourdan and Sullivan to join in tl job. Huey met them often, and was on such intimate ter that they asked him to help them to other business, especial in Dublin (Huey was an Irishman), where the Custom Hou

offered a tempting prey. They, however, concentrated their efforts on that of London, and much time and pains were expended on arranging a plan of action. A first step was to secure wax impressions of the padlock keys, which was easily done with the assistance of the confederate officials. After that the actual method of robbery was discussed, and it was decided to adopt that known as "stowing away." Another burglar, May, an old associate of Jourdan's and Sullivan's, had been brought into the company, and he volunteered to be the "stowaway." His *rôle* was to hide inside Mr. Walsh's room in the Custom House until nightfall, open the chest at his leisure, and get out next morning with the proceeds when the doors were opened. Nothing remained but to fix the day, and for this it was essential to wait until it was certain there was a sufficiently good store of money in the chest to make it worth while to break in.

Jourdan saw to that. The day of the "King's Sale" he bought a small parcel of forfeited rum for £11, and duly appeared before the receiver to pay the amount in cash. But he had nothing less than a £50 note, and this he tendered to Mr. Walsh across the counter. The receiver felt in his pockets but had not enough change, so calling down his assistant they together opened the great iron chest. Jourdan saw him lift out a heavy cash-box, loaded with notes to the value apparently of several thousands, and the burglary was settled there and then for that night. May, with his two burglar friends, arrived at the Custom House a little before the closing hour of four p.m. They all entered the passage together, when, under the cover of opening or "flashing" an umbrella, the stowaway ran in and was safely "lodged" inside the office. May was to be extracted first thing next morning as soon as he worked his wicked will on the chest. He was to be waiting behind the doors at nine a.m., when they were opened, and while the clerks were busy signing the attendance book, was to slip out with his plunder.

It all fell out exactly as arranged. May, like an honest thief, came to the rendezvous, Seale's house, with the notes, and six parcels were made in nearly equal amounts, for which

the confederates drew lots and appropriated accordingly. Seale arranged for the transmission of some of the notes abroad; Jourdan bought others at a reduced rate, but Huey appears to have buried his for a time in Camberwell churchyard, and eventually surrendered them. He was pardoned, but the others, May excepted, were convicted and sentenced and transported to Van Diemen's land.

ROGER'S BANK.

One of the early triumphs of the British bank burglar was the robbery of Roger's Bank, in Clement's Lane, in 1844. The thieves got in and opened the safe, with no show of violence, from which they abstracted notes, specie, and bills of exchange, to the value of £40,710. There was not the slightest clue to the robbers, or how the crime was committed, nor was any arrest made. A reward of £3,000 was offered with a free pardon to any who would inform. The notes were stopped at the Bank of England, and special notices were despatched to the Continent to prevent the negotiation of any of the plunder. The two Forresters, generally successful City police officers, were employed to follow up the thieves, but without avail. It was supposed that the safe had been opened by a key incautiously left on the premises by one of the partners. The strangest part of this story was the restitution of the bank notes stolen, three years later. These, were returned to the bank through the Parcels Delivery Company, anonymously, the transaction having been negotiated through a person who would not make himself known, but to whom the bank paid the promised reward. Another remarkable feature of this case was that the notes were still made up in bundles of the same shape as those originally deposited in the bank safe.

BANK OF BERWICK-ON-TWEED.

A mysterious robbery occurred at the North of England Bank of Berwick-on-Tweed in August, 1846, when the premises were entered during the night and a large sum of money extracted—Bank of England notes, Scotch notes, and

specie, the whole to the value of about £3,000. The agent and manager was a Mr. Thomson, who was absent for the moment on leave of absence, but his wife remained in the residence over the bank. One of the bank directors, Mr. Bendis, took charge of the business, and generally slept on the premises, but was away the night of the robbery. The bank had been closed during the afternoon, with the usual precautions: the safe door was secured by a bolt, which passed upwards through three floors, to the bedroom on the third storey. If the safe was tampered with, or this bolt forced, the whole house would be alarmed.

About five a.m. an alarm was given from outside: someone passing rang the bell, and a servant, on going downstairs to answer it, found the lobby door leading into the bank wide open, and the bank cashbox lying open in the yard. Mrs. Thomson, who slept on the third floor, was immediately called down, and she summoned a friend. Together they inspected the premises, and found that the lobby door had been unlocked, the safe opened, and that the great bolt communicating with the upper part of the house had been raised; no locks were broken. There were no signs of any violence, and no one could understand how the safe bolt had been drawn without alarming the house; no traces could be found of the movements of the burglars, either how they had entered or how left the bank. It was opined that they had scaled the walls in the back yard, and a light ladder was found resting against the wall which divided the bank from the next property. This ladder could not have been used, however, for it rested on the surface of very soft earth, and the pressure of a man's weight on the ladder would surely have sunk it deep into the ground.

Mrs. Thomson told a story of how she had been disturbed in the night and looking into the yard below had made out the figures of two men moving about with a dark lantern. She further stated that a few nights before she had heard noises, footsteps stealthily passing to and fro, and it was now supposed that these were the thieves reconnoitring the ground. On

neither occasion did Mrs. Thomson raise any alarm, and as it was evident that the "job" had been the work of someone intimately acquainted with the interior of the house, suspicion fell upon the manager's wife. This increased when a quantity of silver was discovered wrapped up in towels bearing the bank's name, and hidden in a barrel in the yard. Further and closer search produced the rest of the stolen money, some of it secreted under the stairs, the rest in Mrs. Thomson's bed. She was accordingly taken into custody and put upon her trial, but no positive proof of guilt was forthcoming and she was acquitted. The robbery has remained a mystery to the last.

ROBBERY OF MESSRS. BAUM'S.

Another clever exploit was the robbery of the premises of Messrs. Baum, bill brokers and bullion merchants, in Lombard Street, in December, 1864. They were entered very mysteriously some time Saturday or Sunday night, according to the rather conventional practice of the City burglar. The conclusion arrived at by the police was that admission had been obtained before the doors were closed. The street door, common to the whole house, opened into a passage, and on the right hand was a door leading into the bullion merchants' premises. When properly closed, this door could not be opened from outside. All the upper storeys of the house were let out in offices, and the caretaker was a respectable elderly woman who resided on the topmost floor. A married niece lived with her; the husband and wife had gone to the theatre on the Saturday night, but the housekeeper never left her charge during the time the robbery was effected.

The robbery had been effected by forcing the strong-room. A hole had been made in the solid brickwork about 19 inches square, just large enough for a boy or thin man to pass through, and this was done immediately above where the safe stood, showing that the thieves knew their way about the premises. Apparently the hole was not driven through until an attempt to force the strong-room door had failed, for it was found on the Monday morning that its lock had been tampered with and the scutcheon of the keyhole torn off. The most remarkable

indeed inexplicable, part of the robbery was the opening of the safe. Its door had been removed from its hinges, but it bore no marks of violence. Although four large crowbars were found as they had been left in the strong-room, there was nothing to show that they had been used in prising open the safe. Yet violence had been used in another direction, for a very formidable lock inside the safe had been broken in pieces. The safe itself was quite empty; near it lay a couple of ordinary mortising chisels, such as are used by carpenters. The strong-room was left in complete disorder; cash boxes were scattered about the floor and papers hastily examined and thrown away. The bulk of the securities abstracted were negotiable by transfer only and could be replaced, so that the total loss by the robbery did not amount to more than £3,000. This was chiefly in cash, money of home and foreign coinage, which was never recovered.

Another curious feature in the burglary was that the watch dog which was left to range loose through the whole house at night gave no alarm, although it was his custom to bark at the slightest noise. On the morning the robbery was discovered the dog was found roaming about the house with a loose strap hanging around his neck. He was quite quiet; although the fixing of the strap would ordinarily have irritated him he had not barked. The strap too was one of those used in fastening bundles of securities in the safe. The inference was that the dog had been drugged, and while under the influence of the narcotic had been secured, to set himself loose when he recovered. Much cleverness was shown by the thieves in escaping from the house without leaving traces that would lead to the immediate discovery of the robbery. The street door was of two halves opening inwards, and secured after hours by bolts and crossbars on the inside. Anyone leaving the house could not close the door behind him, and yet if left open the fact would betray everything to the policeman passing on his rounds. So the departing thieves screwed a spring latch on the doors inside, and pulling the two halves together they fastened automatically. No arrests appear to have been made.

AMERICAN BANK ROBBERIES.

It is generally acknowledged by the French police that American burglars are the most skilful in existence as regards breaking into safes. The French operators do not appear to be equally successful, and it is a more common practice with them to carry off the safe bodily and break it open at their leisure with sledge hammers or, possibly, dynamite. A French gentleman occupying a villa in the suburbs of Paris was actually at work in his garden when a number of thieves entered in broad daylight and broke out a safe from the wall of a room on the ground floor; then they loaded it on a barrow and calmly carried it away. The thieves were traced, but not caught, and the safe itself was found in small pieces, its valuable contents of course abstracted.

America has produced some very famous bank robbers, one or two of whom have been described on a previous page.* David Cummings, *alias* Hogan, *alias* "Little Dave," may be added to the number, although his depredations were not limited to banks. He was also an expert hotel thief and jewel robber. Cummings was originally a waiter in a Chicago hotel, after which he served in the same capacity on one of the steamboats of the Upper Mississippi. Robbery was at this time very prevalent on board these steamers, and Cummings was connected with several, working successfully until he was betrayed by an associate and obliged to make himself scarce. He now settled in New Orleans, and effected his first important robbery there in 1868. It was on a jeweller's premises, where the safe stood facing a glass door, and was constantly visible to the watchman on duty. To meet this difficulty Cummings and his confederates rigged up a dummy safe, which they substituted for the real one, then dragged the latter into a back room, where they opened it without fear of interruption. By this operation they secured diamonds and other jewellery to the value of £20,000, and none of the booty was ever recovered. His next affair was on a bank in the French district of the same city, where he carried off

* See *ante*, chap. xi.

money and bonds to the value of £13,000. After this he moved to St. Louis, and marked down a pawnbroker's shop for plunder which adjoined a drinking-saloon much frequented by thieves. Cummings having ascertained the exact position of the pawnbroker's safe, which was on the other side of a wall of the saloon, he tunnelled through with the assistance of others, and pulled out the back of the safe. Having thus gained access to the interior, he succeeded in securing a number of diamonds and other valuable property.

Soon after this the great fire of Chicago gave him a fresh opportunity, and he ranged about the half-ruined city doing a fine business as a hotel thief. In 1872 he and others were on the point of breaking into the First National Bank of New Jersey, but at the supreme moment an old woman saw them and informed the police. All the burglars but Dave were captured, and next year, with a fresh party of associates, he broke into the Quincey Bank, in Illinois, where he obtained immense plunder, currency notes, Government bonds, railway and other securities to the tune of upwards of a hundred thousand pounds. He is said to have soon wasted this immense booty in riotous living, after the manner of so many successful thieves, and then he returned to his old trade. A visit to Canada was a failure, but at the Falls City Bank he and his men secured another huge prize amounting to a hundred thousand pounds, which, like the rest, was soon dissipated. After this he seems to have returned to hotel robbery, and was caught at the Sinclair House, New York, in the act of leaving a bedroom with valuables. He "did time" for this, but on his release resumed his old occupations, then went West, and was wanted for at least one attempt at bank robbery. He seems, however, to have been more largely engaged in the first-named form of depredation, and left his trail at most of the hotels of Colorado, New Mexico, and California.

There have been bank robberies innumerable in the United States, and in all parts. A most daring exploit was performed at Northampton, Massachusetts, in January, 1876, when seven men roused up the cashier in the dead of night, and forced

him to accompany them to the bank, where, under pain of instant death, they obliged him to open the vaults. Then they laid hands on all the stored cash and negotiable securities, and went off with plunder amounting to a million and a half of dollars. The Ocean Bank of New York suffered severely in 1869: 768,000 dollars were stolen, yet by some extraordinary oversight nearly two millions were left behind. The chief actors in this affair were Sharkey, William McKay, and the notorious Max Shinburn so often mentioned already. A bold attempt was made to rifle the Dexter Savings Bank, but the robbery was frustrated by the determined bravery of the old cashier, who, however, succumbed to wounds he received in his conflict with the pitiless thieves. A word may be given to another noted bank-breaker, Jack Wright, *alias* "Four-fingered Jack," who was concerned with others in the plundering of the Hatters' Bank, Bethel, Connecticut, where 100,000 dollars were stolen. Jack was never caught, but a quantity of the spoil was strangely recovered. One day a bag was left anonymously at the office of the chief inspector of police, and it was found to contain 60,000 dollars' worth of bills stolen from the Hatters' Bank. Years afterwards another 20,000 dollars were recovered.

ROBBERY BY STRATAGEM.

Robbery without violence in its lowest phase is no more than mere sneak-thieving; in its highest it may rank with the most daring and desperate crimes. The bank thief and bond robber, who works in broad daylight, needs qualities of a different kind from that of the burglar and housebreaker. He must be a master of stratagem in the inception, quick to create opportunity; he needs extraordinary nerve, the finest kind of courage in carrying out his *coups*. Some robberies of this kind are the result of sudden impulse, the chance is seen as it arises and seized then and there; others are calmly and deliberately planned weeks, nay months, beforehand. Here is a case where a would-be robber loitering in a bank of the United States on some plausible pretence, saw an opening which he quickly turned to account. The clerks behind the

counter were discussing the location of a certain town in the state of Ohio. At the same moment the thief saw that the safe stood open, and temptingly displayed the cash-box bestowed within. He promptly went out, and despatched a confederate to buy maps of Ohio. When they were brought the thief took them into the bank, and carelessly offered them for sale. They came most opportunely, for the discussion about the town had passed into the betting stage, and the maps were eagerly scanned to decide the disputed point. While they bent over them, the thief crept unnoticed to the safe and made off with the cash-box.

Other stories are told of American bank sneaks. One coolly installed himself as a clerk behind the counter, and when the chief cashier peremptorily ordered him to withdraw, he refused point-blank, saying that the president of the bank knew all about it, and would make it right when he came. His removal was still insisted upon, and the thief went, under protest, but not before he had adroitly secreted several bundles of notes for large amounts. In American country banks, where the staff of clerks is small, the bank thief adopts a very simple plan. He arrives at the dinner-hour in a smart carriage, when a single clerk is on duty, and summons him outside. The bank is thus left unattended, and a confederate steps in to rifle it. Several robberies of this kind have been committed in the country districts.

Our own bank thieves are dexterous enough. As I pen these lines I read of a daring robbery committed at the Bank of England, where a thief walked off with a bag containing a thousand sovereigns. The victim was a clerk from Coutts', who had brought an order for £3,000 in gold. The cashier had handed two bags over the counter, and was in the act of giving the third, when the attention of Coutts' clerk was diverted for one moment, the usual device, and in that short space of time one bag was lifted and disappeared. There were many clients in the bank, the regular detectives were on duty, the possibility of such a theft, reasoning from the number of preceding cases, must have been present in the minds of all concerned. Yet the deed was done, successfully, for the

hundredth time. No doubt every step in the business had been carefully prepared long in advance, the movements of the clerk had been watched, and the Coutts' practice of withdrawing specie at a particular time was fully known. Thieves so bold, so patient and ingenious, were not to be deterred by the fear of being "picked up" when thus laying their plans. It is an essential part of any such scheme that the chief actors in the business shall be new hands, persons whose faces are unknown to the police.

A very daring robbery of this kind was effected in February, 1870 within the premises of the Birkbeck Bank at the corner of Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, and in the presence of twenty persons. One of the clerks of Barnet's Bank, Lombard Street, started according to custom with cheques for presentation at various banks, receiving notes in exchange; he carried them as usual in a leather case secured to his person by a long chain, and, calling at several banks, at last reached the Birkbeck in the course of his round. The place was very circumscribed, and the twenty people collected about the counter formed quite a crowd. The clerk pushed through, and pulling out his case, succeeded in doing his work. He was in the act of drawing out several cheques, when someone behind tapped him on the shoulder, telling him at the same time that he had dropped a piece of paper which, it is presumed, had been previously placed purposely by his feet. The unsuspecting man, keeping his hand on his case, turned and saw the paper on the ground. While he stooped to pick it up the notes were abstracted from his case. So rapidly was the robbery accomplished that the clerk did not, upon raising his head, actually detect it, although he imagined he saw something snatched from the case. Detecting the robbery a moment after, he gave the alarm and rushed to the door, but was unsuccessful in securing the delinquents. A reward of £1,000 was offered for the apprehension of the thief and the recovery of the notes.

The bank thief is always on the alert, always ready to make the most of a favourable chance. On February 3rd, 1893, a bank porter was carrying out a bag of seven hundred

sovereigns for a client who had a cab waiting at the door. "Thank you; it's very kind of you, that will do," said a grateful gentleman whom the porter naturally concluded was the rightful owner of the cash as he relieved him of his burden. Of course it was a thief, one of two who had planned the job together. The duty of receiving and removing a considerable sum in specie is always a matter for great care, involving much anxiety until the task is completed. I have experienced this very fully and frequently in my time. When I was deputy-governor of the old penitentiary at Millbank, it was my duty to draw the cash for salaries monthly, nearly £2,000, from the branch bank, in Burlington Gardens, of the Bank of England. I was always accompanied by one of my warders in plain clothes, who helped me with the bags into a four-wheeled cab, then mounted the box and acted as escort through the crowded streets. I confess I never felt happy till well inside the prison gates.

CAUTY.

Few men were better known in his time and in his own line than Cauty, who was called the "father of all the robbers." He was to be seen on every race-course, and he was on friendly terms with all the swells on the turf. He had a large acquaintance also among such of the "best" people in town as were addicted to gambling on a large scale. He was in early life a croupier or marker at several West-end hells; but as he advanced in years he extended his operations beyond the Atlantic, and often made voyages by the West Indian packets. He liked to meet Mexicans and rich Americans; they were always ready to gamble, and as Cauty travelled with confederates, whose expenses he paid, he seldom lost money on the cards.

These, however, were his open vocations. Under the rose for many years he devoted all his abilities and his experience to planning extensive bank robberies, which were devised generally with so much ingenuity, and carried out with so much daring, that a long time elapsed before the culprits could be brought to justice. He had many dexterous

associates. Their commonest plan of action was to hang about a bank till they saw some one enter whom they thought likely to answer their purpose. They followed and waited till the victim, having opened his pocket-book, or produced his cheque, was paid his money over the counter. At that moment a button dropped, or a slight push, which was followed by immediate apology, took off the attention, and in that one instant the money, or a part of it, was gone—passed from hand to hand, and removed at once from the building.

Cauty came to grief at last. Of course he was known to the police, but the difficulty was to take him red-handed. The opportunity arrived when, with an accomplice, he made an attempt to rob the cashier of the London and Westminster Bank of his box. They were both watched in and out of the bank in St. James's Square day after day. The police kept them constantly in sight, and the cashier himself was put on his guard. The latter admitted that the cash-box was at times left unavoidably within the reach of dishonest people, and that it contained property sometimes worth £100,000 or more. But if the police were patient in the watch they set, the thieves were equally patient in waiting for a chance. Once at the moment of fruition they were just "sold" by the appearance of a police-sergeant, who came in to cash a cheque. But at length, almost as a conjuror does a trick, they accomplished their purpose. Cauty went in the bank first, carrying a rather suspicious looking black bag. Three minutes afterwards he came out without it, and raised his hat three times, which was the signal "all right" to his accomplice. The latter, Tyler, a returned convict, thereupon entered the bank in his turn, and almost immediately brought away the bag. The two worthies were allowed to go without let or hindrance as far as the Haymarket, and then secured. The black bag was opened—inside was the cash-box.

This brought Cauty's career to an end. He got twenty years, and then it came out how extensive was the business he had done. Through his hands had passed not a little of the "swag" in all the principal robberies of the day—all the

gold from the gold-dust robberies, all the notes and bills stolen from big banking houses. It was said that in this way he had touched about half a million of money.

ISLE OF MAN BANK ROBBERY.

Much mystery hung for a time around the case of Andrew Gray, the cashier of the branch of the Glasgow bank, in Douglas, Isle of Man. This Gray came to supper at the Royal Hotel in that town, about eleven p.m., April 23rd, 1878, and left before the meal was ended. In the small hours after four a.m., a loud knocking was heard at the hotel door, and on opening it Gray appeared with an extraordinary story. He was walking home, he said, when just on the outskirts of the town, he was attacked by three men, who fired several shots at him, and he became insensible, he believed, from chloroform. He found on returning to consciousness that there were bullet holes through his hat and coat, and one bullet had been stopped by a letter he carried in his breast pocket. Worse than this, the bank keys which he had carried in his pocket were gone. Next day it came out that £8,750 in gold had disappeared from the strong-room of the bank.

Suspicion attached to Gray from the first. It was proved that there were no marks of injury upon his person when he returned to the hotel. Although his appearance was that of a man who had recently been under the influence of a narcotic, the medical evidence could not admit that enough chloroform to stupefy him, could have been taken by him without fatal results. Next day, when the scene of the supposed attack was examined, marks were found in the road as though somebody had been dragged along it for a short distance; yet the road was very muddy, and there were no mudstains on Gray's trousers and boots. Again the manager of the bank was positive he had shot the bolts and locked up the premises at a quarter to twelve, when all was safe, and that no one could have reached the bank in the time between the assault on Gray and then. It must have taken Gray from 11 p.m. to 11.30 p.m. to walk the distance from the hotel to the spot, and a quarter of an hour remaining till

11.45 p.m., that is to say, was not sufficient to get to the bank, even at top speed. There was nothing to show that the bank had been broken into.

Gray was proved to have left the bank some days previous, carrying a heavy bag, which he lifted into a trap awaiting him, and in which he drove off to his home in the country. The whole of the circumstances were deemed strongly suspicious, and he was arrested. After his trial and conviction he confessed that he had concocted the whole story, and indicated where the stolen money would be found, part buried under a tree in the garden of a lady's house, the rest in his own place.

CHAPTER XXX.

JEWEL ROBBERIES.

Reasons Why Jewel Robbery is a Chronic Crime—One of the Earliest Cases on Record—Colonel Blood and the Regalia—Blood's History—Author of Plot to Carry Off the Duke of Ormonde—His Scheme for Securing the Crown Jewels—The Attempt Fails—Blood Seized, but Pardoned by Charles II.—Theft of the French Crown Jewels from the Garde Meuble, in 1792—Many Jewels Recovered, but Thieves Never Captured—Some Strange but Plausible Theories for the Theft—The Pitt or Regent Diamond one of the Gems Stolen—Its Early History—Other Historic Stones—Braganza, The Matan, Blue Drop—The Koh-i-nor—Moon of Mountains often Confounded with the Orloff—Shaffrass and the First Named—The Modern Jewel Robber—His Qualities and Proceedings—Some Famous Thefts—At Messrs. Walker's of Cornhill—The Story of the Safe and the Thieves—They are soon Tracked by the Police—In Manchester, Hatton Garden, and Joigny in France—The Duke of Brunswick's Diamonds—Cleverly Abstracted by his English Valet—Police Pursuit—Tricks of Jewel Thieves—How met by Jewellers—Some Curious Stories—Theft of Jewels in Transit—Countess of Dudley's and the Russian Ambassador's at Paddington Station—On the Move through the Post—Robbery at Hatton Garden Post Office—Thefts in Diamond Mines, Golconda, Brazil, South Africa—Illicit Diamond Buying—I. D. B. Stimulated by Receivers—How Natives are Tempted—Fortunes Made by Diamond Frauds—The Diamond Trade Act—Severe Penalties—How Evaded—Tricks and Devices Tried—Artful Substitution of Sham Diamonds for Real—Another Form of Fraud—Thefts of Medals and Ancient Coins—From the Bibliothèque Royale in Paris—Detection and Arrest of Fossard and others—Recovery of Part of the Spoil, the rest Melted Down—Outrage on Mr. Cureton of the British Museum and Theft of his Coins—Theft of Valuable Greek Coins—How Detected—Raftopoulous, the Thief Given to Such Crimes.

CRIMINAL history bears witness to the variety and extent of jewel robberies. The stone called by common consent "precious," although it has no intrinsic value beyond its rarity and artistic beauty, is essentially property of the kind called portable by Mr. Wemmick, and as such commends itself to the thief. All stones are not equally valuable, of course, but jewels condense in a small compass the equivalents of

considerable sums more or less easily obtainable. Hence the constant, irresistible temptation to abstract them, to seize any and every opportunity that offers to acquire these costly baubles. From the days of Colonel Blood, who carried off the British crown to the present time, when the theft of diamonds in South Africa necessitates particular legislation, and daring thieves break through the plate-glass windows in Piccadilly or the Palais Royal, or yet again, when a duchess's diamonds disappear as if by magic under the very eyes of their owner, the jewel thief has been unceasingly active. I will now recount some of the more notable and typical robberies of this class, taking first those effected by main force, and leaving the robberies by well-planned artifice for a later page.

COLONEL BLOOD AND THE REGALIA.

One of the first and most daring of all jewel robberies was Colonel Blood's attempt to steal the regalia, the royal crown, globe, and sceptre, from the Tower of London, in the reign of Charles II. Blood was a character of much the same class as Turner, who was hanged for burglary about the same time.* He had served in the Parliamentary Wars, and afterwards led an adventurous career. He was the hero of the extraordinary plot for seizing the Duke of Ormonde in the streets of London, whom he intended to hang at Tyburn. The duke was actually attacked one dark night at the bottom of St. James's Street, dragged out of his coach, forced on to a horse, and carried away. Blood had ridden ahead to prepare the gallows, but the duke, struggling violently, managed to escape from his captors before Blood returned. A reward of one thousand pounds was offered for the discovery of those who had attempted this outrage, but no suspicion seems to have rested upon Blood, who now turned his attention to another still more strange and hazardous design, that of stealing the crown jewels.

He began by assuming the disguise of a Doctor of Divinity, and as such he visited the Tower to see how the land lay.

* See *ante*, p. 185.

He was not long in gaining the friendship of Mr. Edwards, the keeper of the regalia; they became so intimate, indeed that a marriage was talked of between a supposed daughter of Blood's and a son of Mr. Edwards. The night before the attempt, Blood asked Edwards to allow him, with certain friends, to inspect the regalia at an early hour, and he came with three accomplices about eight in the morning, with a whole scheme prepared for carrying off the jewels. Two of them with Blood entered the Tower, leaving the third to hold their horses at the gate. Mr. Edwards received the thieves without suspicion, and unlocked the door of the receptacle, when Blood and his companion attacked him, felled him with a wooden mallet, brought for the purpose, and laid hands upon the jewels. As they were stuffing them into a wallet, the keeper's son, who by some extraordinary chance had returned from abroad that very morning, entered the jewel-room and met the thieves coming out. They might easily have secured him, but they preferred to run for it, carrying off the crown and globe, but throwing down the sceptre, which was too long to fit into the bag. Meanwhile Edwards had recovered, and roused the guard. The alarm was given at the drawbridge, but Blood fired a pistol at the warder, who, though unhurt, fell to the ground with fear. Blood and his associates then ran past and through the outer gate out upon the wharf, where they were soon overtaken by Captain Beckman and the guard. Blood and he exchanged pistol shots, but Beckman succeeded in seizing the chief thief, who struggled long, crying, "It is worth it; 'tis for a crown!" The end of this criminal escapade is, perhaps, the most curious part of it, for Blood, although committed a prisoner to the Tower, was presently released and taken into the king's favour. Charles II. caused him to be brought before him, and Blood behaved with so much spirit and resolution, boldly telling the king that he had intended to kill him, that Charles pardoned him, and gave him a pension of £500 a year. For some time afterwards his influence was great at Court, but he fell into disgrace, and at one time was imprisoned in the King's Bench Prison for making an infamous charge against the Duke of Buckingham.

The regalia was rather severely handled in this attempt, the bows of the crown were hammered flat, so as to make it more portable, and during the flight several precious stones fell out, including a great pearl and a fine diamond. But the pearl was found by a poor woman employed as sweeper by one of the warders, and the diamond by a barber's apprentice, but both were faithfully restored. The great ruby at the end of the sceptre had been removed by one of the thieves, but it was found in his pocket when captured.

ROBBERY OF THE GARDE MEUBLE IN PARIS.

Another robbery of royal jewels was the famous affair of the Garde Meuble, or royal wardrobe, in Paris, in 1792, when the crown diamonds of the overthrown dynasty had passed into the possession of the French Republic. After the execution of Louis XVI., an inventory had been made of these splendid spoils of monarchical institutions, and the jewels had been publicly exhibited in the city. Then the government had fixed the state seals on the cabinets which held his crown, sceptre, and other royal property, including the jewel-encrusted golden shrine, bequeathed by Cardinal Richelieu to Louis XIII., and a number of priceless vases of gold, agate, amethyst, and rock crystal. Their total value, as estimated by experts about that time, amounted to half a million of sterling money. On the morning of the 17th September, when three of the commissioners, who had been appointed custodians, reached the Garde Meuble, it was found that the building had been broken into and robbed. The thieves had gained admission by scaling the colonnade, on the side of the Place Louis Quinze, and passing through a window that gave upon that side. The cabinets had been forced, and the whole of their valuable contents stolen.

Many arrests were made, but evidence enough to convict was in no case obtained. The wildest reports were current, giving various and exaggerated explanations of the robbery. Some, and no doubt rightly, thought it the work of ordinary criminals, taking advantage of the general demoralisation, and the absence of all police protection. Others thought that

the treasure would find its way to the exiled *émigrés* to support the war levied against the republic; a third view was that the government had handed the whole over as a bribe to the Prussian invaders, at that time in the Champagne country; another plausible story, widely credited, was that the job had been "put up," that it was the work of the jewel-keepers, who had themselves broken into the strong boxes. One of them, Sergent, was long nicknamed "agate," after one of the stolen vases had been mysteriously recovered by him.

For a great portion of the plunder was found. An anonymous letter conveyed the news that many of the stolen objects had been thrown into ditch in the Allée des Veuves, Champs Elysées, and there in effect Sergent picked them up. Among them were the famous "Regent" diamond, better known with us as the "Pitt," of which more directly, the agate-onyx cup, called the Abbé Suger's chalice, now in the Bibliothèque National. Many years later, in 1804, when a number of bank-note forgers were on their trial, one of them made a strange confession. He had been concerned in the robbery, and claimed also to have been the author of the anonymous letter that had led to the recovery of so much of the plunder. On this he based a demand for a free pardon. Had not the "Regent" diamond been restored, it could not have been pawned, as it was said to have been by the First Consul, to Holland, in order to fill the impoverished French treasury, the most urgent need of the nation at that time. But for the funds thus obtained Napoleon could never have consolidated his empire.

THE "PITT" OR "REGENT" DIAMOND.

This diamond had a remarkable history. It was first found and stolen by a slave in the Parteal mines, on the Kistna, India, in 1701. It is said that in order to carry off his prize, he cut a deep hole in the calf of his leg, deposited it there, and allowed the flesh to grow over it. Another version is that he concealed the diamond in the bandages of his wounded leg. The latter is the most probable story, as

the stone weighed 410 carats, and would have wanted a very big hole. In any case, the thief got down to the coast with his booty, and there took ship to escape from Madras. An English skipper gave him a passage, some say for a definite price, others in consideration of receiving the diamond. In any case, so soon as he got him on board, he secured the stone, and threw the wretched slave into the sea. According to tradition the captain then disposed of the stone to Mr. Pitt, the Governor of Madras at that time, the ancestor of the great Pitt and the Earl of Chatham. Another story is that the sea-captain sold it to a diamond dealer for £1,000. What is certain is that he got a moderate price relatively to the value of the stone, that he soon dissipated the money, took to drink, had delirium tremens, and hanged himself.

The dealer above mentioned was one Jamchand, a man in a very large way of business, and he no doubt parted with the stone to Mr. Pitt, who was afterwards accused, right or wrongly, of having obtained it by unfair and unavowable means. This scandalous assertion was never made out. On the contrary, Mr. Pitt left a full account of the transaction, which was published after his death, in which he described his bargain—viz. with Jamchand—and purchase of the stone for £20,000. Soon afterwards, when the jewel was sent home, it was entered on the bill of lading at a value of only £3,000, but this was probably to save freight and to give it greater safety in transit. Mr. Pitt undoubtedly made a good purchase, for he sold the diamond to the Regent, the notorious Duc d'Orleans, for £135,000. He had expended £5,000 in having it cut, which was skilfully performed in London, and another £5,000 went to the agents and brokers, but with all this he cleared a profit of about £100,000 on his original purchase.

The later history of the "Pitt" or "Regent" is somewhat obscure. It is known that Napoleon bought it back from the Dutch, and that he wore it at his coronation in the pommel of his sword. But it was not included in the inventory of State jewels drawn up in 1810, nor in any later reports on the regalia. This throws some doubt on the story usually told of its sale to Holland. Another version is that it was pledged

to a merchant in Berlin; and another declares that it was taken by the Prussians in the Emperor's carriage at Waterloo and sent to Berlin. But it was certainly restored to France, and was seen in 1835 in the Treasury. Later it was shown at the Paris Exhibition of 1855, and is fully described in contemporary accounts. "Its great value," writes a competent judge, "is not its size and weight, but that it is unique in possession of the finest and rarest qualities of a large stone, whiteness, brilliancy, and beauty of form. There are others larger, but as regards purity of form, none of the same weight."

In 1881 the French government contemplated selling it, and all the State jewels, which were at that time lodged for safety in a vault at the Ministry of Finance. They were examined by a Parliamentary committee in the presence of an expert, who stated that although the Regent might have an estimated worth of half a million of money, it yet might not fetch £25,000 in the market. In the end the Regent has found a resting-place in the Apollo Gallery of the Louvre, where it is, presumably, safe from the jewel robbers.

OTHER HISTORIC STONES.

All the great historic stones are in a measure protected by their size and great value, which make disposal difficult if wrongly acquired. If a thief could lay his hand on the Braganza diamond, for example, which is guarded so jealously in Lisbon, he would be unable to find a purchaser for a stone which has been valued at 300 millions sterling, although this preposterous estimate has been reduced to 58 millions. It has, indeed, been hinted that this is no true diamond, and some colour is given to the report by the jealous refusal of its holders to allow it to be seen. No one apparently has handled it, nor has it ever left the Portuguese treasury. There it remains in the rough and uncut state, with its original weight of 1,680 carats. The Matan diamond, belonging to the Sultan of Borneo, is also uncut and kept in the same jealous way: a crystal is shown to visitors and the real stone never sees the light.

The fate of any well-known diamond, if it passed into the

hands of thieves, would be reduction or subdivision. This no doubt happened to the French "Blue Drop," a fine light blue stone, which was among the jewels stolen from the Garde Meuble, in Paris, in 1792, and which was never recovered in its entire intact form. It is now satisfactorily proved that it was reduced by cleavage into one large and two smaller fragments. The first became the famous "Hope Blue" diamond, purchased by Mr. Henry T. Hope for £18,000, little more than half its real value; the second smaller passed into the possession of the Duke of Brunswick, whose passion for diamonds amounted to madness, and made him and his treasures the perpetual object of the jewel thieves.*

Before leaving the subject of crown jewels, it will be well to refer to one or two of the principal stones in the royal regalia. Most of them have had many curious and romantic adventures. A curse seems to have lain on some, and their possession has entailed misfortune and crime. The Koh-i-nor, now in the jewel-room at Windsor Castle, was long the cause of bitter feuds; torture and murder followed in its track as it changed hands. It was in turn held by the Mogul emperors, by Nadir Shah, by Afghan Duranis, and when the blinded Shah Shujah withdrew for safety to the court of Runjeet Singh, the Lion of the Punjaub, he took with him as his "personal property" the famous Koh-i-nor. Runjeet greedily determined to possess it, and at last got it by fair means, having failed in foul, for 125,000 rupees. He wore it always, set in a bracelet, and on the final annexation of the Punjaub it was presented by the East India Company to the Queen of England.

There are two great diamonds now in the Russian regalia. One, associated with many crimes, is the "Moon of Mountains," sometimes confounded with the "Orloff," also a magnificent stone, the chief ornament of the Imperial sceptre, on which it is placed just below the golden eagle. It may be mentioned here that this last-named was stolen by a French soldier from a Hindu god in a temple near Trichinopoly, and that it found its way to Amsterdam, the great diamond mart of the world.

* See *post*, p. 247.

where it was purchased by Count Orloff as an offering for his imperial mistress Catherine II. He bought it from a travelling Armenian merchant, Khojeh Raphael, to whom he paid £90,000 and an annuity of £4,000. The other great stone, the "Moon of Mountains," has a longer and more criminal history. It belonged first to the Mogul Emperors, then to Nadir Shah, the Persian invader of India, at whose murder it became part of the plunder of his mutinous troops. Soon after 1747, the date of his death, an Afghan soldier offered several splendid jewels for sale to an Armenian merchant at Bussorah, in the Persian Gulf. One was the great diamond in question, another was a large emerald of rare beauty. There were also a fine ruby and a magnificent sapphire. The merchant, by name Shaffrass, had not cash sufficient to pay the moderate price asked, and while he was trying to raise it the soldier, thinking some plot was on foot, made off. He went to Bagdad, where he sold his gems to a Jew for about £500 sterling and a couple of pure bred Arab horses. Meanwhile, Shaffrass had tracked him to Bagdad, and renewed negotiations, only to hear that the treasure had passed to the Jew, whose house the soldier pointed out.

Shaffrass now approached the Jew, in the hopes of repurchasing the diamond for which he offered twice the amount paid. The Jew would not part, so Shaffrass, with his two brothers who had joined him, conspired to murder him and carry off the treasure. They effected their purpose and then killed the Afghan soldier, who might have proved an inconvenient witness, by poisoning him at a drinking bout. The Jew and the Afghan were put into a sack, tied back to back, and drowned in the Tigris. The brothers now quarrelled over the spoil. A single precious stone could not be divided into three equal parts without loss of value, if at all, and Shaffrass simplified the matter by treating his brothers in the same way. He murdered both and dropped them into the Tigris. After that he set out to dispose of his treasure, and travelled *via* Constantinople, through Hungary, to Holland, where he set up as a dealer in precious stones.

One method of doing business was to draw the attention

of great people to his wares, and he sent descriptions of his finest jewels to various crowned heads in Europe. Catherine II., being much taken with his account of the "Moon of Mountains," invited him to St. Petersburg. Here he was handed over to the court jeweller, who offered him after much negotiation an annuity of 10,000 roubles and a patent of nobility for the stone. Shaffrass wanted 600,000 roubles cash down, which was deemed exorbitant, and now Count Panin, Catherine's favourite minister, took up the negotiations. He decided to neither accept nor refuse the demand, but left Shaffrass to live on in an expensive style until he became heavily indebted. Then, when Shaffrass wished to leave the country, he was told that he must first pay his creditors. Count Panin thought that he must now sacrifice his great diamond, but Shaffrass raised enough money by the sale of some smaller stones, paid his debts, and managed to escape from St. Petersburg. He made his way eastward, and was seen no more for ten years, until he turned up at Astrakan, on the Caspian Sea. He had married and settled there, being unable to return to Bagdad, for his crimes had been discovered. The Russian Government now reopened negotiations for the great diamond, and it was bought from him at something near his original price. Shaffrass did not long survive the sale; fate overtook him in the shape of poison administered by one of his sons-in-law.

MODERN ROBBERIES OF JEWELS.

The modern jewel robber is a very daring thief. He carries the war straight into the enemy's country, and boldly attacks the strongest entrenchment when the spoil within is really worth the attempt. Few dwellings are safe against the really resolute burglar working with patient skill and using scientific appliances. If he is deterred it is by the known vigilance of the police and his consequent fear of interruption and probable capture. The slow preparation of every great *coup* has been already mentioned, and the cunning with which authentic news of likely enterprises is sought out beforehand. There was a famous Yankee burglar, known as "Long John

Gendy," who studied his morning papers with an eye to business, and when he read of any great wedding, marked down the spot so that he might make a sweep of the presents. Another was in the habit of hanging about the hall-door with its striped awning that spoke of some ball or reception within. He watched the guests closely, and whenever he observed any lady wearing fine brilliants, he followed her to her home, carefully noted the address, and ascertained whether the jewels remained there or were removed to a bank or safe deposit. If the former, he took an early opportunity of making a midnight call. The tricks and devices of the clever burglar to gain information are very various: ingenious disguises are adopted to win admission. It is well to know for certain that the man who comes to tune the piano or wind the clock is, *bonâ fide*, what he pretends to be, for of course he will play his part perfectly, and is a master of his assumed business. The plumber, glazier, or carpenter who arrives with his bag of tools is not necessarily an honest British workman, and householders should be especially suspicious of the merchant for old bottles or the tout who runs behind a cab to carry the portmanteaus upstairs.

Rare qualities are needed in the leading spirit who plans an attack upon the jewel shop and diamond store. These jobs are generally the work of a small party of three or four under some acknowledged chief, a man of high intelligence, fertile in expedient, quick to observe and plan. He must be patient, industrious, skilful in the use of tools and mechanical contrivances. Many of these high-class burglars devise their own instruments and superintend their manufacture if they have not sufficient technical knowledge to execute their own designs; when time is ripe the blow is struck with an admixture of nerve, mother wit, and physical strength. The ready adaptation of means to the end in view has been remarkable in some of the most successful *coups*.

GREAT JEWEL ROBBERY IN CORNHILL.

There was nothing much smarter than the robbery of Messrs. Walker's, the well-known jewellery premises in

Cornhill, in 1865, when goods to the value of £6,000 were abstracted. The criminal heroes of this exploit were a certain Caisley (otherwise "Velvet Ned"), Scottie Brown, Brewerton, and Jeffrey. It was a case that created some excitement at the time, because Mr. Walker brought an action against the patentees of the safe. They had certified that it must take at least eleven hours and a half to break it open, a statement altogether ridiculed by "Velvet Ned," who, when in custody, declared he had opened it—and could any other—in less than a couple of hours. Caisley was the "approver," who turned Queen's evidence and gave the judge full information of how the job was done. As it needed much hammering and wedging, and there was a policeman on the beat close by, it was necessary to watch for his approach to knock off work. Caisley was on the roof, and as he heard the footsteps of the policeman he rang a bell which communicated with the room in which the safe was.

The whole robbery had been most elaborately planned; a large gang of men were engaged upon it, and spies had been employed for no less than seven weeks in gaining information. Mr. Walker, his family, and assistants had been placed under the most constant surveillance night and day, until every fact of his habits and ways of doing business, his comings and goings, and those of his servants and *employés* were thoroughly known. The house stood at the corner of Sun Court and Cornhill; the upper part, let out as offices, was approached by a side door, secured at night by strong patent locks. No person slept on the premises, and the only true precaution against robbery was therefore absent. The ground floor of the house with the shop front was occupied by two firms, one the Mr. Walker who was to be victimised, the other Messrs. Mitchell and Harris, tailors, who also used the whole basement, extending under both shops, as their work and cutting-rooms. The front door served for the tailors; the side door in Sun Court gave access to Mr. Walker's shop which was entered from the back. His frontage was closed after hours by iron shutters, in which holes had been perforated so that the police might look through from time to

time, and, as a gaslight burnt constantly, satisfy themselves that all was well. Other shutters guarded the Sun Court side with the same perforation, and by a cunning adjustment of mirrors inside, the iron safe and chief receptacle was reflected everywhere.

All was to no purpose. The Monday morning when Mr. Walker's assistant arrived on the premises he was surprised that the side door in Sun Court was not properly secured. The back door into the shop was, however, intact, and he entered with no great misgiving, only to find that his employer had been subjected to grievous loss. The safe had been forced, and a large quantity of the most valuable stock-in-trade, which had been lodged therein for security, as usual on Saturday afternoons, had disappeared. The thieves had carried off a rich collection of chronometers, gold watches, diamond rings, studs, links, bracelets, earrings, and so forth, to the amount of £6,000, while the cash-box, containing a large sum in gold, with a number of valuable securities, had also been removed.

The superintendent of the City detective police was soon on the spot, and he had no difficulty in tracing the course of the robbery. It had no doubt been begun on the Saturday afternoon, when the house was empty and everyone was gone. They gained admission by the side door and went straight upstairs to where Sir C. Crossley's office was, on the first floor just above the tailors, Mitchell and Harris. The thieves meant to break through the floor here, and not immediately above the jeweller's, their idea being that in working directly over the counter and glass cases there was a risk of mortar and plaster falling and creating damage, or, worse, noise. This might have caused passers-by to look through the apertures of the shutters, and the presence of the thieves might have been detected. They had therefore cut an opening in Sir C. Crossley's floor, sufficiently large for a man to pass down into the tailor's shop below. This accomplished, they dropped a rope ladder, which was made fast to a pair of tongs placed across the opening, and safely descended to the ground floor.

Their next move was to cut through the partition between

the tailor's and Mr. Walker's, but now they failed signally The wall had an iron lining which defied all their efforts There was no alternative but to climb up again to the room above, go downstairs, and try another approach upward from the basement underneath. They now entered Messrs Mitchell's cutting-rooms, which occupied the whole space beneath the two shops, and, fixing upon that part of the ceiling which was directly under Walker's safe-room, they set to work to cut through. In order to reach the ceiling they placed a tailor's board on two chairs, and, thus raised, could easily reach the ceiling. When the aperture was made they climbed through, and were now at liberty to attack the safe. As has been already said, one of their number—indeed, the chief, Caisley—had been posted on the roof to give the necessary warning when the constables of the beat approached the spot. In the intervals the safe-robbers worked on securely. The safe had been burst open with great violence, demanding the full strength of several men. The first act was to insert a thin wedge of steel into the almost imperceptible opening between the door and the side of the safe. A small steel bar was then used to relieve the first wedge, and a second larger wedge was inserted; this, again, was released by a bar and wedge till about a dozen had been used and the opening effected was large enough to admit the "alderman," the cant name for a particularly large iron crow-bar five feet long. Against the tremendous leverage thus obtained the safe door had no sort of chance, and it soon gave way.

After the safe had been rifled the thieves returned up-stairs to Sir Charles Crossley's office, where they washed their hands, and, having made up their bundles, cleared out by the side door into Sun Court. But before leaving this office they broke into Sir Charles Crossley's safe and carried off his cash-box, with a number of valuable documents. The whole operation was completed about four o'clock on the Sunday afternoon, and the thieves were well on the road to Guildford by dark. They did not long enjoy their freedom. In less than three weeks' time the police had got upon the

rack of two of them, who were taken on the 24th of ebruary in a house in the Whitechapel Road; these were effrey and Brewerton. Their wives were with them, and hen the police arrived Jeffrey was seen to pass something to rs. Brewerton, who quickly ran upstairs and locked herself n. The police followed, broke open the door, and found her n the act of secreting a quantity of jewellery. She was ecured and searched, when three substantial parcels conaining gold chains and other articles of jewellery were found n her pocket: some £1,400 worth was thus secured. The rrests made by the police were nine in all, and during the agisterial inquiry it came out that much of the stolen roperty had been thrown into the Thames. A point in the iver near the Blackfriars Bridge was indicated as a spot here some of the plunder might be found. A diver was ent down, who eventually brought up a number of gold atches which were identified by Mr. Walker as his property.

SIMILAR ROBBERY IN MANCHESTER.

On the very same date and in much the same way a anchester jeweller's shop in Market Street was robbed; it as broken into from the saloon of a hairdresser's above, by utting a hole in the floor and dropping through. The eiling of the jeweller's shop was lined with iron plates, but he thieves succeeded in detaching one of these and so made ood the opening. The hairdresser's towels had been cut nto strips to form ropes, by which the thieves were lowered nd then raised with their plunder. They had stolen the ntire stock-in-trade; had cleared out the show-cases, cupoards, and every receptacle containing jewels. The safe had een forced by using diamond drills to bore holes in the door, hich was then forced open by an immense crowbar. The ictim in this case was a Mr. Howard, who, strange to say, ad been already robbed three times. On the last occasion, n 1858, the thieves had entered in broad daylight, had first arrotted Mr. Howard's daughter, and then had carried off everal thousand pounds' worth of jewellery while she lay nsensible upon the floor.

Just about 1865 the jewel robbers were particularly active in Manchester. Two other shops were attacked in the same circuitous fashion, but although the burglars had broken through several floors they were unable to gain admission to the repository of the valuables they were after. An ingenious robbery was effected in the Edgeware Road by some expert burglars, who having drilled through the shutters and taken out a piece large enough to give access to the plate glass, had also cut through that and then made play with a long hook inside, detaching a number of gold chains, trinkets, and so forth, from the pegs on which they hung.

Cases of this kind might be multiplied almost indefinitely, and they are occurring every day, a recent example being the robbery of the premises of the Parisian Diamond Company, successfully accomplished in 1898. One or two others may, however, be mentioned as presenting features of special interest, such as the extensive robbery committed between a Saturday evening and Sunday morning in March, 1876, at the premises of Messrs. Williams and Sons, manufacturing jewellers, of Hatton Garden. The value of the property stolen amounted to £20,000, and consisted of 200 carats of fine brilliants and a large quantity of jewellery. The rooms from which the jewellery was stolen are on the ground floor, and at night the shutters were left open in order to enable the policeman to see the interior. From this it is supposed that the robbery was effected before nightfall. The principal partner in the firm in going to the premises on Sunday afternoon, found that some jewel-cases lying on the table had been rifled of their contents. This led him to examine the safes, and he discovered the loss. The robbery must have been carried out by using false keys, as no marks of violence were to be found either on the doors or on the safes, and Mr. Williams's keys had not been out of his possession since he was last on the premises. How the thieves contrived to obtain the necessary wax moulds for making false keys was a mystery never explained. Much the same sort of robbery occurred at a jeweller's in Piccadilly. The premises were entered between Saturday night and Monday morning and the safe forced. The jewels stolen

included seventy pearl and gold bracelets, one hundred and twenty scarf pins, thirty gold brooches, thirty pairs of earrings, as many sets of links and studs. The thieves were, however, unable to open the drawers in the safe and so missed a large quantity of valuable diamonds.

The jeweller is fortunate who loses no more than his goods. When he resides at his place of business in the midst of his valuables he runs the risk of incurring the same terrible fate as M. Tétard, the jeweller, of Joigny, in France. He was an enterprising tradesman, noted especially for his "window-dressing." But one morning there was no fine show in his shop front. M. Tétard was also missing. His premises had been robbed during the night and he himself murdered, for by-and-by his mutilated remains were picked up in the River Yonne.

THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK'S DIAMONDS.

One of the most marked features in the eccentric character of the last Duke of Brunswick was his passion for precious stones. He long made Paris his principal home and resided in a quaint old mansion in the Beaujon quarter, a house with red walls, massive gateways, and innumerable bolts and bars. The duke, a worn-out voluptuary, a faded old beau, who on the rare occasions when he showed in public came out painted, made up, and bewigged, lived here quite secluded among his treasures, which he kept in an enormous iron safe. These jewels were valued at £600,000, a splendid collection, accumulated at great cost and carried off by him when he fled from his principality. They served no purpose but to gratify his greedy passion for possession. Except when he took them out to gloat over them, these priceless gems never saw the light. He took enormous care of them. They were lodged in an inner apartment, to reach which it was necessary to pass through the duke's study and bedroom. Electric wires communicating with many bells guarded the safe to give warning of the approach of any unauthorised person; other bells were attached to the triggers of revolvers that were fired off automatically at the intruder. It was his craze,

not altogether unfounded, that the thieves were always aiming at him. He thought that all the world wanted to rob him. At his particular request two police officers watched constantly over him, seldom letting him out of their sight and keeping a careful eye upon his treasure-house, the ever-coveted object of hundreds of evil-doers. The fact that the Duke of Brunswick's hotel was full of rich booty was known to every depredator in Europe, and a thousand plans were devised to break in and rifle it. At last England carried off the questionable credit of overcoming all obstacles and acquiring the duke's diamonds.

In 1863 the duke had an English valet, a very confidential personage named Shaw, a native of Newcastle-on-Tyne. He had got the place in the ordinary way through a registry office, supported by first-class references, all forged; he proved himself to be a very excellent servant, quiet, attentive, much liked by both his master and his fellows. He was really the agent and confederate of a gang of thieves who had especially selected him for the job they had in view. It was his business to become familiar with the safe and its surroundings, taking the first opportunity to relieve it of its contents when he could without danger to himself. The safe stood in a receptacle behind an iron door in the wall at the head of the duke's bed; a silk curtain hung in front of this door which was also secured with especial locks. These might be picked some day, but in behind was the precious safe with its alarm bells and automatic batteries of firearms. There was infinite danger in interfering with these. Only the practised hand of someone in the secret of the machinery would dare to risk it. Shaw was patient and bided his time.

One day (December 17th, 1863) the duke sent for a working jeweller he employed, meaning to have certain changes made in the setting of some of his stones. In anticipation he opened the inner safe and, contrary to his custom, left it open. This did not escape Shaw, who was in attendance, but he hoped little from it until he saw his royal master, wearied of waiting for the jeweller, go out without relocking

his safe. The duke was satisfied to secure the external door at the head of the bed.

This was Shaw's opportunity. He had a pick-lock and soon used it with good effect on this the first obstacle. There was no second or inner defence, and the safe door being ajar the machinery did not work. He was, in fact, master of the situation and with all haste made the most of it. The duke's treasures lay at his mercy, jewel-cases, diamond stars, bags of gold. He soon filled his pockets and hurried out, being careful to close the outer door and pull the curtain across, hoping that the abstraction might not be immediately observed. Having packed a small valise with a few effects, he told a fellow servant to take up his service with the duke on the ground that he was unwell, and then slipped out of the house.

The theft was, however, quickly discovered, and the French police were put on the alert. Shaw had already "given himself away" by addressing an anonymous letter to a royal personage in London, in which the writer offered to restore certain jewels wrongfully detained by the Duke of Brunswick to their rightful owners, the English royal family, on receiving a reward of 100,000 francs. This letter had been at once handed over to the authorities in Scotland Yard, who passed it on to Paris. A postscript was added to the letter stating that the writer would meet any messenger sent with the money at Boulogne. Acting at once on this clue, the French detectives hastened to Boulogne, and visiting every hotel soon found a young man answering the description, who was arrested and taken back to Paris. The diamonds were found in his possession. This Shaw, a tall, very thin young man, with a pale intelligent face, and very bold, prominent eyes, was soon recognised by the police as a professional thief of English extraction, who had worked much abroad and was indeed a cosmopolitan rogue, having committed many great robberies in the capitals of Europe, and generally by the same means. He was sentenced to twenty years' *travaux forcés*, although the Duke of Brunswick, dreading the publicity of the assize court, would not appear to prosecute.

TRICKS OF THE JEWEL THIEVES.

Jewel owners of every category, whether private persons or public traders, have always been liable to pillage and in many more ways than those already described. Jewel robberies have been continually effected by thieves adroit, expert, and often unblushingly open in their operations. Every London jeweller has, so to speak, to defend his stock at the point of the sword; he is liable to daily attack. The thief sometimes comes in disguised as a lady of rank, sometimes as a fashionable lounger of gentlemanly address, prepared to give large orders and quick to secretly annex some portion of the goods displayed; sometimes a commoner thief seizes his opportunity and slips in to pick up some unremembered trifle. A jeweller once told me of the clever way in which he had lost a valuable chain. His assistant was packing it for despatch to a customer when a lady came in and asked for her watch which had been left for repair. The jeweller sent the assistant off in a hurry to fetch it from the workroom, and the clerk went, leaving the chain upon the counter. The jeweller himself did not see it was there; but a thief who was watching outside—and thieves are constantly on the watch at jewellers' windows—came in and quietly seated himself at the counter. Meanwhile the jeweller was busy with another customer, to whom he was showing a number of rings; when this was done he swept them into a drawer, for he saw the thief sitting there and recognised him. "Well, what do you want?" he asked; and on receiving some commonplace excuse, he ordered the fellow to take himself off. When the assistant returned with the watch and that business was disposed of, he asked his employer what he had done with the gold chain. There was no gold chain, of course. The thief had it in his pocket, and was already far beyond capture. Since then the jeweller hangs thick curtains between his counter and the shop front.

Jewellers find their advantage in decorating their shops with many mirrors. They can thus tell at a glance from where they stand what is going on around, while the evilly

disposed are unconsciously betrayed, falling into a trap, especially the commoner class of snatcher, who sneaks in to pounce on what he can find and then runs for it. To guard against this many jewellers have a secret spring at hand under the counter which communicates with the front door and shuts it securely and at once. A jeweller of my acquaintance is given to amusing himself at the expense of a would-be thief. I noticed one day on his counter a very valuable diamond lying exposed and seemingly at the mercy of a dishonest visitor. When I expostulated with him he begged me to try and remove it; this was impossible, I found, for the stone was really underneath the glass. My friend told me that he had seen innumerable attempts to steal this stone: the number of pocket-handkerchiefs that were dropped on it, quite by accident, by persons altogether above suspicion was extraordinary.

Jewellers are, however, sometimes taken in when they imprudently expose their goods for selection by some engaging customer. There is a whole class who work in this way. They ask to see some diamonds—not the biggest or most valuable, but stones of good water to surround a pin or brooch, the design or drawing for which he has brought with him on a card. A parcel of stones is brought and displayed upon the counter before the would-be buyer, who, after turning them over, casually deposits the card sketch on the top of the parcel. There are a few fine points of fresh gum underneath, which take up one or more of the precious stones. Considerable dexterity is, of course, required for this operation, which necessarily fails if the jeweller counts the stones before the making-up of the parcel, but if a sufficiently good order is given he may be thrown off his guard. Another similar class of thieving has the picturesque title in French of the "gentleman who swallows raw." This ingenious person when looking at the loose stones is afflicted with a terrible cough, and every time he puts up his handkerchief in a paroxysm of coughing he swallows several stones. One of these was known to have concealed a stone worth several hundred pounds. A clever trick upon jewellers has

been played by the clever thief who purchases a valuable gem and asks that an assistant may accompany him home to receive the money. They ring at the door; when it is opened the purchaser very civilly waves the assistant forward, and when he enters with many apologies the other bangs the door to and leaves him inside. Yet one more: the dodge of the lady beautifully dressed, who desires to see a number of rings and who is making her choice when an impudent mendicant forces his way into the shop and begs for a copper. The jeweller is for driving him away with strong language, but the lady interposes piteously and presents the beggar with a shilling from her purse; the gift is accompanied by a couple of rings which she has already stolen, and of which she knows nothing if the loss is discovered before she leaves the shop. A very daring robbery is effected from a jeweller by an ingenious lady who calls to pay a small account which has been contracted on purpose to carry out this theft. While she has her purse in her hand a gentleman rushes in, and calling her by her Christian name, angrily reminds her that he has forbidden her to buy any more jewellery, and, snatching her purse out of her hands, makes off. She cries "thief!" and the whole establishment give chase, while she falls fainting on the floor. Of course, the pursuit is fruitless, and in the meantime the lady has recovered from her indisposition and carried off some particularly valuable piece of jewellery.

The jewellers are not the only victims, however. It has happened before now that their customers have suffered grievous loss at their very doors. In 1885 a lady left her carriage in Oxford Street to enter a shop, and during her absence a quantity of jewellery, to the value of £15,000, which, with strange carelessness, she had left behind her, was abstracted from the carriage.

A jeweller's worst enemies are often his own *employés*. In 1878 a youth employed by a Paris jeweller carried off a large quantity of his master's stock. This lad, by name Émile Lerona, feigned indisposition within a few days of his engagement, and appeared so ill that his master made up a

bed for him at the back of his business premises. When the rest of the family were asleep, the lad got into the shop, packed up a quantity of valuables, and decamped before daylight.

The police, who were informed the next day, instituted a strict search, but could not trace the thief. The whole story was told in the French papers, and, in particular, the *Petit Journal*, about the *faux malade*. A few days later, a French waiter in London, at a hotel in Golden Square, took up this copy of the *Petit Journal* and read the article, he was struck by the coincidence that there was at that moment a young man staying at the hotel who wore a great deal of jewellery, and who was living at a very fast rate. A message was sent down to Scotland Yard, and a detective at once shadowed the youth. The French police were communicated with, and a special agent, accompanied by the jeweller, came over to London and immediately identified the thief. The robbery had been very extensive, and, although the thief had disposed of a portion of the plunder, to meet his current expenses, a very large quantity of jewellery was found in his possession: no less than sixty-seven rings, seventeen bracelets, thirteen pairs of sleeve-links, seven gold watches, twelve gold crosses, seven necklets, seven chains, a string of pearls, and many other precious stones.

Tradesmen have been often victimised by artfully planned tricks; some of these have been already mentioned in the case of Emily Lawrence and Miss Constance Browne. Then there was the Tarpey case, when a large quantity of jewellery was stolen from an assistant to Messrs. London and Rider. The man was sent with goods selected by a lady who lived in Upper Berkeley Street, Portman Square. When the man reached the house he was invited into the drawing-room, and chloroformed; while he was insensible the thieves decamped with the jewels. They were traced to Leamington by a clever detective, who found Mrs. Tarpey living alone, as her husband was on the Continent, in Belgium, endeavouring to dispose of the stolen goods. The police officer proceeded to ingratiate himself with Mrs. Tarpey, to whom he paid

devoted attention, and he eventually wormed out of her the secret of the robbery; it was very much the case of Degrais and the Marchioness of Brinvillier; suddenly the officer threw off the mask and arrested the confiding lady. There was a certain similarity in the case of the lady's maid who personated her mistress, and had jewellery sent home in considerable quantities to Connaught Place. The same jewellers, Messrs. London and Rider, and the Messrs. Hancock had no hesitation in supplying these goods, as the maid's mistress, Miss Domville, had constantly dealt with them. It was the rule of the jewellers' assistants to send the goods up, on approbation, by the maid, and on various occasions she managed to purloin a portion. At last, so many jewels were missed that suspicion fell upon her, and when her room was searched, a number of the missing articles were found. She had jewellery in her possession, obtained by this flagitious means, to the value of £1,500, and had, no doubt, disposed of more on previous occasions, for her relations were jewellers, and she was "keeping company" with a jeweller's assistant. Her thefts, however, were not limited to jewels, a number of other articles were found in her trunk, no less than two hundred pairs of gloves, and a good deal of money in cash and bank-notes.

Jewels in transit are naturally exposed to the depredators. In December, 1874, and again in January, 1875, two very considerable robberies were effected at the same railway station, Paddington. In the first the Countess of Dudley was robbed of her jewel-case, containing ornaments and so forth, to the value of upwards of £20,000. Lord and Lady Dudley arrived at the station in their brougham at 6.20 p.m., and were followed by a cab, in which were the lady's maid and another female servant in charge of her ladyship's jewel-case. One of the women, who had the box in her hand, deposited it for one moment on the pavement, as she turned to help her companion out of the cab; when she looked round the jewel-case was gone. A search was at once instituted by the servants, assisted by some of the railway officials, but just at this moment the Prince

of Wales arrived, on his way to Windsor, and went off by special train. The Prince's presence in the station monopolised the chief officials, and insufficient attention was paid to the robbery. Lord and Lady Dudley proceeded on their journey, but on arriving at Reading, the former alighted, and informing the station-master of what had occurred, insisted that every compartment in the train should be searched. He had still some hope that the case might have been put into another carriage by some porter who had found it on the platform, but the jewel-case was too well stolen, and, although Lord Dudley returned at once to London, accompanied by the lady's maid, all trace of the missing valuables was gone. Lord Dudley drove at once to his jewellers, Hunt and Roskell, and detectives were summoned from Scotland Yard; the police advised the preparation of a detailed list of the articles stolen, to be circulated among the leading metropolitan and provincial pawnbrokers, but they held out no hope that the lost jewels would be recovered. The job had no doubt been carefully planned, probably months in advance; it was possible that the thieves had been following every movement of the owners for several months, watching their opportunity of committing the theft. No suspicion of collusion appears to have been entertained, although, on the face of it, the case had all the appearance of being "put up." The jewels were never recovered; in all such cases no time is lost in removing the stones from their setting, melting down the latter and altering the appearance of the former for disposal, generally abroad. Strange to say, a second robbery, of identically the same kind, occurred within a month at the same station. The Russian ambassador, Baron Bulow, drove to Paddington station on his way to Whitley Court, on a visit to Lord and Lady Dudley. A number of distinguished persons were at the station bound for the same house, among them the Duke of Edinburgh, and there was the bustle on the platform usual when royalties are present. At some time or other the Ambassador's dressing-case was abstracted from the rest of his luggage and carried off.

Hatton Garden is the centre of the diamond trade in London, and the district post-office is constantly used by the local diamond merchants in transmitting their precious stones abroad. Registered parcels valued at high figures are received daily, till five p.m., when it is the rule to make them up in a special bag to be forwarded to the General Post Office at St. Martin's-le-Grand. That all these facts are perfectly well known to the thieves is proved by the numerous robberies that have been attempted at this office. None was more daring or more remunerative to its perpetrators than that of November 8th, 1881. It was planned with great judgment by persons who had full knowledge of the geography and customs of the office, while there must have been one confederate at least to give timely assistance at the supreme moment. This was after dark on a dark winter's night, when the bags of valuables were ready for removal. Someone then turned the gas off at the meter, and in the sudden confusion that followed, the thieves, who evidently knew their way about, entered by a side door and made straight for the bags, which hung upon their hooks as they had been completed by the packers. The thieves not only secured their booty, but they got away with it. A light cart or vehicle was in waiting at the door, and when the thieves came out they loaded up the bags and drove rapidly away.

Now a light was struck and a survey made of the loss incurred. The stolen bags contained diamonds, cut and uncut, worth £30,000. It was at first thought that the thieves had climbed over the counter to get at the bags, but a brass rail with netting would have prevented it, and a closer inspection showed that they had passed through the side door, which gave access behind the counter, and was that used by the letter carriers going in and out with the bags. The strangest part of this mysterious robbery, which was never brought home to the thieves, was that no one saw the carrying off of the bags, which were too bulky for a single man, nor had the cart waiting at the door been observed. Several arrests were made abroad by the Continental police, but the real criminals were never discovered.

I. D. B., OR ILLICIT DIAMOND BUYING.

The increased output of the precious stones, especially of diamonds, from the many new fields discovered in these latter days, has most strangely developed the crime of jewel robbery I have already remarked that booty that has a high intrinsic value and is yet so small in bulk, so portable, and so easily secreted, possesses the highest attractions to a thief. Hence in the diamond mines of all countries and in all times the depredations of dishonest workers have been incessant, and have defied all checks and safeguards. In the Golconda diamond mines, in the Brazilian, and now at this present day in the South African fields, the strictest and most searching measures have been powerless to prevent continual thefts. Sometimes quite half the diamonds found have been stolen, spirited away, and disposed of with a cleverness that seems almost superhuman. In the Brazils a slave at work was never permitted to remain long in any one part of the washing trough. The possibility of hiding a stone for subsequent removal was thus prevented, and by obliging the labourer to hold it up on high between finger and thumb when found, it was thought that no discovery could pass unnoticed. But thousands of stones were smuggled away.

Nowadays the workmen in South Africa, before they enter the claims, are stripped at the searching-house and obliged to put on a special dress in which there are no pockets. At the end of the day they are minutely searched before leaving the claims by the overseers, and again by the special search officers. They are stripped naked and ordered to jump over bars, so that any loose stone may drop from them; their hair, mouths, ears, nostrils, and so forth, are closely inspected, all to no purpose. Very few stolen diamonds have been brought to light in the searching houses, and yet they come through—fewer, perhaps, than in the early days, but still in great quantities—bearing witness to the extraordinary ingenuity of the thief, the native thief, in concealing his plunder.

Sometimes in a deep working, at a preconcerted signal, a

cry would be raised that the reef was falling, and everyone would jump clear. The overseer, startled, would look away from his charges, and one of the natives would pick up deftly a new stone he had just unearthed and conceal it until he could carry it away. Not seldom the stone was stuffed with the tobacco in the bottom of a pipe which the thief was smoking as he quietly walked off. Before now the place of concealment was in among the long hair of a goat browsing near the spot where the rich blue clay was deposited to be sifted on its table.

"If there were no receivers, there would be no thieves," said a great judge, and the robbery of rough diamonds in South Africa was greatly stimulated by the facilities for their disposal to the illicit diamond buyers, the "I. D. B.," who is in plain English a receiver of stolen goods of the most criminal kind. He came into existence soon after the opening of the diamond fields, and was the development of the "kopje walloper," a keen, cute trader from the purlieus of Houndsditch. or what answers to the Ghetto, or the Judenstrasse, who hung about the claims ready to buy diamonds for cash as soon as they were found. He carried a courier bag well stuffed with notes and gold, and by paying money down secured excellent bargains. His convenient help was invaluable to the thief from the sorting table, and his evil influence, no doubt, encouraged the native workers to abstract stones in the claims. Many methods were practised to seduce the simple blacks and turn them into accomplished thieves. Numbers of grog-shops and eating-houses were opened for the native customers, and to give cover for the underhand transactions that soon followed. In the former drink was sold on forged orders, for without an authority from the master or employer no native might buy liquor. In the latter, clever touts were engaged whose business it was to ingratiate themselves with the clients, sit at table with them and hear all about them. The tout was a native with the gift of tongues, a man who could talk Zulu, Basuto, Shangaan, and was fluent in the language of every native who came his way. After some preliminary questioning as to the claim in which

he worked, what it turned out, the character of his master and the overseers, the visitor was asked if he had anything to sell.

The next stage was an interview with the proprietor in a back room, where the "goniva," the stolen diamond, was produced, and the trade commenced. Now and again the buyer was taken in, and the seller was a "trap" or disguised agent of the police, who was bold enough to venture into the jackals' den so as to give evidence against the receiver. In such cases discovery was followed by cruel punishment, and the eating-house resounded with the screams of the poor creature who was being beaten—indeed, tortured—and had no redress.

The extent to which illicit buying went on is seen in the fact that one dealer had as many as sixty natives in his pay, all "planted" on various claims and workings, for the set purpose of stealing stones and carrying them to him. As a general rule, however, the dealer did not buy direct. When the system of licensing buyers was introduced, the "I. D. B." was more wary and did not appear in person. The Kaffir or native thief sold his plunder to a native tout, whom he preferred because he paid in good gold, whereas the white buyers played many dirty tricks with flash notes and spurious Hanoverian coins. The native tout passed his purchase on to a white man, the agent, avowed or not, of the licensed buyer, who, in any case, asked no questions. The traffic flourished unchecked by the light penalties of earlier legislation and produced enormous profits. More than £30,000 was cleared in a few years by unscrupulous individuals, who then turned honest and rose to high place. Many seemingly most respectable persons owed the foundation of their fortune to the gains thus dishonestly acquired.

The most serious blow aimed at the "I. D. B." was the famous ordinance—the Diamond Trade Act—of 1882, which made it criminal to possess a diamond, rough or uncut, without being able to account for it and prove its lawful acquisition. At the same time extensive powers of search were given to police officers, who were permitted to

enter any house and search any person if they had reason to suspect the presence or possession of diamonds. If stones were found, the *onus probandi* rested on those who had them, and, if no good excuse was advanced, the penalty was arrest, with the chance of fifteen years' imprisonment. The police might also stop parcels in the post if supposed to contain diamonds, and, if diamonds were found, they might call upon the person to whom a parcel was addressed for an explanation, with the same unpleasant consequences if it was unsatisfactory. In future only those licensed might import or export diamonds, and on every stone sent out of the country registration was compulsory, with a fee of one-half per cent. of its value.

Great activity followed the promulgation of this law, and much good was done, but at considerable outlay. In the first twenty-seven months the registration fees amounted to £33,000; the salaries of the detectives to hunt up cases and enforce the law was nearly £25,000, and the searching department cost £39,500. As against this, some £30,000 worth of diamonds were captured in the same period. The police sometimes incurred great odium from the energy of their pursuit. Once they overhauled a coach at an inn on the road not five miles from Kimberley, and closely examined both passengers and baggage. Among the first were two bishops and a member of the Cape Legislative Council, and the high-handed proceeding could not be defended. The interference with the passenger traffic led to nothing, as the illicit goods were diverted to another road, and, instead of travelling down to the old colony, the diamonds were run to Christiana in the Transvaal to be shipped at Natal.

The "I. D. B.'s" established depôts just over the frontier line, and ran their goods across in spite of the vigilance of the police, who, mounted, patrolled every road and searched every suspected traveller. Yet great quantities got through. All sorts of dodges were successfully tried. Kaffirs were sent as "runners" in the night-time. By day, well-horsed riders, known as "troopers," faced the risks at a gallop, carrying diamonds wrapped in leads that they might be dropped anywhere in the long grass if pursuit became too hot.

Horses were made to swallow diamonds embedded in balls of meal; dogs, too, were given great lumps of meat which they bolted whole, with the diamond inside. The poor brutes were afterwards killed and cut open to recover the precious stone. The tails of oxen and the wings of fowls were converted into receptacles, and carrier pigeons often travelled long distances weighted with diamonds. One man, who was a very adroit and original thief, invented several methods of concealment He had the heels of his boots hollowed out, and filled the space with rough diamonds; the handles of his trunks were made to remove, leaving behind them small holes, the existence of which was never suspected. The diamonds occupied little room, and stones to a large amount could be easily packed away. They were sometimes secreted in the centre of a book, which had been bored out to form a receptacle, the book being then despatched by post.

Persons employed in this illicit trade were obliged to have their wits about them. One day the police suddenly called upon a man long suspected of being concerned in it. He was out, himself, but his wife was there, seated at a table, her work-bag in front of her, and inside it a very valuable diamond. She was on the point of removing it to some safer place, but the police desired her to remain seated, while they made their search. Then she asked leave to send for some refreshment from a neighbouring canteen, and where, as she knew, her husband was found. No objection was made, and she scribbled a few lines, entrusting the note and the bag to one of her children, who was allowed to leave the house. The note ran: "Send over some stout. Keep the bag till we meet." The husband opened the bag, found the stone, and, guessing something was wrong, made away with it. Meanwhile the police hunted high and low, searched everything, even the sugar-basin, the mustard-pot, and the pomatum-box, but they drew blank and went off. This astute lady and her husband realised a fine fortune at the "I. D. B." business, and were last heard of in the colony as people of means.

Two ladies in Kimberley—one of them the wife of a very successful "I. D. B."—were lunching at a Kimberley hotel,

and in the act of looking over a parcel of fine diamonds when the police were unexpectedly announced, and detection seemed inevitable. But the landlady, who was present, and had been permitted a sight of the treasures, suddenly whisked off the tablecloth and adroitly removed the diamonds. The police were accompanied by a female searcher, and soon subjected the ladies to a very minute perquisition. Nothing was found upon them, and the baffled police presently withdrew. Then the ladies rang the bell, and begged the landlady to hand over the diamonds. "What diamonds?" asked the other. "I know nothing about any diamonds. In the tablecloth? Not at all. There were only bread-crumbs, I assure you." Of course she had the best of it, for the real owners were not the lawful ones, and they could not run the risk of an appeal to the police. Some months later the landlady's husband decided to pay a visit to Europe. For reasons of his own he preferred the Transvaal route by Pretoria to Delagoa Bay, and his destination was Rotterdam. Soon after he landed he visited Amsterdam, and entrusted a number of valuable gems to the best diamond-cutters in that city. When they had been well cut he started again for Africa to dispose of his brilliants, which, having been polished and set, no longer came under the restrictions as illicit stones. But a heavy duty was imposed on all cut diamonds introduced into the country—30 per cent.—and he wished to evade this payment, although his stones had cost him little originally. He determined to smuggle them through at Cape Town, and gave them to a lady, who tried to conceal them on landing, but was detected. To save herself she betrayed the real owner, who lost the stones by confiscation, and was also obliged to pay a considerable fine.

The diamond trade has begotten another fraud, the substitution of false for true stones. Sham diamonds are imported into South Africa from Europe in large quantities of all shapes, sizes, and colours. Many, moreover, are manufactured on the spot, and the "I. D. B.," unless he is a fine judge, may often be misled into buying a spurious imitation for the real

thing, especially if the "snyde"—the cant term for a false diamond—is going cheap, and he thinks he is getting an advantage. He has no redress when he finds out his mistake. If he is a licensed buyer, he knows he has broken the law in buying from an unauthorised seller; if unlicensed, he is liable to heavy penalties for buying at all. One astute person did a fine stroke, however, with a false stone. He was a licensed buyer, and when approached by a Kaffir with a fine stone he cautiously accepted and paid for it. The moment the native had gone off with the money the dealer followed and gave him into custody. He charged him with trying to palm off on him a spurious diamond, which he produced. The wretched Kaffir protested, but was not believed. He was sentenced to imprisonment, while the clever rascal was left in the uninterrupted enjoyment of the real diamond, which he soon afterwards went home to sell.

THEFTS OF CURIOUS MEDALS AND ANCIENT COINS.

There are treasures little less valuable than precious stones which have constantly been the quarry of the artistic depredator. Articles of *vertu*, old coins and medals, have been swept up again and again, notwithstanding the difficulty of disposing of the plunder from its easy recognition.

On the 16th of November, 1851, the police of Paris were notified that during the preceding night the collection of medals had been stolen from the Bibliothèque Royale. This magnificent cabinet had been formed by Colbert under Louis XIV., for the Grande Monarque had inherited from his predecessors a great love for such curiosities. Francis I., the hero of the "field of the cloth of gold," was one of the most remarkable of these collectors. His fondness for personal decoration was seen in his practice of wearing ancient gold coins of rarity and value upon his costume. Colbert, to give effect to his royal master's taste, despatched agents throughout Europe to pick up fine specimens, and they obtained many in Switzerland, Italy, and Greece. This royal collection had been further enriched by the bequest of the Duc d'Orléans to the king in 1672 of all the rich contents of his

Château of Blois. The Louvre had been the home of these treasures until Bruneau, appointed keeper by Louis XIV. in 1666, was murdered and robbed in that palace, the object of the assassins being to secure the medals and coins, in which they failed. After that the collection was transferred to the Royal Library in the Rue Vivienne.

The police hastened to the spot, and they at once perceived that the thieves must have entered the building by a house adjoining the library. This house had on its fifth storey a small room opening on to the staircase, and only fastened with a latch. Through a skylight in this room they had reached to the roof, and thence by the lead gutters the second detached building of the library. Having gained this point, the thieves scrambled over the slates and broke the casement of another room situated under the roof, the door of which they opened with false keys, and so found themselves in the attics. By breaking open other doors they came out into the corridor and reached the Italian Gallery, which encircles the great hall of the library. Then they had only to descend a little back staircase to reach the great hall, which is on the first floor. The medal room lies to the north of this hall, and is separated from it by a strong oak door and a glass partition. In order to get the better of this substantial door the burglars had bored with a gimlet a number of holes, forming a circle six inches in diameter in one of the panels; then, with a saw, they had detached this piece of wood, and had been able to insert a hand and remove the bolts by which the door had been secured on the inside. Once inside the medal room, there only remained to force the glass door and the cases in which the medals were placed. The cabinet, with all its precious collections, is lighted by a large casement, which looks into the Rue Richelieu, and through this window, with the help of a cord, the robbers lowered their booty to their accomplices in the street, and then escaped as they had come.

The saw, the dark lantern, and the cord were found on the scene of the crime. After examining these things, the police were satisfied that only three men were capable of

such work — Fossard, condemned to imprisonment for life, and supposed to be in the Bagne at Brest, but who had escaped; Drouillet, a friend of Fossard, already condemned to twenty years' hard labour, but pardoned; and a certain Toupriant, who was then supposed to be in England. The reasons given by the officials for their opinion were the precision and exactness with which the holes had been drilled in the door, the straightness of the sawn parts, showing that the tools used had been carefully chosen, and then had been employed by a pair of well-skilled hands. The dark lantern also was almost a work of art, it was kept in such extraordinary polish and perfection. Instead of the usual tallow candle of the common thief, it was supplied with a wax candle. Only the highest class of professional burglars would have shown such care in the selection of their implements, or would be able to purchase such expensive outfits. Besides these considerations, these particular men had shown an exceptional amount of intelligence in surmounting so many obstacles and great audacity in the execution of their bold scheme.

A search was set on foot for the suspected parties, and that same day Étienne Fossard was arrested—an important capture enough, as he was a "lifer," who had no right to be at large. He was living tranquilly in Paris, when he was seen by Lacour, a retired officer of police, who was struck with his resemblance to a criminal who had formerly "passed through his hands." Guided by a sudden inspiration, Lacour followed Fossard, and, in passing a police station, had him arrested on suspicion. Fossard's embarrassed manner and his refusal to give his address caused him to be arrested. He was soon taken to the depôt of the Préfecture of police, and he was there recognised. The presence of this man in Paris changed the first suspicion of the police almost to certainty of his criminality. He was interrogated skilfully, but he denied everything, and though repeatedly questioned on the subject, his reply was always the same. He was offered a large reward as well as a commutation of punishment if he would give a clue to the hiding-place of the treasures, but all in vain. At last,

abandoning all hope in this quarter, the police sent Fossard back to the Bagne, with orders that all his doings should be strictly watched, thus to surprise from him, if possible, some unconscious indication which might be useful in the search for the stolen property. The prisoner waited several months at Bicêtre before leaving for Brest, and he appeared to be so poor that his companions on the chain made a collection to get him some clothes. A few days after news came that he had written two letters in thieves' language to two friends, asking them to send him 25,000 francs. In one of his letters he gave instructions about the way to execute a burglary in a church. The date he fixed for this attempt was two or three months later, and he promised to be there himself. However, after his late successful attempt, Fossard was too carefully watched to effect a second escape. At last, in June, 1852, the police learned that Fossard and the Drouillet already named had an intimate connection with a lady called La Vicomtesse de Nays, who, it was said, received annually from the thieves the sum of from 6,000 to 10,000 francs. Madame de Nays had come to the Préfecture several times to recommend numerous *protégés*, and she had talked familiarly of persons of high rank, as if she were very intimate with them. The vicomtesse seemed, from her conversation, to spend all her time in doing good works. She patronised honest but unfortunate families, and only asked employment for capable and trustworthy men. Her great and abounding charity led her to desire to carry consolation and help to the wretched individuals condemned by the law. This somewhat affected lady one day approached the préfet of police and begged him to dine at her house one day in the following week with M. Augustin Périer and others of his friends. The préfet, although he did not suspect anything wrong, refused, excusing himself on the ground of his many occupations. The next day the préfet met M. Augustin Périer, and spoke to him of the invitation, when, to his surprise, he was informed that she was quite unknown to M. Périer. Shortly after this little episode the préfet was informed that Madame de Nays was a friend of Fossard. Her movements were watched, and

soon it was discovered that she had taken a passport to Brest with her maid, who was no other than the wife of Drouhin, a worthy companion of Fossard and Drouillet. Madame de Nays departed for Brest, but an agent accompanied her.

That same day the police received information that a number of the medals had been melted down and made into ingots, and that one of these, worth 1,500 francs, had been given to the vicomtesse to defray her travelling expenses. At the same time it was ascertained that Drouillet was one of the authors of the theft, and that Fossard's brother, a watchmaker, possessed some of the medals. Both were arrested. Drouhin, also suspected to be a receiver, was taken as he was entering a carriage to go to Burgundy. In his trunk were found seventeen ingots made from the melted medals. It was proved that he got them from Fossard and Drouillet, but his complicity in the crime was not established, and he was acquitted. Fossard, the watchmaker, on being questioned, admitted that his brother and Drouillet were the authors of the crime, that half the things had been melted, and the rest thrown into the Seine. The river was dragged and this part was recovered. The ingots found at the lodgings of the watchmaker and Drouillet, added to those found on Drouhin and the one given to Madame de Nays, made a weight equal to half the objects stolen from the library. The medals found in the Seine made up the other half.

Madame de Nays was arrested and brought back to Paris, but although her correspondence proved her connection with this band, it could not be proved that she had anything to do with this crime, and was set at liberty. It was, however, made clear from the things found at her dwelling that she demanded payment from those for whom she found employment, as well as from those for whom she obtained commutation of punishment. Étienne Fossard was again condemned to imprisonment for life, Drouillet for twenty years, and the brother Fossard for ten years.

A very daring outrage, having ancient coins for its aim, was committed in September, 1850, when Mr. Cureton, one of the British Museum staff was attacked in his own lodgings in

Aldersgate Street. Three well-dressed gentlemen called on him, and were shown upstairs. After a short visit of a quarter of an hour, they again left, and nothing seemed wrong. But when the servant went to Mr. Cureton's room, he was found lying insensible on the floor, black in the face, and the blood streaming freely from a wound on his forehead. Seven hours elapsed before he regained consciousness. All that he remembered then was that his three visitors inquired very politely about a crown piece of William and Mary, and so induced him to produce his collection of coins. On this one of the men caught him by the throat, and another struck him a murderous blow on the head. After that, while he lay there on the ground, they ransacked the place and carried off some antiques worth several hundreds of pounds, with other valuables.

A curious robbery of ancient coins was perpetrated some ten years ago in Paris, when the premises of the celebrated numismatists, MM. Rollin and Feuardent, were entered during the night, and cleared out. Some £20,000 worth of ancient money, medals and gold and silver coins were stolen. The collection was unique, including several Greek and Roman coins of the utmost rarity, a complete set of Byzantine and a great number of old French coins. The thieves seemed to have got into the house before the doors were shut, and to have hidden somewhere under the staircase. During the night they must have crept upstairs to the first floor, opened the window on the landing by cutting out a pane, and, turning back the hasp, had entered the premises. The police were at fault, and in the first instance were disposed to suspect some of the clerks and *employés*, but none of their researches led to anything, and the matter might have rested there, had not one of the partners come to the aid of the police and mentioned a fact which had hitherto been overlooked. It was to the effect that several Greeks had called from time to time, offering to sell Greek coins. Taking up this clue, M. Goron (it was during his tenure of office) obtained from the Greek consul in Paris a list of about forty Greeks who were not altogether reputable characters; the whole of these were shadowed by the police, but with no results.

But now [illegible]-consul reported another compatriot, a young man rec[illegible]tly [illegible]ived in Paris, named Raftopoulos, who lodged in the [illegible]re Lescot. A couple of detectives were immediately despatched to the house, and presently one of them returned with a beaming face, showing that he had "struck oil." The police had called and asked for M. Raftopoulos, and were told by the *concierge* that he had gone for the Holy Week to Rome. His rooms were empty, they were told, but this answer did not satisfy them, and they persuaded the *concierge* to take them upstairs and let them in. Having got so far, they did not shrink from further investigation, and in one of the first places they opened—an ordinary wardrobe—they came upon a small valise which weighed very heavy, and when shaken the contents gave out a metallic sound. The detectives having gone so far, did not stick at trifles, the lock of the valise was forced, and inside were found a quantity of ancient coins, answering the description of those stolen. Other detectives were immediately despatched to Rome, but they could come upon no traces of M. Raftopoulos. A more successful step was taken by hiring the room in the Rue Pierre Lescot, which was of the class known as *chambres meublées*, and which M. Raftopoulos had neglected to secure for a term. Two detectives were established here with orders not to leave the premises. At the end of a week they were surprised by a visit from the young Greek, who thus fell straight into the trap. He was arrested and searched: absolute proof was found in his pockets in the shape of more coins, especially a number of very rare twenty-franc pieces bearing the effigy of Jerome Napoleon, king of Westphalia. Other proof was forthcoming, for some of these coins had found their way into general circulation, and it appeared that they had been disposed of by the Greek merely for their weight in gold.

Raftopoulos was but a sorry thief, and made but a poor defence, declaring that he had bought these coins in his own country, and, as a matter of fact, he had also robbed a museum at Athens. Coins were found in his possession that did not belong to the collection of MM. Rollin and Feuardent, and

which undoubtedly came from Athens. To show how poor a creature he was, it may be added that in this robbery he had carried off copies of rare coins and not the originals. He had also left behind certain unique pieces of Ptolemy IV., and taken a number of common coins instead. His carelessness further appeared in the discovery of a watch, in his pocket at the time of arrest, which had the name and number of one lost by M. Feuardent; he had also in his possession a glazier's diamond, which had, no doubt, served to cut through the glass on the staircase on the numismatists' premises. His own explanation of this was that he had broken a pane of glass in his home, and proposed to glaze it afresh himself. In his lodgings also a number of small circular tickets were found, such as numismatists use to describe each coin, and the details on many were in M. Rollin's own handwriting.

Raftopoulos was tried, convicted, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. But he was not deterred from repeating his crime. He travelled from France into Switzerland, and was caught at last in the act of stealing from the Archæological Museum of Geneva. This was after a number of similar robberies had been effected in that city, all of them from museums and public institutions. Miniatures had been stolen from the public library, microscopes from the school of chemistry, busts and bronzes of great value, as well as many ancient coins from the numismatical collections. When Raftopoulos was arrested under the name of Parthenis Christides, a number of very valuable pictures and drawings were discovered under the bed in his lodgings. An inquiry was instituted, and it was found that these pictures had been stolen from the museum at Marseilles. By employing the excellent methods of M. Bertillon, the anthropometric measurements of Christides were transmitted to Paris, and were found to correspond exactly with those of Raftopoulos, and when the prisoner was arraigned for the Marseilles robbery, his previous conviction was easily proved against him. He had a fresh sentence from the French court for this theft, after which he had to pay the penalty in Switzerland.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ROBBERIES WITH AND WITHOUT VIOLENCE.

Garroting no recent Invention—Epidemic of this Crime in 1862—Perpetrated in all Parts of London—At all Towns—Latest Garrotings—Great Bond Robbery with Violence—Cases of astutely-planned Robberies have more Interest than mere brutal Assaults—The Bogus Equerry—The Rifling of the Hôtel Panisse-Passis—Arrest of Concierge on a false Charge by a Gang of Rogues disguised as public Officials—The Mansion ransacked—All Plate and other Valuables carried off—Police bring home Crime to ex-Convicts Alleaume, Big Paul, and Renard—Extraordinary Career and Character of Renard—Varieties of Thefts—Pocket-picking of Past and Present—The Confidence Trick—A cosmopolitan Crime—In the United States, in France, in Great Britain, and in the Far East—The Spanish Swindle.

AMONG the "offences against property with violence" are included the robberies from the person where intimidation and ill-usage have been employed. This includes the whole series of garrote robberies, crimes that might be classed under those of the highway, for their perpetration is our modern survival of brigandage; but it is unavoidable in a work like this that some branches of crime should overlap and come up for classification in more than one place. The garrote robbery, however, will best be dealt with here. It is generally supposed to be a crime of recent years, but it is certainly forty or fifty years old, although not practised in the particular form of the garrote. Many felonies were committed even after the establishment of the new police in the by-streets and more secluded spots of this overgrown metropolis. When "snatching" has failed to secure plunder, the victim has been struck down by a bludgeon or life-preserver. Garroting, so-called no doubt from the Spanish method of execution, came into practice in the early 'fifties, and was essentially a winter crime, favoured by the secrecy and the isolation of a London fog. The method is well known, and needs no detailed description. The thief

approaches his victim from behind, and suddenly throws his arm round his neck, tightening the pressure even to suffocating point, when, strangulation being near, outcry is impossible. Other thieves—one or more—would then turn out the pocket of the helpless prisoner.

The winter of 1862 was especially notable for garrote robberies, many of which were carried out with reckless brutality. Persons were attacked in the streets at all hours and in all parts of the town. Daylight was no protection, or a crowded thoroughfare. One gentleman was garroted in the afternoon near Paternoster Row, another in Holborn, a third in Cockspur Street. A young lady of fifteen was attacked in Westbourne Crescent about four p.m. While she was half-throttled the thieves tore off her necklace and dragged the pendants from her ears. They meant to have cut off her hair, which was long and fine, and worth, as one of the robbers said, a considerable sum, but just then the approach of wheels frightened these ruffians from their prey. At night the dangers of the streets were greatly multiplied. Musicians returning from a performance were knocked down and robbed of their instruments. Money-takers at the doors of places of public entertainment were watched and followed home, to be garroted and robbed the first favourable opportunity. The horrors of garroting culminated when twenty-seven offenders of this class were arraigned at one and the same time at the Central Criminal Court, mostly returned convicts, released a little prematurely, perhaps, under the new system of ticket-of-leave—big, burly ruffians, whose great strength was a principal part of their stock-in-trade. Very heavy sentences were imposed on all, and the crime was scotched for a time, if not entirely killed. It still prevails, but has, undoubtedly, been much diminished since judges have used their powers of punishing it with the lash.

Garrote robberies are still of common occurrence in lonely streets at all hours, and the process is much the same. While one practitioner throttles, the other rifles. Through the winter of 1895-6 they were most numerous in the Borough, and no less than fifty were committed within a couple of

months. They were the work of a number, all of whom were eventually taken into custody. The gang had been formed by a certain Smith, known by the sobriquet of "the countryman." Another man, called "Punch," when on his trial for garroting, said Smith was his master, and had taught him all he knew. The "countryman" was a dead shot with a revolver, which he used in the end upon himself. Having forced his way into a jeweller's shop, he was caught in the act of ransacking, and fired five shots with murderous effect, then ran for it, and as the pursuers were overtaking he blew out his own brains. One of the worst of his garrotte robberies was committed early in September in the Old Kent Road one afternoon, when an old gentleman was attacked by three ruffians, who threw him to the ground, knelt upon him, kicked him, and robbed him of his watch. Smith got away, but his two companions, both ex-convicts just released from prison, were captured. Again, in November a postman on his rounds was robbed with brutal violence, and many more cases might be quoted. The streets of London are to this day strangely insecure, and the garrotter still flourishes under the new name of "larrikin."

THEFT OF BONDS WITH VIOLENCE.

A daring highway robbery, accompanied by a murderous assault, was committed in broad daylight in the city of London not very many years back. A young clerk of a firm of stockbrokers was returning from their jobbers with a bag full of bonds—Uruguay, Ohio, and Mississippi railway stock—when he was attacked and robbed. His assailant was a respectably dressed man of about forty, and the place was Hatton Court, Threadneedle Street. The thief seized the bag and attempted to cut the youth's throat, but failed and made off.

The usual steps were taken by inquiries and offers of reward, but nothing was heard of the stolen property for nearly a year. Then the secretary of the Ohio and Mississippi Railway cabled from New York that some of the missing bonds had been brought into the office for transfer. The

person who held them was a respectable New York broker, and he stated that he had received them from a gentleman who used a desk in his office. This second holder in his turn said he had got them from London; they had been sent to him by a man who called himself Casey, and whose address was "care of MacGeorge, Winchester House, Old Broad Street." Detectives were immediately set to work to look out for Casey at Winchester House, where he came occasionally for his letters. At last they caught the postman delivering one for him bearing the stamp of a New York firm, and soon afterwards saw a man leaving the office with this same letter in his hand. The detectives now gave chase, followed him to various places in the City, and about noon ran into him in Moorgate Street. One of the officers addressed him by name and asked him if he knew nothing of Uruguay mining bonds. He repudiated everything at first, but when taken into custody made full confession, declaring that he alone was the perpetrator of the robbery.

His story was that he had been ruined by speculation, and that he was suddenly tempted by seeing the boy with the bag, and guessing that it contained securities, he snatched it and ran. He altogether denied that he attempted to injure the clerk, and this charge was not in effect substantiated. The thief got no immediate benefit from his robbery, for he could not change any of the coupons into cash, and the bonds lay for months in a drawer at his lodgings, until he gave some of the Ohio bonds to a New York broker as "cover" for certain transactions. The Uruguay stock were still in his drawer. The black bag he threw into the Thames from the Embankment.

The reckless exercise of brute force in acquiring plunder is but the survival of the most savage instincts; to practise it calls for no particular skill, it is the mere outburst of the wild beast springing on its prey. It is more interesting to turn to the cunning devices of the astute thief who trusts to stratagem and not to mere strength or unsuspected attack.

The promptitude with which a high-class depredator will utilise new conditions, new inventions, new processes, has been

frequently illustrated in the foregoing pages; but a few more instances may be adduced in proof of their astuteness and quickness in adapting means to end. They are always ready to turn current events to their purpose. Many London tradesmen were made the victims of extensive frauds at the time of the Duke of Fife's marriage with H.R.H. Princess Louise of Wales. A bogus equerry called one day at several shops in the Oxford Street district, and announced that the newly married couple were about to take up their residence in or near Cumberland Place or Bryanston Square, and were disposed to give their custom in the immediate neighbourhood. The duke would call, said the equerry, the very next day, but *incognito*, and he trusted he might be received alone. Each obsequious tradesman received him as he wished, and with much deference produced his best goods, numbers of which his grace deigned to buy. The things were sent home to an address, hired for the occasion, received by a servant, also improvised in correct livery, and the fraud was complete. The tradesmen never saw their money nor recovered their goods.

A GREAT MANSION RIFLED.

Some ingenious French rogues did still better at the time when the Panama scandal was upsetting all France. The frauds were said to compromise many great personages, and every day some new name, hitherto much honoured, was dragged into the dust; dukes and deputies, cabinet ministers, men of light and leading, no one, however highly placed, seemed above reproach. One evening a posse of officials, headed by a commissary of police, correctly dressed in black frock coat, tall hat, and white gloves, made a descent upon the hotel of the Marquis Panisse-Passis, in the Parc Monceau. He carried the ribbon of the Legion of Honour in his buttonhole, his manner was formal and official. He announced himself with all his qualities to the terrified doorkeeper, then introduced another, still graver, as the prefect of police. The party was made up of *sergents de ville*, constables in uniform, who mounted sentry at the door while the leaders proceeded with their unpleasant duty.

This was to arrest the master of the house and his *concierge*. The Marquis Panisse-Passis was accused of having received a cheque for 200,000 francs (£8,000) from the Panama company, which had been cashed with the endorsement of the *concierge*. The marquis was absent in Nice, but his *concierge* was on the spot, and he was forthwith interrogated severely by the officials. He protested piteously that he knew nothing whatever of the matter, that he had never handled, never even seen, a cheque for such an enormous amount, and that, as for his having received a bribe of 30,000 francs for his complicity in this particular case, it was absolutely untrue. He thought that he had completely exonerated himself when he showed that he was not even in the marquis's service at the time the cheque was received. The authorities retorted that this appointment as *concierge* was no doubt the reward of the previous service; in any case, they cut short his defence, and declared that he must be arrested. For the present he was tightly bound and locked up in a room alone. Precisely the same procedure was followed with his wife, who, having been interrogated, was also locked up, but in another room.

Having settled these preliminaries, the thieves, for such they were, threw off all disguise, and proceeded to ransack the house from roof to cellar. One of the party went down into the lodge, and putting on the white apron and black skull cap of the *concierge*—the conventional uniform so well known in Paris—took his seat at the door ready to answer any calls or questions. Meanwhile his confederates were actively engaged upon safes and plate-chests; they carried off an immense quantity of diamonds and other jewellery, much gold and silver plate, a number of valuable curiosities, a lot of old china, great quantities of fine damask, a collection of rare autographs and several pictures by the old masters, mostly of the Dutch school. They laid hands also upon a large amount of securities, taking those only that were payable to bearer. This barefaced and gigantic operation lasted for six or seven hours, at the end of which the false commissary went down into the cellar and brought up several bottles of the best *crus*.

and the thieves refreshed themselves. Last of all one of the party fetched a couple of *fiacres*, in which the portmanteaux, also stolen and full of the proceeds, were loaded, and, as a final precaution, the *concierge* and his wife were released, taken down below into their own room, and there tied back to back on two chairs. They were told with great formality that officers from the Préfecture would arrive in due course to carry them to the *dépôt*. When by and by the two victims got loose and gave the alarm, it was first thought they were parties to the robbery, and that it was a "put up" job; but not the slightest proof of collusion could be obtained, and when the Marquis de Panisse-Passis returned post haste on the news of his loss, he gave them an excellent character.

This daring crime produced immense excitement, as much almost as the Panama scandal itself. The police began an active pursuit, taking as a first step the usual course of advertising a full description of the articles stolen. It was noted in preparing this list that the thieves had been excellent judges, true *amateurs*, and had carefully selected the most valuable and artistic goods, such as were likely to fetch good prices among the curiosity dealers. These, however, were put upon their guard by the advertisement, and thus one method of detection seemed to have failed. But now the police obtained information from one of its unpaid *attachés*, that an old gaol-bird named Pierre Alleaume, who was known to be at large at this time, had been concerned in the thefts in the Parc Monceau. A searching inquiry laid bare the fact that this Alleaume was associated with a number of friends living in various parts of the town, and all of them suspicious characters. The police soon ascertained Alleaume's lodging, and proceeded there in force. They encountered an old man on the point of leaving the house in a great rage; he was stopped and asked where he came from, when he cried that he had been with Alleaume, and that he would do no more business with him, as he was an extortioner. He was arrested and searched, and in the pocket of his overcoat a number of fragments of gold were extracted, evidently pieces which had been part of the setting of jewels. The old man's defence was

that the coat was Alleaume's, and that it had been thrown on his shoulders as he left the room, a very ancient and threadbare excuse, which did not impose upon the police. Upstairs they found Alleaume, and in his room a quantity of the jewels and linen stolen at the Hôtel Panisse. While the search was in progress, a knock was heard at the door, and the unsuspecting visitor who entered was also seized. He had been an actor in a small theatre at the Barrier, but was now a thief, and had some of the stolen jewels in his pocket. After these arrests, the police made a round to Clichy, St. Ouen and Vincennes, and drew many more of the robbers into the net thus widely spread. Before night, twenty-four arrests had been made of persons all more or less known as habitual criminals.

Alleaume was a professional thief named Tajean, who had been often in gaol; he had recently been released from Clairvaux after ten years' imprisonment, during which he had made many acquaintances, with whom he had formed the present confederacy. He was quite frank about his own movements, but refused positively to incriminate his companions. By degrees, however, the police laid their hands upon many more of his accomplices, chiefly by means of a list of addresses found in the possession of Alleaume. One of the principal was a man known as "Big Paul," or "Paul the Coachman," and he lived in Clichy. The police were too late to catch him, but he had left behind him in his flight a valise, in which was a large quantity of plate marked with the Panisse arms; some of the silver-handled knives had been already broken in two, with a view to sending the handles to the melting-pot, where, unhappily, a large proportion of the plate found its way, much to the chagrin of its owner. The Marquis de Panisse was one of the old nobility, and he had inherited great quantities of plate, which had been in his family for generations, and which had, no doubt, gone to the making of much of the bar-silver found at the receiver's.

At last "Big Paul," whose real name was Paul Jalby, was run into at a wineshop in the Avenue Hoche, and a man of a certain age was taken with him. They were both recognised at the Préfecture as ex-convicts; the second was a certain

Renard, and declared he had just come from London. Loaded revolvers were found in the pockets of both, and very incriminating bunches of keys. When confronted with Alleaume, he admitted that Renard was the man who had personated the commissary of police, and "Big Paul" had been the préfet of police; it was the latter's cab that had helped to carry off the plunder. After very minute and praiseworthy search, Renard's domicile was discovered, and he was taken there to be present at the search. On arrival, knowing what was going to happen, he trembled violently, and fainted in the arms of the policemen. When the door was opened, and he was so far recovered as to be able to speak, he said, "I give in, you will find everything here;" and the place was a veritable treasure-house of stolen goods. Not only were the jewels, much of the gold and silver plate, and the Dutch pictures, abstracted from the Hôtel Panisse, found in various hiding-places, but in the bed, between the mattresses, was a large sum in gold, and some shares of the Crédit Foncier, dated 1859. In a wardrobe were a number of articles showing the line of Renard's depredations, mostly printed counterfeits of official paper, the forms used at the Préfecture, headed with the usual address, many seals and stamps, several visiting cards of police officials, and a clever piece of mechanism, designed by Renard himself, for breaking into safes. There was also a private note-book, in which Renard had noted the various houses that it would be profitable to rob, two hundred of them, and among the number the Hôtel Panisse.

This note-book was remarkable from the methodical and complete way in which it was kept, a mine of information, carefully collected. Beside each name and address were full particulars for the guidance of the thieves, the day and hour when the robbery could be most safely effected, a description of the persons in charge, the *concierge*, the proprietors, their habits, ways of life, the times at which they were absent from the house. Renard was, in truth, a very fox, a mysterious personage, concerning whom full and precise information was never obtained. He had many addresses, many aliases; an

apartment, Rue Blouet, under the name of Morrelle; another the Avenue Wagram, as Barbier; in the Rue Lafontaine, he lived as Butet, and he had a small lodging in the Rue de la Barouillière, under the name of Deschamps. He had other kinds of business besides robbery, and was a blackmailer on a large scale; he was the centre, too, of an extensive organisation, and had his agents and associates in various cities, London included, where a relation of his own was constantly engaged in disposing of stolen securities.

Renard, in appearance, was above middle height and somewhat corpulent; his age was about fifty, although he had no grey hairs. He had a greasy, white complexion, sly eyes, and must have impressed a close observer unpleasantly, as a cunning, slippery customer. Many previous convictions were proved against him, and, like Alleaume, he had been much helped in his operations by the acquaintances made in gaol. After his arrest, many hitherto mysterious and undetected robberies were brought home to him, but he always maintained that he was never detected when he worked alone. He complained that the stupidity of his associates in the Panisse case had led to their discovery; had they trusted to him, with his extensive relations in other countries, he could have safely disposed of the whole of the proceeds of the robbery, so that proofs of the crime would have been altogether wanting.

ENDLESS VARIETIES OF THEFTS.

Thieving, the practice of taking something that belongs to someone else, is the commonest of all crimes. It may be due to congenital taint, an almost irresistible tendency, but it is not infrequently an acquired habit, and then becomes most persistent, strongly developed crime. The thief is more or less incorrigible, not a little because he is so continually exposed to temptation, but, again, because it is the easiest method of earning a livelihood or obtaining means for dissipation. Hence the crime crops up in endless variety.

An ingenious Frenchman has written a treatise entitled, "The Thirty-six Methods of Stealing." This is carrying

classification a little too far. A less elaborate description is M. Canler's, who puts all thieves under twelve heads, and even these are not all worth recapitulating. The first in rank is the small class, already dealt with, of the high-class burglar, the member of *la haute pègre*, who disdains to put his hand to anything but the biggest affairs. The second, and perhaps most numerous, class are the pickpockets of every category. Such thieves have much the same character and idiosyncrasy in all times and places; they still carry on their business in crowds and places of public resort; they are to be seen at fashionable churches, on the racecourse, at the opera-house, on the steamboat and in the railway station, at weddings, funerals, and often great society functions. The spoil nowadays is not so prominent, perhaps, as when Henry Sterne stole the Duke of Beaufort's "George," the pendant of his ribbon of the Garter, within the precincts of St. James's Palace. This clever rogue, who went by the name of "Gentleman Harry," had donned a Court suit, and mixed with the fine folk who had made their bow to the Prince of Wales. When the duke lost his star, which was set with fine brilliants, he called to his servants, and they seized a gentlemanly man in black just as he was slipping away. The "George" was found in his pocket. About this very time a band of well-dressed thieves, of whom Sterne was one, had penetrated the palace itself, and tried to hustle and rob the Prince of Wales. George Barrington, otherwise Waldron, boldly practised thieving on the same lines, attending *levées* and drawing-rooms, the theatres, public gardens, and watering-places. He often went to Court disguised, usually as a clergyman. One night, at Covent Garden, he picked Prince Orloff's pocket of a gold snuff-box set with diamonds, but was caught in the act and committed for trial, escaping sentence this time, as the prince would not prosecute. He returned, however, to his old habits, and was finally arrested for picking pockets on Epsom Downs.

The modern pickpocket has to work harder and to run greater risks; too often he is known by sight by his natural

enemy, the policeman, to whom he is generally known as "a wandering thief." For he is a great traveller, and makes full use of modern facilities for locomotion, following society wherever it goes. He is found at Ascot and at Doncaster, at musical festivals in cathedral towns, at political meetings in all parts of the country. It is part of his business to be well dressed and to cultivate a fashionable exterior; this is the indispensable passport, indeed, to his hunting-ground, which he enters with matchless effrontery. So bold is the modern pickpocket that he will frequent great gatherings, the balls, routs, and receptions of the best society, and it is quite understood that amongst the guests of great people one or more detectives from Scotland Yard are included, who take their stations in the entrance hall, note all arrivals, or, circulating freely through the throng, pick up any unauthorised person who has slipped in unperceived.

The pickpocket shows exquisite dexterity when at work. Out of doors he carries neither stick nor umbrella, and goes without gloves. All these things are in the way. But one and all have handy in a waistcoat pocket, or, when it is a female practitioner, in her muff or fan, a small pair of sharp scissors, which will cut easily through pins or chains of gold. In a crowd the pickpocket never works alone. When he has secured his plunder, he promptly passes it to another hand, and so escapes the risks accompanying unlawful possession. The most skilful are the light-fingered gentry, who from long practice work as cleverly as any conjurer or master of sleight of hand. There is a clumsier section who will not pick a pocket without securing a first advantage. They work in couples, and one runs against his victim, jostling him more or less rudely, while his confederate, during the altercation or commotion that follows, carries out the robbery. Of much the same class are the thieves who prey upon the helpless drunkard, following their victim's tottering steps at long distances until he drops, or until they get a chance to trip him up and clean him out.

CONFIDENCE TRICK.

Another large category of thieves, in whom, perhaps, more impudence than skill is needed, are the confidence-trick practitioners—swindlers whose ways are constantly exposed, but whose crime is continually repeated on almost exactly the same lines again and again. They are to be met with in every civilised country practising the same sort of swindle under various names. What we call in England the confidence trick is in France *le vol à l'américain*. Beyond the Atlantic these thieves are styled *banco* operators, and there they drive an excellent trade. It is considered a very safe and pleasant form of roguery. Many who have practised it have figured in good society, and all must be necessarily of agreeable manners and have an oily tongue. The profits are often large, the risks small, for the fool that has been swindled is reluctant to advertise his own stupidity, and, to avoid ridicule, generally refrains from prosecuting. One confidence man who died lately in the United States is said to have amassed no less than a million dollars by his successful tricks. No doubt he was a very skilful operator, for it is recorded of him that he twice "took in" the same man in very nearly the same way, and on both occasions secured a considerable sum.

There must be two or more confederates in every confidence trick. One starts the business, the others come in later to complete it. The principle in every case is the same and the general manner of execution, but there are many varieties of plan and design. The first essential is to find the victim, and for this the opener of the fraud generally frequents the neighbourhood of some public monument, the parks and places of general resort, watching all who come and go till he spots with his well-practised eye the dupe he means to fool. There is, however, little difficulty, as a rule, in singling out a simple stranger, who is all abroad in London, the foreign tourist or country cousin who goes about agape, Baedeker in hand, or, as our Yankee cousins say, with the hay-seeds dropping from his hair. Acquaintance is soon

made, the talk grows friendly, the pair will presently adjourn to refresh. Now the accomplice appears with his artless tale. There is a strong family likeness in these stones. The newcomer will say, for example, that he has been left a considerable sum by a relative, which he is to distribute amongst charitable institutions or other deserving objects, wherever he may find them. In due course the pigeon is invited to take his share, and a package of bank-notes is forced into his trembling hand. All the other asks is that he should give some guarantee of good faith, some security that he would expend the funds entrusted to him aright, and he falls almost invariably into the trap, surrendering his watch or his purse, or sending out to have a cheque cashed, but making over in some shape or other solid value to the thieves. He is nothing loath to do this, for he sees that he holds in his hands a very much larger sum. When the party breaks up he finds that the notes belong to the Bank of Elegance or some other bogus institution, and the confidence men have disappeared with their plunder.

Sometimes the trick seems of the most patent description, but the thieves have relied only too surely on the gullibility of human nature, especially when tinged with cupidity. Here is a French case where the preliminaries are much the same. The first thief acts the part of an American—and the readiness to assume this *rôle* has given the general name to the fraud—he talks bad French, wears many rings, airs his great possessions, and shows a sublime contempt for money. Then, when he and his victim are seated at the *café* door, the accomplice comes up and joins forces. The American takes out half a dozen gold pieces, which, simple-minded millionaire that he is, he offers to exchange for silver. The newcomer laughs him to scorn, and, winking at the victim, openly declares that it is spurious gold. Now the American desires him to take them to the nearest changer's and test their value for himself. Of course, they meet the test satisfactorily, and when the other returns a grand exchange of coins takes place. The pigeon greedily offers a number of five-franc pieces, which the American will not accept until he has made

sure that they are good. He is willing enough to leave his gold in the hands of his victim while he steps across to the money-changer's with the silver, the end being, of course, that the victim keeps the gold, which is false, and loses his good silver, for the others never return.

Another variety of the confidence trick, as practised in Paris, may be now given here. The opener of the fraud—the "gardener," as he is called, because he prepares the ground—has been hanging about a railway station watching the arrivals, and if he has the luck to see the right sort of victim, he approaches him in the conventional fashion, and soon strikes up an acquaintance. His choice falls for the most part on a foreigner or provincial, and in the first instance he is served by his knowledge of languages, which it is a part of his business to possess. The sound of his native tongue naturally appeals to the stranger, and helps to cement the intimacy, which is continued in the usual way until, at the appointed place, they come upon the second actor, the *engailleur*, the humbugger, as we should say, who is to complete the fraud. They are, of course, old friends; the first and the second swindler, and greet each other with effusion. The second is a man of high rank, to judge by the name by which he is speedily introduced to the stranger, who, being by constitution a fool, is, of course, dazzled by the grandeur of his new acquaintance. The *engailleur* is dressed in the very latest fashion, the true man about town, a *viveur* of the first water, who has the air of being thoroughly at home in Paris. He cannot leave it, he says gaily, and has just been drawing fresh funds for carrying on the war; and he gaily touches a side pocket or courier bag, indicating that he is well provided with cash.

The three companions follow the usual course, calling at *café* after *café*, and settling down at last at some good restaurant for *déjeuner*. They are barely at table before the duke or the baron, the man with the money, suddenly remembers that he has an appointment at no great distance. It would not take him five minutes, but what on earth is he to do with all this cash? Impossible to take it upstairs when

he calls, still more impossible to leave it in the cab. The "gardener," his accomplice, at once solves the difficulty by offering to take care of the pocket or pocket-book, as the case may be. "You know me well enough," he cries gaily; "I suppose you can trust me with 50,000 francs." "Of course, of course," says the other; "I would trust you with twice the amount, or this gentleman, although I have only just met him." "Well, well, we will not ask too much," says the other. "Leave the bag with us, and we will give you security. Here is my watch, my purse, all my personal property. I presume you," and he turns to the dupe, "are willing to do the same." The victim seldom shows the slightest hesitation, but if he does, it is settled by his being entrusted with the cash. It should be mentioned here that a part of the scheme is to show that there is good solid money in the bag, for, at some stage or other, "M. le Duc" has opened a rouleau of coins and extracted a real napoleon to meet some expenditure.

The situation now is that the two new friends proceed with their breakfast, the stranger having possession of the third man's purse. Presently the second, the "gardener," that is to say, goes out to buy a cigar, and that is the last seen of him or his friend. Of course, the bag contains nothing but bogus money.

A very prolific source of illicit profit is the now notorious Spanish swindle, which has been repeatedly exposed and which still flourishes with extraordinary vitality. Very few respectable householders in London have missed this experience. Among the morning letters on the breakfast table is one badly written, couched in broken English, bearing the address of some Spanish gaol. The writer is in the possession of a tremendous secret which has been confided to him, but which, from the pressure of want, he is compelled to betray. He knows the safe hiding-place of a quantity of valuable jewels, which have been buried for one or more years, and which would be anybody's property who knew where to find them. On payment of a certain sum to a third party, generally a Spanish priest of the highest sanctity residing in some small town in Spain, who, from purely

philanthropic motives, has consented to receive the money without question, the secret will be revealed. These jewels are variously described; now they are the property of the Empress Eugénie, valuables secreted by her on the fall of the Second Empire and conveyed to a place of safety; now Don Carlos was the original owner—the jewels were part of the sinews of war, which he was compelled to abandon when his cause failed; sometimes they are the proceeds of loot obtained in the Spanish Indies, or in the Philippine Islands, or the forgotten treasure of a highly successful, long-deceased thief. But there they are, to be had at small pains, and to be had on payment of quite a trifling sum. It would seem as though few people would be taken in by this threadbare trick. Honest folk would surely ask themselves why the application was made to them and not to persons who, on the face of it, had a better claim to the property. A really upright, well-intentioned Britisher will no doubt hand over the letter to the police authorities, who have already hundreds of the same class in their pigeon-holes. But the temptation has been too strong for some people, who have been beguiled into parting with their cash, and, of course, they lose it, as they deserve.

Frauds of the confidence trick class are of frequent occurrence in India. The cupidity of the native is easily played upon, and the Oriental thief is always a very inventive and ingenious person. It is a very common practice to take in some man of substance and not strong moral sense by offering to make over to him a quantity of valuable property, the proceeds of some old robbery, some disputed inheritance which has been hidden away safely and forgotten. The secret of this treasure has at last been discovered, and will be handed over for a proper consideration. In order to catch the dupe the trap is artfully baited. The victim is invited to visit a certain house, some lonely bungalow in the far-off jungle, where he is shown a few pieces of ancient jewellery of considerable value. These are samples from the great treasure which lies up country in a great iron chest, but those who found it are unable to defray the expenses of its removal.

The greedy victim readily agrees to take upon himself the whole business, and pays over in advance the sum demanded for the treasure. He next proceeds, in company with the swindlers, to the spot where the iron safe is to be unearthed. In due course a great safe, rusty with age, is extracted from the ground by a party of coolies and transported to the cart which is to convey it to the railway station. But now, to the dismay of the treasure-seeker, the police suddenly appear upon the scene and insist upon impounding the safe; the victim, whose conscience warns him that he is engaged in an underhand transaction, flies for his life, and is willing to sacrifice his money lest worse might happen to him. Of course, the police are confederates, in disguise.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SOME VARIETIES OF THEFT.

Hotel Thieves old and new—The Man with the Carpet Bag—Macnamara—The Boarding-house Thief in the United States—Indispensable traits—Difficulty of Detection from Reluctance of Boarding-house Keeper—Two famous Operators—A Bogus Lord and a Harvard Graduate—The Piano Doctor—The French Clock Trick—Frauds on Hotel-keepers—Other outlets for the Thievish Spirit—Thefts of Art Treasures—Messrs. Agnew lose "The Duchess of Devonshire"—Other Pictures stolen—Bodies stolen Alive and Dead—Kidnapping, Abduction, Corpse-stealing—Mrs. Synderfin—Mistress Pleasant Rawlins—Miss Turner, by the Brothers Wakefield—Sequestration of Mr. Gee, of Elodie Ménétret—The crime of Villemomble—Mr. A. T. Stewart's Body stolen from his Coffin—Its recovery—Similar case in Scotland—Body of the Earl of Crawford stolen.

CONTINUING our description of the various classes of theft, I will mention next the hotel thief, who has done a large and prosperous business for many years. One or two interesting cases are to be found in the early records, which may be quoted here as showing that the old methods were much the same as the new. A whole series of hotel robberies was carried out by the "man with the carpet bag," as he was generally called, and whose depredations in the early thirties extended to almost every hotel in the principal cities of the kingdom. This thief preyed chiefly upon the hotel-keepers. When he arrived he was seen to have a large carpet bag in his hand, which he was careful to carry to his room himself. Having supped well he retired to rest, and in the morning he had disappeared. Not only had he carried off his carpet bag, but he had packed it full with bedclothes and every other portable property he could secure, only he generally left behind him the straw and the brickbats which his carpet bag had previously contained. This thief had many imitators, and the practice became so prevalent that hotel-keepers refused to admit the most respectable persons if they had a carpet bag amongst their luggage. A Manchester gentleman, about that

date, wrote to the papers protesting that he had gone from hotel to hotel seeking lodgings, but had been invariably refused when it was seen that he carried a carpet bag. At length, wearied out by his travels in search of a bed, he peremptorily refused to move on. The police were called in to turn him out, and insisted upon examining his bag. At last he yielded on hearing the whole story, and displayed a very harmless collection of night-clothes and dressing things.

Henry Macnamara was a famous hotel thief in 1832, who reached the Old Hummums in Covent Garden carrying the conventional carpet bag, but this was antecedent to the evil fame acquired by this particular class of luggage. He was given a room in a corridor, where many other guests were lodged. Just below was a similar set of rooms, and one of these was occupied by a Major Lewis. In the middle of the night the major awoke suddenly and saw that he was not alone. A man in rather scanty apparel was making for the door, and carrying off the major's watch and chain. Lewis jumped up and gave chase, but caught no more of the intruder than a handful of night-shirt and part of his braces.

The alarm was given, and every room in the hotel was visited, every occupant examined. Macnamara was in bed, and, apparently, asleep; but his clothes were much torn, and the ragged ends corresponded with those in Major Lewis's possession. Outside, at the door, just as it was thrown down, was the major's purse. A further search showed that other rooms had been robbed of money and valuables, all of which were found under the bed in a room just opposite Macnamara's, who was now arrested. It was soon ascertained that he had been carrying on a series of similar robberies, and was recognised by the proprietors of several hotels in which he had recently lodged. Macnamara was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

Nowhere is the hotel or boarding-house thief more active than in the United States. They are in general cool and daring fellows, of respectable appearance and good address. Some work in the morning only, others in the afternoon,

others again operate at night. When they have marked down their prey they pursue their intended victim with the utmost tenacity, following him from one establishment to another like a sleuth-hound. Hiding in a corridor, the thief watches his victim enter his room, and fatigued with travel, throw himself on his bed to sleep. A slight push opens the door, but if closed, the thief, with the help of a bit of crooked wire, slides back the bolt, enters the room, and secures his plunder. In this way a dozen rooms have been robbed in one night in a hotel, altogether unperceived by the watchman. The thief spends his spare time in making himself acquainted with rooms; he occupies one after another, and in each prepares the lock so that it may aid him in future operations. The boarding-house thief is always an entertaining talker, and ingratiates himself with the landlady, obtaining every information about her guests. He finds out where jewels and valuable property are kept, and then takes an early opportunity of ransacking the apartments, laying hands on everything valuable. Long before the robbery is discovered, he is off, probably in an express train bound for a distant city. Thieves of this class are hard to track, but when run down at last, it is astonishing the number of charges that are brought against them.

A New York detective officer has described some of his experiences in tracking down the boarding-house thief, work which is often hindered by the reluctance of the mistress of the house to call in the police. Never to have had a robbery in the house is one of its strongest recommendations. On one occasion, however, this officer was called in where a valuable diamond solitaire and other jewellery had been stolen. The suspected thief was a lady who had been a boarder, but on inquiry her innocence was fully established. Then the detective heard by accident that an elderly gentleman had called to look at rooms and had been conducted all over the house. The description tallied exactly with that of a well-known thief and confidence man at that time at large. He was followed without success, but the solitaire was recovered at the pawnbroker's. This plan of the thief, commonly called the "inquiry

lay," is a favourite device with thieves of this class, who are shown all over the premises by confiding landladies, and so gain information or the sight of any unconsidered trifle lying about. They have many dodges for getting the free run of the house; one is to beg to be allowed to join the family lunch or dinner; another to make sudden acquaintances, for a glib tongue and insinuating address are indispensable qualifications for this fraud.

This same officer describes one or two of the best-known operators. One had begun by masquerading through the States as an English lord, and when exposed he fell to thieving. He was a man of aristocratic bearing, a fluent linguist, speaking French, German, and Italian, and he was married to a popular French actress, who had left him because he systematically robbed her of her earnings whenever he could. Another thief was an American born, of Boston, and a Harvard graduate, who had been educated for the ministry, and of such good style that no one could have suspected that he was really a "crook." There are many of the softer sex engaged in the business, for which they are especially suited. One was the widow of a thief who had been shot in a burglary; a ladylike woman, versatile and of many accomplishments, who had followed many lines of life, had been an actress, a lecturer, had studied medicine, and practised as a physician.

Other disguises are assumed by the boarding-house thief. One was a piano "doctor," as they call the tuner on the other side, a Dane by birth, passing as a German, who calls offering his services in such a friendly, affable way that he is always admitted and left alone in the parlour to clear it out. Bogus mechanics and men who come to wind the clocks do a good business. One of the cleverest tricks ever practised was that of the French clock, a prize specimen bought for £250 at the last Paris Exhibition, which was surrendered to the tender mercies of a fraudulent clock mender, known to the police as Mainspring Mike, who called, and was permitted to regulate it. After a long examination, he went off to fetch some necessary tools and springs, and duly returned

with a black bag. Then he finished his job and went off. He carried off the precious clock, which was of black marble, inlaid with gold, and left its counterpart, a base imitation, which had been copied from the original model, but was not worth a twentieth part. The same thief was employed to doctor a precious antique clock, and carried off bodily the internal machinery, its most valuable part, which he sold for £60.

All losses of jewellery must not, however, be laid at the door of thieves. An emerald ring was once missed in a boarding-house; it belonged to a lady who had left it on her dressing table for half an hour, and then it was gone, Only three people had been in the room; herself, the landlady's daughter, and a negro servant, who was of course suspected. But the police officer who was called noticed some cotton waste lying about the floor, and asked to what it had belonged. The landlady explained that her daughter had been stuffing a doll with some of it, and a sudden idea struck the detective. Calling for the doll he ripped it open, and sifting the cotton, found that the emerald ring had been included in the stuffing, accidentally, he charitably supposed. The doll was said to be meant as a present for a young friend.

The hotel-keeper is sometimes the victim of a really threadbare trick, but it is extraordinary how often it succeeds. One of the visitors on arriving has confided his travelling cash-box or despatch-box to the manager, to be securely put away in the hotel safe. He comes to it from time to time to extract money for his *menus plaisirs*, and, having unlocked it, he invariably lets it be seen that there is plenty of gold and many bundles of notes in the box. One day, however, he has stupidly mislaid his keys; he searches in every pocket, runs upstairs, comes back with the same story—keys are not to be found. It is most annoying, as he is just going to settle with a jeweller for some trifle, and must have one or two thousand francs at once. Of course no difficulty is made at the bureaux about handing over the cash, which he pockets and walks off. When at last the hotel manager, uneasy at his continued

absence, forces open the money-box, it is found to contain nothing but lead.

Another form of hotel fraud, by no means uncommon, is called that of the "courier," after the principal actor. This artful person is, so to speak, the "agent ahead" of some travelling magnate or millionaire, and he calls at the best hotels to secure rooms for his employer. He is shown the best, of course, often when they are in the occupation of others, and he must have little luck or less skill if he does not lay his hands surreptitiously upon much valuable property. A practitioner of this kind, Pazzotti, was said to have picked up valuables to the total of £500 or £600 in one season at this game.

The thievish instinct finds outlets innumerable, and it would be tedious to chronicle all the devices old and new that have been practised by dishonest persons to get possession of the money and property of others. Some of the more noted forms of theft have been already described; but the long list is by no means exhausted, while fresh examples are being constantly added. There was novelty in the cool effrontery of the man who called at a great house in Belgrave Square; it was broad daylight, he brought a hand-cart, and he asked for the plate-chest, which the too-confiding butler gave him, and he wheeled it away, never to be heard of again. Other clever rogues of this type went properly accoutred in green baize aprons, and bringing with them a furniture removal van, in which they carried off the whole of Mr. Wilson Barrett's effects. The thieves find spoil anywhere of every kind. They try many different waters, and all is fish that come to their nets.

Art treasures are not safe, as has been seen in the case of rare coins. Priceless pictures, statuary even, have also been found fair game. In 1848 a number of works of art were stolen from the Royal Academy during the exhibition. They were chiefly statuettes of small size. Among other things a round marble medallion of a female head, and a man's bust in bronze, some nine inches high. About 1850, several pictures were cut from the frames and stolen from the Earl of Suffolk's collection. These the thieves were not able to turn into money, and at last they gave up the attempt, being

compelled, in order to escape detection, to hide away their plunder under one of the arches of Blackfriars Bridge, where the pictures were at length recovered, and restored to their owner. In another remarkable instance much later, the miscreants who cut the figure of St. Anthony from the great picture by Murillo, in the cathedral of Seville, were caught in the attempt to sell the figure in New York, and convicted and punished. The picture was afterwards completely and very ably restored, with the figure of the saint replaced.

The theft of the great portrait by Gainsborough of "The Duchess of Devonshire," the property of Messrs. Agnew, the well-known art dealers, was more than a nine days' wonder. The thieves were never "run in," and all trace of the picture has been lost to this day. It had already been the talk of the town for the price it fetched at Christie's, 10,100 guineas, the highest price ever paid at an auction for a portrait, and it is now better remembered from its inexplicable disappearance. It was on exhibition in a gallery known as the New British Institution, No. 39B, Old Bond Street, and one morning the frame was found empty. The picture had been very neatly cut from the stretcher after it had been removed from the gilt frame in which it hung upon the wall. The stretcher was left, and it showed that no unpractised hand had operated upon the canvas, for the picture itself had been completely removed, leaving nothing but the clean cut canvas at the edges on which it had been mounted. The gilt frame had the nails simply bent back and not extracted, so that the thief had lost no time in needless trouble. No marks or signs remained, beyond some crumpling of the drapery hung in front of the picture. The room was not more than ten feet square, having only one window opening into Bond Street, the other being blocked and covered with cloth hangings, and a passage opened on to it from the large gallery where the water colours hung. This one window was, however, found open about two feet, and on examining the ledge outside there was distinctly visible the mark of a nailed shoe. The window had no blind

to it, consequently, if any light had been used, it would, in all probability, have been noticed by the policemen in the street, who knew that no one resided in the house after locking up at night. This duty was performed by Messrs. Agnew's porter, who had no doubt that all the fastenings were secure when he left, and he found them intact on his return next morning.

The police conjectured that the theft had been accomplished by someone who had entered the exhibition room as a visitor, and had managed to secrete himself on the premises. Then, having cut the picture out of its frame, he might easily have dropped the roll through the window into the hands of a confederate below, a feat only requiring a moment when the night policeman's back was turned. The only point that remained obscure was how the thief inside could make his escape without being observed. There were, however, two entrances, one from the street, one from a side door which gave upon a yard containing stables and a shoeing forge. Between this last-named door and the gallery there was a narrow dark passage, and it was just possible that the thief could have remained here hidden while the porter unlocked the door, and then slipped out at the first favourable opportunity. The police never got beyond surmise in this extraordinary case, and although Messrs. Agnew offered a reward of £1,000 for information that might lead to the recovery of the picture, the great "Gainsborough Duchess" is still lost.

The usual result followed, and the thieves speedily found imitators. In the following year a number of valuable paintings were cut from their frames and stolen at Woodville Lodge, Clayton, Sussex. The pictures included a full-length portrait of the Earl of Rochester, a half-length of Queen Henrietta Maria, another of Prince Rupert, and several portraits of the Baynham family, the whole valued at from £10,000 to £15,000.

Robberies are not limited to chattels, but extend to persons, animate and inanimate, the living and the dead. Chapters might be written upon this felonious traffic wherein man is the quarry, upon the kidnapping of children and adults

the abduction of women, the carrying off and sequestration of persons for purposes of extortion and fraud, upon body snatching, the desecration of graves, and the theft of the honoured dead. Child-stealing has always been a profitable trade, practised at the instance of greedy relatives anxious to remove a rightful heir; full-grown youths of muscle and sinew were entrapped in great numbers during the first half of last century, to be sold as white slaves for the American plantations. "Dissolute persons" were first sent abroad to Virginia by James I.; Cromwell used the West Indies as a distant prison for his political captives; in 1817 transportation was adopted into the criminal law as a means of providing labour, then urgently needed in "His Majesty's colonies and plantations." The exiles were handed over, at a price, to contractors, among whom there was great competition, and who, to secure their freights, took others than criminals. They asked no questions, and bought from private persons, and thus encouraged the cruel practice of kidnapping. The price for an able-bodied adult was about £20, according to the mercantile returns of sale, still extant, although for two guineas a slave might purchase his freedom from the captain of the ship. The abominable system flourished till the middle of the century, and was put down by law.

To carry off an heiress was a capital offence under the old law of the reign of Henry VII., but it was a favourite device with the impoverished spendthrifts, the ruined "bloods" and "macaronis" of the past generations, the needy and self-seeking fortune-hunters of quite recent times. The story of Count Königsmark's daring attempt to forcibly marry the heiress of the Percys in 1682, and the preliminary murder of her husband, Mr. Thynne, has been often told. So has that other in 1663, when Mrs. Synderfin, a rich widow, was taken out of her carriage by a Captain Clifford, carried across to Calais, and obliged to marry Clifford after much ill-usage. She was rescued and Clifford brought to trial, but he escaped with fine and imprisonment. A Scotch baronet, Sir John Johnston, of Skickaldy in Fifeshire, met with harder measure and suffered for his crime in 1690. He tried

it first in Ireland, where he was serving as an officer, and would have carried off Miss Magrath of Clare, a young lady with £10,000 of her own, but at the place of rendezvous for the elopement there was no fair creature, and "he fell into an ambuscade of fellows with sticks and clubs, who beat him so ummercifully that he promised to relinquish his pursuit." Passing over to London he became an accomplice with Captain James Campbell and the Earl of Argyle's brother in the carrying off of Miss Mary Wharton, who at the age of thirteen had inherited £1,500 per annum and much personal property. She was decoyed from her guardian's house in Great Queen Street and forced into a coach with six horses, where Campbell awaited her with his friends, Johnston and Archibald Montgomery. They took her to the coachman's house, where she went through the ceremony of marriage against her consent. She was recovered, and although Campbell, the chief culprit, escaped, Johnston was betrayed by his landlord and brought to trial for his life. He was convicted and executed at Tyburn.

"Mistress Pleasant Rawlins," a young heiress in her own right, was abducted under strange circumstances in 1702, by one Haagen Swendsen, a Dane, described as a deal merchant, and a number of confederates. The chief assistant was a woman who went to reside in the neighbourhood, and one day offered Miss Rawlins, with her governess, a seat in her coach when all were on their way to service in Oxenden Chapel. But the carriage was driven towards the Star and Garter, in Drury Lane, and *en route* sham bailiffs stopped it and, on the pretence that Miss Rawlins was "a cheat that owed money to her tradesmen," arrested her. They all went on to the Star and Garter, and there a pretended lord justice agreed to release her on bail. No bail could be found, and then it was suggested that if she were married "it would put an end to it." Whereupon Swendsen was brought in, and Mistress Rawlins being now threatened with Newgate, consented to marry him. The chaplain and clerk of the Fleet were summoned and the ceremony at once performed. At the trial subsequently she disposed that she refused to marry

anyone without the presence and consent of her friends, but she was forced into it, not by fear of going to Newgate but of being murdered. Swendsen in his defence tried to make out that Miss Rawlins was in love with him, that she met him "at a treat on board a ship" and that she favoured him, all of which she positively denied. Swendsen was sentenced to death and was executed, but he maintained to the last that his wife was a consenting party to the marriage.

One of the latest and most remarkable cases of abduction was that of Miss Turner, by the brothers Wakefield, in 1827. This young lady, little more than a schoolgirl at the time, was the only child and heiress of a man with large property, Mr. Turner, of Shrigley, Cheshire. The Wakefields were gentlemen of fair position; Edward Gibbon, the elder, who had eloped with his wife from school, was a barrister in fair practice, a widower with two children. Coming down to Cheshire in February, in 1827, he heard of Miss Turner and her beauty, accomplishments, and expected wealth, and he thereupon laid a plan to carry her off to Gretna Green. His brother was an accomplice, very much younger than himself and acting almost entirely under his direction.

Miss Turner was at a school in Liverpool, at a Miss Daulby's. At eight o'clock in the morning on the 7th of March a private carriage drove up to the door and a letter was sent in to Miss Daulby, purporting to come from Mr. Turner's medical man, who wrote from Shrigley to say that Mrs. Turner had had a paralytic stroke and that she wished to see her daughter immediately. A steady servant was the bearer of the note, and Miss Turner was to travel at once in the carriage with him. Miss Turner did not know him, but he explained that he had only recently been engaged as butler. As a matter of fact he was a foreigner and the servant of Edward Wakefield.

The road taken was *viâ* Manchester, where they were to call for Dr. Hull, an eminent physician who had previously attended Mrs. Turner. But the carriage stopped at the Albion Hotel. The young lady was asked to alight and shown to a private room. Here a stranger presented himself, stating

that he had come from her father, and with serious news. The real reason of her removal from school was not her mother's illness, but because her father's affairs were unsatisfactory. Mr. Turner had taken this roundabout way to communicate with her as he did not wish the fact to be known at the school. Now these gentlemen were to conduct her to where she would meet her father. So the journey was continued with post horses, through Huddersfield, northward, stage after stage, Miss Turner hoping at every moment to meet her father. They travelled all night until they reached Kendal. No Mr. Turner was to be seen, and now the elder Wakefield informed her that her father was in full flight to Scotland pursued by the sheriff's officer; that by the failure of two banks he had lost £60,000, and that it rested with her to save him from complete ruin, if she would only marry Mr. Wakefield. Settlements might be drawn up and property transferred to her, which would save her father's name and part of his estate. Under these mendacious representations she continued her journey first to Carlisle and then to the Border, where, still believing that she was acting in her father's interest, she appeared before the historical blacksmith and was married. After the marriage a fresh series of deceptions followed. The bride returned to Carlisle on her way home, but instead of travelling to Shrigley they went to Leeds, Mr. Wakefield pretending that he had an appointment in Paris. His brother was despatched to Shrigley to bring Mr. Turner on to London, but there the news came that the younger Wakefield and Mr. Turner had already crossed to France, whereupon Mr. Wakefield and Miss Turner started for Dover and took the first packet to Calais.

Meanwhile Miss Turner's friends had learned the fact of her abduction, and several members of the family were despatched in pursuit. She was traced to Manchester and thence to Huddersfield, but after that the trail was lost. The first heard of her was in a letter from Mr. Wakefield, dated Carlisle, on the downward journey, informing Mr. Turner that he had married his daughter. The unhappy father at once hurried to London, seeking the assistance of the police, and

obtaining the services of a Bow Street runner, sent him off with Miss Turner's uncle to Paris. They were provided with introductions from the Foreign Minister, Mr. Canning, to the British ambassador at Paris, but on landing at Calais the first person seen on the pier was the young lady walking with her husband. She immediately rushed up to her uncle, rejoiced to see him, declaring that she would go with him anywhere to "avoid the sight of that man," pointing to Wakefield. Wakefield tried to assert his rights as a husband, but Miss Turner repudiated him, declaring that he had carried her away by force and she had been compelled by force to acknowledge him as her husband. Wakefield appealed to the French authorities, but the *maire*, when he heard the whole story, refused to assist him, and Miss Turner returned to England with her uncle. William Wakefield was shortly afterwards apprehended at Dover, but Edward Wakefield remained in Paris for some time, then gave himself up. They were tried at Lancaster assizes and found guilty of the abduction. They were, however, taken up to London for judgment before the Court of King's Bench, where the judge passed sentence of three years on both brothers. Next day a bill was brought into the House of Lords to annul the marriage, which was granted in the usual way. As the end of this strange story it may be stated that the elder Wakefield rose to a high position in Australia, the younger served in a Continental army with distinction, and the young lady eventually married Mr. Legh, of Lymhall, Cheshire.

Seizure and sequestration, or unlawful secret imprisonment, has often been tried as a means of carrying out some felony. In 1834, Mr. Gee, a solicitor of Bishop's Stortford, was inveigled to London and there held a prisoner until he signed a cheque that would divert a certain inheritance. Gee had a client named Canning, who left his widow a life interest in £2,000 so long as she remained unmarried, and this money the solicitor had partly invested and partly held. One day he was invited to come up to London to transact certain business, and called as requested at a house in York Street, Commercial Road. Soon after he entered he was

seized and carried off to the back kitchen, where he was securely fastened by chains and padlocks, and told that he would be kept prisoner there in total darkness until he signed the cheque already mentioned. Fearing for his life, Mr. Gee affixed his signature, when the ruffians left him, and he managed with great difficulty to set himself free from his bonds. His first step was to stop the cheque, his second to return to the house with the Bow Street officers. It was empty; but from inquiry set on foot it was ascertained that it had been hired by a blind man named Edwards, who, under the name of Heath, had invited Mr. Gee to come to London. It was further discovered that this Edwards was actually married to Mrs. Canning, whose acquaintance he had made as piano-tuner, and that the pair had devised this assault in order to avoid the conditions of Mr. Canning's will.

An extraordinary case of sequestration which had fatal consequences is reported in the French criminal records of 1886. It is generally called the "Mystery of Villemomble" The victim was a certain Elodie Ménétret, a woman of more than forty, possessed of a small fortune. She occupied a small house at Villemomble, and engaged as her housekeeper and companion a certain Euphrasie Mercier, who had been at many shifts to live before she met Mdlle. Ménétret. She was actually keeping a boot shop when she first made the acquaintance of her mistress. The sale of a pair of shoes was their first introduction. Euphrasie soon dominated the house. Under the pretence of nursing her mistress she gained complete ascendancy over her, and to such an extent that Mlle. Ménétret was heard to say that she could not call her life her own. She was terribly afraid of her housekeeper, and yet did not dare dismiss her. So great were her fears that she tried to persuade her friends to take charge of her personal property, but they refused. On the 18th of April, 1883, with the assistance of a friend, she made out a list of her securities and jewels, and that was the last time she was seen. A week later Euphrasie Mercier invited all her family, a brother and two sisters, to come to live at Villemomble. When they asked for the mistress, Euphrasie explained that

Mlle. Ménétret was tired of the world and had withdrawn into a convent, having obtained a promise from Euphrasie that she would never divulge the place of her retreat.

The same story was told to the relatives, who were alarmed at the rumours of Mlle. Ménétret's disappearance. The house was close shut, and no one ever entered it from outside. The police were informed. Euphrasie was summoned to the commissary's office, but she set at rest all suspicions by producing a letter from her mistress headed "Tuesday Evening," which the commissary accepted, although no other date was given. Now the plot thickened. Shortly afterwards Mlle. Ménétret, or someone personating her, called at a notary's office in Luxembourg and instructed him to prepare a power of attorney for a certain Euphrasie Mercier, whom she constituted her sole representative. The notary demanded proofs of identification or papers, and his visitor later called with two witnesses, natives of the town, both of whom it was afterwards shown had received five francs for identifying this Elodie Ménétret, whom they had never seen before in their lives. The person who had called was, of course, Euphrasie Mercier herself, and on her return to Villemomble she speedily used her power of attorney for the purpose of disposing of all the securities in the house.

The family Mercier continued to reside in seclusion at Villemomble, and, possibly, nothing would have been known of the fate of Eulodie Ménétret had not a new guest arrived at the house. This was a nephew of Euphrasie's, one Châteauneuf, a young man who had done no great good in the world. He had served as a soldier, he had deserted, had wandered through the United States, and was now returned to Brussels in search of a living. No sooner was he introduced into the house at Villemomble than he began to pay his addresses to Adèle Mercier, one of the sisters, and his suit was apparently approved by Euphrasie. What was much less to her taste was his extraordinarily inquisitive nature. He was continually wanting to know what had become of Mlle. Ménétret. He listened at every corner, he turned and twisted every remark that was made into some dangerous admission, and

he gradually became convinced that a crime had been committed. What chiefly irritated his aunt was his constant practice of twiddling his knife on the table-cloth, and declaring that it always pointed to the same place, a point in the garden of the house. He presently discovered that Euphrasie herself continually looked in that direction, a flower-bed full of dahlias, and this convinced him that there was something wrong. One day he eloped with Adèle Mercier, and, writing from Brussels, informed the Paris police of what he suspected. He also wrote to an uncle of Mlle. Ménétret, informing him his niece had been poisoned by the scrapings of lucifer matches, and was buried in the garden at Villemomble.

Full investigation followed, and elicited the most damning facts against Euphrasie Mercier. It is sufficient to say that no person answering the description of Elodie Ménétret was to be found in any convent of France or Belgium, all her possessions, all her clothes, even her hair, were in Euphrasie's hands, Euphrasie had personated her at the notary's. In the end Mercier was fully convicted of murder, theft, and forgery, her sentence being twenty years' seclusion.

MODERN BODY-SNATCHING.

It has been said and shown that the grave is no protection against the thief. Some of the operations of the resurrectionists and body-snatchers have been already described. They were mostly mean, ignoble crimes, barely rewarded by a few sovereigns, often less. The hope of much greater gain inspired the perpetrators of the most recent outrages of this kind. It will be remembered how the coffin of the great American millionnaire, Mr. A. T. Stewart, was stolen from the vault of an old churchyard in New York. It was in 1878 or thereabouts that certain desperate thieves broke into the church, raised the stone slabs, and unearthed the coffin, which they lifted over the rails into a waggon and carried away. Much mystery surrounded this act. From the first it was held by many to be an act of revenge. But in 1881 the true aim of the thieves became apparent, and the New York police were informed that the body might be restored on ransom. In January, 1882, a person signing himself "Romaine"

greed to make restitution on payment of 200,000 dollars. dge Hilton, on behalf of the heirs, refused these terms, but rs. Stewart, the widow, who was keenly anxious that her sband's remains should be recovered, entered into negotia- ons on her own account. Some little time later a party of asked men driving a buggy met her representative in West hester, and handed over the remains in exchange for 20,000 llars. It is said that the utmost precautions have now en taken to prevent a second robbery. The body is now cased in a coffin which lies in an inaccessible vault beneath e dome of the cathedral at Garden City. Any attempt to uch this coffin releases a hidden spring which is in connec- on with the chime of bells in the tower of the church.

In 1881 another similar case, inspired probably by the first, curred in Scotland. The remains of the recently-deceased arl of Crawford and Balcarres were stolen from the family ausoleum at Dunecht, near Aberdeen. Lord Balcarres had ied about a year previously at Florence, and his body, which ad been embalmed by an Italian, was brought home, though ot without encountering a series of misadventures. It had een placed within three coffins, the inner one being of soft talian wood, the middle one of lead, and the outer one of ak. A small steamer was chartered to convey it across the hannel, but she encountered such a violent gale that the offin had to be lashed on deck. On the day it was removed rom Aberdeen to Dunecht one of the most violent storms ver experienced in Scotland broke out, and on the return ourney the hearse was snowed up by the roadside, where it emained for several days.

The mortuary chapel over the vault, and the beautiful rivate chapel of which it forms a part, had been built by the te earl himself, from the designs of Mr. Street, R.A., the mily mausoleum, at Haigh, Wigan, having been completely lled. His own body was the first to be placed in the vault, hich is constructed to contain twenty-five coffins. Access to e vault is obtained by means of a stair outside the mortuary apel. The stairway and steps were covered with flags, over hich mould was spread to the depth of several inches, so as

to allow of grass being sown to give the place a natural appearance. An iron railing enclosed the whole, and shrubs and flowers were planted among the grass. The discovery of the outrage was made by a labourer on the estate, named William Hadden, who, on proceeding to his work early on the previous morning, observed that one of the slabs had been displaced, and that it was supported by a piece of wood. The alarm was instantly given, and Mr. Yeats, the earl's commissary, or agent, accompanied by Inspector Cross, found that the coffin had been partly drawn off the shelf upon which it had rested, that it had been opened and its contents carried away. It was believed that the outrage had been really committed in May or June previous, for it was not till then that the operation of finally securing the slabs was performed; and some time before this an aromatic odour had been observed, and it was suggested that the disturbance of the tomb must have been to call attention to the robbery with a view of exacting a ransom. So many people pass the vault daily that any interference with it would have been almost instantly observed. The chapel is practically a part of Dunecht House, there being an entrance to it from the library. The apparatus necessary for raising the slab and removing the railing would be conveniently handy, building operations being then in progress at Dunecht. The coffins were opened skilfully and without the least violence. Neither the outer one, of oak, nor the inner one had been broken, but the lids had been simply unscrewed. As the lead shell had been soldered, it had to be cut open; but this also was neatly performed. That several persons were engaged in the work was pretty certain. The slabs were of Caithness stone, very heavy, being six feet square and several inches thick. Dunecht House is about a mile from the road, and so the thieves could carry on their operations unmolested by the public. But the fact of the chapel being connected with the house made it a matter of certainty that the theft must have been perpetrated during the night. The deceased earl, being a spare man, the thieves would have been able to carry off the body all the more easily.

It was suggested that the deed might have been conceived by some Florentine desperadoes at the time of the earl's death, and carried out after making themselves acquainted with the place of interment. Eventually the crime was brought home to at least one English criminal. The body was found a year later, concealed in the grounds near the spot whence it had been removed. It was discovered two feet below the surface in a dell in the woods, thickly wrapped in blankets, which were much decayed. It could not be ascertained whether the preserving effect of the embalming of the body has been neutralised by such prolonged contact with moist earth. The discovery was made through one Charles Suter, who stated that shortly after midnight on the date of the theft he was poaching on the wooded "policies" of Dunecht, and that during his peregrinations in the semi-darkness he came upon a party of four men who were engaged in burying the body. Upon their observing the intruder, the men set upon him, threw him down, and, presenting a revolver close to his head, swore him to keep the matter secret, with the alternative of certain dreadful penalties. Subsequently Suter was charged with being an accessory to the deed, was arrested and tried, and, having been found guilty, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FALSE DOUBLES, CLAIMANTS, AND GREAT IMPOSTORS.

Personation as a Means of Acquiring Fortune—Impostors Past and Present—The False Queen Henrietta Maria—The Seven False Dauphins—Hervagault, Bruneau, Hebert or Richemont, Naundorff, and another, Eleanor the Iroquois—Olive, Pretended Princess of Cumberland—Arnold du Tilh, the false Martin Guerre—Deceives even Guerre's Wife—The real Martin Guerre Confronts his Double—Pierre Mège Claiming to be the Eldest Son of the Exile Huguenot family de Caille—Contested by the Father Himself—Dissimilarity between the Two—Yet Courts Recognise his Claim—Which is still Resisted and brought before the King in Council—Long Litigation finally ended against Mège—The Prince of Modena Sets up Claim in the Island of Martinique—Plays Part well, and is generally Accepted as a Royal Prince—Proceeds to Europe to Substantiate his Claim—Is Arrested at Madrid—Sent to Ceuta as a Galley-slave—Escapes—Last heard of at Gibraltar, where he is Forbidden to Land—James Thalreuter, the sham Prince of Brunswick—His Frauds on the Stromwalters, his Benefactors—How Thalreuter's Fraud was Maintained—Outrageous Lies—Ruins the Stromwalters by his fraudulent Devices—Arrested for Negotiating a forged Cheque—Sentenced to Flogging and Imprisonment—The false Lord Stafford—The Story of Provis Smyth claiming to be Heir of Sir Hugh Symth—Another bogus Baronet—Robert Taylor, a notorious Bigamist—"Sir Richard Douglas"—Yates and the Great Liverpool Schemes of Imposture—The spurious Family Bible and the manufactured Tombstone—A great Loan Office Swindler—Cheats and Card Sharpers—Stanhope—Lord De Ros—Baccarat—The Mystery of Calzado and Garcia—Great Cheating Case in Paris—Courts Decide Against Them—Garcia's Great Luck—It Turns and he Dies a Pauper.

A CYNICAL writer, with some gift for epigram, has divided society in two great classes—those who have money and those who wish to take it from them. We may fairly protest that all poor people are not necessarily rogues, but straitened means and the desire to grow easily rich are undoubtedly the parents of certain classes of crime. They have stimulated the energies of that large group of ingenious depredators who have tried personation as a means of acquiring wealth or consideration. The success that has attended their efforts, if only for a time, has been often remarkable.

Were it not that great offenders are impelled to crime by natural instinct rather than by example or the exploits of predecessors in the business, it might be said the most recent cases were inspired by those recorded in time past. Arthur Orton had his prototype in Arnold du Tilh and Pierre Mège: Perkin Warbeck was not the only fraudulent usurper of royal honours. In the time of our Charles I. a French woman appeared at a convent gate in Limoges and claimed to be received as his queen, the daughter of Louis XIII., although Henrietta Maria was at that very moment alive in London and the acknowledged consort of the English king. This impostor played her part so well, she assumed such queenly airs, she seemed so intimately acquainted with the gossip and etiquette of the British Court, that no doubt of her pretensions was entertained. She maintained the imposture before the French king's commissioner, and signed her interrogatory as Henriette de Bourbon. In the end she was condemned to be whipped by the hangman and imprisoned until further orders.

In our own day no less than seven royal pretenders have claimed to be Louis XVII. of France, the unhappy child of the murdered king, Louis XVI. There appears to have been no historical doubt that this Dauphin died; historical evidence is perfectly clear, reporting how he faded away day by day in the Temple; his death, at ten and a half years of age, on the 8th of June, 1795, is officially recorded and testified to by responsible witnesses. But people may be got to believe anything: even the rogue himself who tries to foist himself into the personality of another, comes by degrees to think he is the person he pretends, and this is the only explanation of the persistence with which assumed parts are so often played.

The first false Dauphin was Hervagault, the son of a poor tailor of Saint Lô, who pretended first, on the strength of a clear complexion, light curly hair, and a native dignity of manner, to be the son of the Duc de Valentinois, and the fraud was so successful that he went up in the scale of imposture and called himself the young Dauphin. The would-be

king was twice arrested for frauds and imprisoned, but after each conviction he found fresh dupes, especially in his own country. When he was arraigned at Vitry he had a large following of rich landed proprietors, eminent clerics, and other supporters, who hailed him as Dauphin when he had again disappeared into prison. The imposture only ceased with the Empire, and the pretender died at Bicêtre, to which he had been committed as a semi-lunatic by Fouché's police.

Mathurin Bruneau, a poor peasant hailing from near Rouen, was the next who took up the *rôle* in 1817, after the restoration, when Louis XVIII. was on the throne. His claims were first put forward in the shape of public notices in the streets of Rouen, signed by the legitimate sovereign. Bruneau was promptly arrested, and inquiry made into his antecedents. They were decidedly bad; he had a craze for passing himself off as someone else. For a whole year he was accepted in a noble family as a long-lost child. At another time he travelled through Maine-et-Loire as the son of an English lord. He had been a colonel in Spanish America, a Brazilian princess had given him two valuable diamonds, and he had also in his possession £20,000 in gold and a certified deposit in the Bank of England. At this time he called himself Charles de Navarre; but, in spite of his diamonds and his gold, he had no better clothes than a suit of nankin, a cotton cap, and his feet were stockingless. Soon after this he entered another family as their long-lost child, but was again turned out. Then he came across a restaurant keeper who had been a cook in the household of Louis XVI., and from him he got the first idea of personating the Dauphin. He made many proselytes among credulous folk, and when he had been arrested and committed to Bicêtre, his supporters flocked there, bringing sympathy and much money. Someone wrote his memoirs, describing how he had escaped from the Temple, and he became sufficiently important to be prosecuted for fraud by the government. His trial ended in conviction and a sentence of long imprisonment. Like Hervagault, the first pretender, Bruneau died in prison. These two impostors and others of the same class

had few of the conditions or advantages likely to insure success.

A more serious claimant appeared in 1818—a man of superior attainments, a clever actor, gifted by nature with a strong resemblance to the Bourbon family, who carried his pretensions far, and is still believed by many to have established his case. One day the Austrian police arrested a young Frenchman near Mantua, who gave his name as Louis Charles de Bourbon, travelling for his pleasure. When questioned as to the name he bore, he refused to answer, except in a letter addressed to the Emperor of Austria himself. Papers were found upon him which indicated that he was the Duc de Normandie, the rightful heir to the throne of France. He was sent to Italy, to Milan, and there told his story with great plausibility and clearness. He explained how he had been smuggled out of the Temple by the woman Simon, wife of his gaoler, and so got away to Belgium. After this he had a series of the most surprising adventures, passing from hand to hand and country to country, travelling in America, through England, visiting Africa, Egypt, Asia Minor, and Greece, until finally he found himself in Italy, and was made prisoner.

An independent account of this pretender is to be found in the Memoirs of Silvio Pellico, who was his fellow-prisoner at Milan. Pellico found on the walls of his cell some French verses signed Duc de Normandie, and declaiming them aloud, they were echoed by another voice in a neighbouring cell, that of the unfortunate duke himself, as he presently declared. Pellico talked much with him and learnt his story, very much like what has been told, and was greatly impressed by it. The duke talked like a gentleman, with a certain military brusqueness. He was evidently fully informed of the facts of the revolution and might easily have been accepted as what he claimed to be. The Italian warders who waited on them were quite satisfied that he was the king of France, and one of them continually repeated that the prisoner had promised him the post of palace porter whenever he came to his rights. Silvio got a glimpse once of his royal neighbour, a man of

middle height, between forty and fifty, rather stout, and with a Bourbon face. The duke's imprisonment lasted some seven years, and the Austrian authorities let him go believing him cured of his folly.

After a lengthened stay at Geneva, the pretender entered France, and was employed under the name of Hebert in the Prefecture of Rouen. In 1827 he was in Paris, calling himself Colonel Gustav; in February, 1828, he published an address to the French House of Peers as the Duc de Normandie, from Luxembourg, claiming its high protection. He made no pretensions to the throne, that was the property of the nation, which could dispose of it as it pleased. He asked only an asylum, somewhere to rest his head in safety, an asylum in his country which, even in thirty years of exile, he had never forgotten. A hunt was made for the writer through Belgium and Holland, but all the time he was hidden in Paris. He worked secretly and assiduously to obtain supporters and get money. He knew the whole story of the imprisonment in the Temple; he showed under his right eye the wound which his gaoler had given him, the marks on his knees and wrists caused by his long illness. He was still busy in his own cause when the revolution of 1830 occurred. Now he entered politics, and gave in his adhesion to the provisional government, but protested against the accession of Louis Philippe.

His proceedings were not viewed with much favour by the Paris police. Presently he was arrested under the name of the Baron du Richemont, and arraigned for fraud and conspiracy as Henri Hebert, which was generally supposed to be his real name. This was in 1833, and he spent a year in the prison of St. Pélagie. Next year, as he was about to be transferred to the Maison Central of Clairvaux, he managed to escape from prison with three others by using false keys. Hebert, or Richemont, or the Duc de Normandie did not return to France for some years, but he did not abandon his pretensions, still finding dupes amongst the Legitimists of Europe. He wrote several books of memoirs, and in 1840, taking advantage of the amnesty, he returned to

France. At the revolution of 1848 he again came to the front, and pleaded his rights with much vigour before the National Assembly, but these he yielded on the establishment of the Republic, to which he gave in his adhesion, a concession that was no more appreciated than his previous claims. Finally he died in 1885 in an obscure village in the district of Villefranche-sur-Saône.

There were two more pretenders, one who may be dismissed, the other a certain Naundorff, who put forward rival claims, just about the time that Hebert was on his trial. This Naundorff belonged to a Jewish family in Prussian Poland. He appears to have been born ten years before the Dauphin, and he spoke abominable French, though he did not hesitate to make himself out the son of Louis XVI. He was known in Berlin, where he lived for a couple of years, as the seller of wooden clocks. He moved to Spandau, and thence to Heidelberg, but he got into trouble for burning his house down in 1824, and, after that, as a coiner. It was while he was serving a sentence of three years for the latter offence that he started his claims to royal birth. He appears to have come to France to begin an action against the ex-king, Charles X., for which he was expelled the country. But passing over to England, he continued his pretensions, and was much mixed up with mystics, pretending to have the power of communicating with celestial spirits. He was also occasionally employed as a hotel thief, and appeared before the criminal courts at the instance of hotel-keepers whom he had robbed. He finally died at Delft, in Holland, in 1845.

An extraordinary impostor must be included among the false Dauphins, although his case hardly deserves serious attention. This was that of a Red Indian, an Iroquois, named Eleazor, who was said to strongly resemble two very different people: Louis XVIII. and Lord Palmerston. The idea of personation seems to have first entered his mind when he encountered the Prince de Joinville travelling in the United States. According to this Iroquois' story, the Prince trembled violently when he first met him, then

shook hands with him and treated him with profound respect. The Prince afterwards admitted that he knew him, and by-and-by got him to sign a document in which he renounced all claims to the throne of France in favour of Louis Philippe, receiving in exchange a rich settlement on the Civil List of France.

PRINCESS OLIVE.

Not many years ago a claim to be included in our Royal Family was advanced by a lady who called herself the Princess Olive, and the lineal descendant and granddaughter of H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland. The case was tried in the Court of Probate, in June, 1866, and dismissed, the general belief coinciding with that of the judges, that it was a clever and elaborate scheme of imposture. The claim was that the Duke of Cumberland, son of George III., had been lawfully married to Olive Wilmot in the year 1767. This was prior to the Royal Marriage Act, and the ceremony had been performed at the house of Lord Archer, in Grosvenor Square, by the Rev. James Wilmot, D.D., father of the bride. Many weighty documents in support of this marriage were put before the court: certificates and memoranda signed by the king and the Earl of Chatham, by Lord Brook, the solicitor-general, and others. Dr. Wilmot, it was averred, had officiated in other clandestine royal marriages. The whole of these papers had appeared in court before, as the claim was only a revival of one made by "Olive Princess Cumberland" herself; and now, when submitted to experts in handwriting, the signatures were gravely and positively pronounced to be genuine. But the weight of evidence was against their authenticity, although it was never definitely shown that they were forgeries, or a conspiracy proved. One curious fact came out in the trial which effectually disposed of the present claimant. If the first royal marriage had been declared valid she must have been illegitimate. Her mother would have been a royal princess, and as such she could not legally contract a marriage with a subject, as she did, after the passing of the Royal Marriage Act. "H.R.H. Princess Olive," the daughter of

"Olive Wilmot, Duchess of Cumberland," was married to a Mr. Serres, and the last petitioner, the issue of that illegal marriage, could only be illegitimate.

ARNOLD DU TILH.

Ancient history contains an often-quoted, somewhat hackneyed case of long successful personation — that of Arnold du Tilh, the false Martin Guerre. Here a stranger, relying upon his extraordinary resemblance to an absent man, the fact of which had come to his knowledge by mere chance, had deceived a whole family for years. Brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, cousins and friends throughout a wide district, all had recognised and readily adopted him as the missing man, Martin Guerre. He imposed so completely on the wife of Martin Guerre that she accepted him as her veritable husband, and had three children by him. All this grew out of a meeting with certain comrades of Martin Guerre in the north of France, who, deceived by the strange likeness, had at once taken him for the other man. Du Tilh then and there conceived the idea of personation, and prepared for it by obtaining all the information he could from these friends of the Guerre family. He seems to have also sought out his double and talked much with him on the same topics, gaining thus an intimate knowledge of many details that greatly assisted him in his imposture, as did also the early adventures of Martin Guerre himself.

This Guerre had been born in the town of Artigues, Biscay, and in 1559, when no more than eleven, he had been married to Bertrande de Rols, of an equally tender age. This childish couple were possessed of some means, and lived together happily for many years, and at length ten had passed; a son was born to them, christened Sanxi Guerre. About this time Martin was guilty of stealing a quantity of his father's hay, and absconded. He wandered to and fro for eight or nine years during which no news was heard of him, but reappeared suddenly and unexpectedly in the person of Arnold du Tilh. The impostor told a plausible story. He had taken service with the king, and had been engaged almost continuously in

the wars afoot, and at the peace had entered the army of the King of Spain. But now he became homesick—he longed to see his wife and his child, to be among his relatives and friends, and so he had returned to Artigues.

There was no hesitation about the family verdict. He was forthwith hailed as the missing Martin. Although he had filled out in figure, seemed shorter, his once smooth chin now showing a full-grown beard, with other minor differences that might have struck a critical eye, still the likeness was unmistakable. Moreover, he was so amply informed on all points of the family history, he so promptly recognised his different relatives, he reminded his wife of so many little secrets known to these two alone, that all doubt was silenced, and du Tilh was put at once and firmly into Martin Guerre's shoes. He calmly passed into the life of the house, assumed the airs and functions of the master, collected rents, gave receipts, and took over all the business obligations of the real Martin Guerre.

This lasted for upwards of three years, during which the veritable Simon Pure made no sign. We have no exact information of how the first suspicion of imposture arose. But in the long law proceedings that followed it was told by certain witnesses how a soldier, coming from the army of Flanders, had passed through Artigues and openly declared that du Tilh was not Martin Guerre. He had seen Martin, had served with him recently, and knew that he had lost a leg in the battle of St. Quentin. This may have started inquiry; in any case, an uncle, Peter Guerre, who had at first acknowledged him, now went back on his opinion, and, taking counsel with others, had become convinced that they were all in the wrong. The wife was brought over to the same side, and, being the most aggrieved party, she complained to justice, demanding the impostor's arrest and punishment. In some records it is suggested that she had quarrelled with him, or was tired of him, and was glad of an opening to break the connection into which she had been betrayed.

Du Tilh was put on his trial, but stood firm on his pretended rights. He made out that Peter Guerre was

impelled by greed, seeking to deprive him of his patrimony and escape all account of his stewardship during the years of the owner's absence. He declared that this uncle had poisoned his wife's mind, had manufactured much false testimony against him, and on one occasion had attempted to take his life. In support of his case he bore a most searching examination, answered a thousand questions intended to test his knowledge of people and things in the locality, described the birth of his first-born, Sanxi, his departure from home, his wanderings, the countries he had visited, the service he had seen. Had he been Martin Guerre himself he could not have been more accurately acquainted with all that had happened to his double.

Numbers of witnesses were called as to identity, and there was wide discrepancy between them. Many swore that he was Martin Guerre, but many others that he was Arnold du Tilh, whom they had known intimately, among them a maternal uncle, who wept bitter tears on seeing his nephew in custody on a criminal charge, and other members of the du Tilh family. Some light was thrown on the controversy by calling in the child Sanxi Guerre, who, it was generally agreed, did not resemble this doubtful father in the least, and yet was very like the sisters of Martin Guerre. Strange to say, certain specially distinctive marks—a bloodshot eye, three warts on the right hand, two sabre cuts on the lower jaw—were exhibited by both the claimant and the real Martin Guerre. Arnold du Tilh knew how to take advantage of such points, and the emphasis he laid on these helped him materially. So did his resolute, unshaken air throughout the proceedings. He was never disconcerted, much less so than his opponents.

In the midst of this vexed discussion matters took a new and altogether unexpected turn. The other Martin Guerre came home "as though he had dropped from the sky" and claimed to be himself. He had a wooden leg tallying with the report of the soldier comrade who had known him in Flanders: he was so like Arnold du Tilh that they could not be distinguished apart, and he was as intimately acquainted, although not more so, with the affairs of the Guerre family,

yet the court would not give him immediate audience. There were two Richmonds in the field and obviously one was an impostor; but which one? The pair were confronted, and Arnold du Tilh was the loudest in denouncing the other as a fraud, an impostor picked up and put forward by his enemies, especially by his uncle, Peter Guerre. He put many questions to his double showing his own knowledge and exposing the other's ignorance, much to Martin's confusion and that of the court, although it was more than probable that the false Martin Guerre, having learnt his story by heart, would be better informed in details; moreover, he was fighting for his life. A crowd of relations were then summoned and begged in turn to choose between them. This clenched the business, for all declared in favour of the newest claimant with the wooden leg, even those who before had sworn to Arnold du Tilh. Last of all came the wife Bertrande de Rols, who, weeping bitter tears, acknowledged her terrible mistake. Her recognition of her true husband decided the fate of Arnold du Tilh, who, vainly protesting almost to the last, was condemned to death. He was sentenced to be led through the streets of the town of Artigues with a halter round his neck, and finally hanged on a gallows erected in front of the house where he had personated Martin Guerre. Just before execution he made full confession of his fraud and asked pardon of those he had so grievously wronged.

PIERRE MÈGE.

During the troubles that drove the French Huguenots into exile, a certain Seigneur de Caille who had estates near Manosque, a small town of Provence, migrated with his wife and children to Lausanne, in Switzerland. An edict of Louis XIV. in 1689 confiscated all the property of his fugitive subjects, and the lands of the Cailles, including that which the wife had brought, passed to their next of kin. The first went to a Madame Tardivi, the nearest relative to the Cailles; the second to Madame Rolland, sister of Madame de Caille. The Seigneur preferred poverty to abjuring his faith, and he lived on in Lausanne until his death in 1710. The eldest of his

children, a son named Isaac, died, as it was supposed, in 1696, at the age of thirty-two in his father's arms. This young man had passed his short life in study, being much attached to literature and the sciences.

Three years after his alleged death, namely 1699, a soldier of the French marine, who went by the name of Pierre Mège, appeared before his commanding officer and declared that he was the son of the exiled Seigneur de Caille. His story was that he had fled from his father's roof in Lausanne having been continually persecuted and maltreated on account of his leaning to the true faith, that his father also hated him because he neglected his studies, and that at last, when kept a close prisoner, he had escaped by the help of a servant fully resolved to return to Provence. During his flight he passed through the army of Savoy and was forcibly enrolled in the ranks, but being taken prisoner by the French under Marshal Catinat, he was given a safe-conduct into France. Being destitute, he enlisted into the militia of Nice, and while on sentry one day at the governor's house, he saw a piece of plate bearing the arms of his family, the de Cailles. Whereupon he burst into tears at this memorial of his fallen fortunes, and was afterwards taken by the hand by the governor, who treated him with distinction.

It was necessary to explain why he was again in the ranks. When the militia was disbanded he said he was like to have starved, but, finding his way to Marseilles, he was there warmly welcomed by kindly folk whose sympathies were with the Huguenots, a family named Mège, womenkind all of them, for the head of the house, Pierre Mège, was absent, it was never stated exactly where. But the young nobleman lost no time in assuming the identity of the absent Mège, and became husband and master in substance and in form, accepted as such by Madame Mège and those who owed Mège money. It was proved that the false Mège gave several receipts for cash paid, and was generally acknowledged in business as Mège. Soon, however, he left home, why or wherefore he did not say. He is next heard of as one of the crew of a galley, *La Fidèle*, on which he served for three

years. After that he returned to Marseilles and lived for a time with the Mège family on the sale of a balsam specific, the inherited secret of his grandmother, a de Caille. Again he enlisted, this time at Toulon, and served as a marine until the moment of his throwing off all disguise. This manifestation was hastened by his having met a comrade, one Menusier, otherwise La Violette, who had once been a footman in the service of Seigneur de Caille. It was pretended that La Violette had recognised the son of his old master. On the other hand, when fraud was suspected, there was a fair inference that the whole plot had been concocted between the two soldiers.

The French officer to whom Mège-Caille was brought, M. de Vaubray by name, was pleased to take up his cause, and arranged for his speedy admission into the Catholic church.

In the act of abjuration Mège-Caille was styled "André de Entrevergues, son of Scipio Entrevergues, Sieur de Caille, and Susanne de Caille, his wife." The claimant did not sign his name, being unable to write, a statement that did not at all agree with the facts as known regarding the real man. This was not the only error in the declaration. The Seigneur de Caille's son had been christened Isaac, his own family name was Brun de Castellane, not Entrevergues, and the mother's name was Judith de Gouche, not Susanne de Caille. The age of the claimant was put at twenty-three, whereas Isaac de Caille, had he been living, would have been at least thirty-five at the time of the abjuration.

The public change of faith was soon widely known, and at last reached the ears of the Seigneur de Caille, at Lausanne. He wrote at once to M. de Pontchartrain, Minister of State in Paris, enclosing his son's death certificate. The King (Louis XIV.) was informed, and issued orders that the soldier should be arrested and brought to trial for imposture. The man Mège was in no wise disconcerted. Throughout his long conflict with the law and the heirs of de Caille he maintained the same firm, unshaken demeanour. It was deemed a strong point in his favour, indeed, that he ever held bravely to his story. Fraud or no fraud, he appeared to believe in

himself; his unvarying self-possession might be mere audacity, but it gained him many supporters. When interrogated by a judge he never faltered, but repeated the tale he had learnt by heart, sticking manfully to every point. He said that his father had always called him d'Entrevergues, that he was no more than five-and-twenty, that he had never heard his mother's maiden name, that he had never learnt to read and write—it was impossible on account of his short sight. There were many points against him, even at the outset. If he was truly a de Caille he knew very little of his own family. He could not describe his sister, her height, or the colour of her eyes or of her hair. He said his father was dark, fat, short in stature, long bearded; whereas M. de Caille was small, white-faced, with chestnut hair and a reddish beard. He could not describe any of his relations, and knew nothing of the house his father had occupied in Lausanne. Now, on an order from Paris he was taken to Manosque, the home of the de Cailles, to be confronted with people who remembered the family, and here he was rejected by many who had known the real Isaac, while others came forward prepared to swear that he was truly Pierre Mège, the son of an old convict, and that they had known him for years. On the other hand, many witnesses supported his claim, and recognised him as Isaac de Caille.

It is a striking proof of the difficulty of overtaking a fraud when once started that there should have been any doubt or hesitation in discriminating between the true and false de Caille. There appears to have been the strongest dissimilarity between them. Isaac, according to those who remembered him well, was slight in figure, not tall, with a handsome face, fine eyes, good complexion, and well-made nose. He had agreeable manners, the easy, quiet air of a born gentleman, talked well and sensibly, having a well-instructed intelligence, knew books, and could play games. Pierre Mège, on the other hand, as all the world could see, was a very different person. He was broadly built, with his head sunk low between strong, coarse shoulders, and thick knees. His face was unprepossessing, long and thin, and

weather-stained; he had a broad, thick nose; his eyes were small and constantly weeping, from some affliction for which he had been lanced, so that two scars showed just under the eyelids. Speaking generally, Isaac resembled many members of his own family, and Pierre Mège was very like his father Mège, whom many remembered well. The contrast between the two was still more strongly marked in character. Isaac was a man of culture, Pierre Mège stupid as an owl; he seldom spoke sense, he knew nothing, he had "l'air d'un paysan et la démarche d'un fou."

The case, however, went on, and was taken for trial before the Parliament of Provence, at Aix. The claimant had found good friends. He had met a Dr. Serri, whose daughter he afterwards married, and through him he obtained the necessary funds for litigation. His claims were strenuously contested, M. Rolland, whose wife was own sister to Madame de Caille, taking the leading part, and the case rested on three patent facts—that Isaac de Caille was dead, that the claimant was not Isaac de Caille, and, lastly, that he actually was Pierre Mège. The plaintiff retorted that M. Rolland had tried to suborn his witnesses, and on one occasion had attempted his life. After a trial prolonged to fifty days, and strong difference of opinion among the judges, the verdict was finally given in favour of Mège. The court held that he was the true Isaac de Brun de Castellane, son of the Seigneur de Caille; it gave him full possession of the estates, and cast the opponents in costs, with all arrears of income. This judgment was hailed with joy by the crowd, for Mège, like a later claimant, had the populace with him. They did not know, or would they have cared, that three at least of the judges were interested on the side of the claimant, being nearly related to the demoiselle Serri, whom he now married. Their influence was undoubtedly exercised in his favour. A long time afterwards, when the truth had come out, a critic dealing with the demeanour and conduct of the court said frankly, "If I had to choose a parliament to deal with a serious case it would not be the parliament of Provence."

Pierre Mège was greatly deceived if he hoped to enjoy his fraudulently acquired wealth undisturbed. The first protest came from the woman who claimed to be his real wife, Honorade Venelle, otherwise Madame Mège, who claimed her man. Whether Caille or Mège, he was her husband, and no other marriage was lawful. This declaration, made upon oath, did not please the Parliament of Provence, who forthwith ordered Madame Mège to be thrown into prison as a perjured liar. The pretence was that she had been set up by M. Rolland and the disappointed defendants. But another voice was now heard, and it could not be so easily silenced. The authorities of the canton of Berne lodged a complaint with the French king that their sworn testimony had been ignored by the court of Aix; they had borne witness to the death of Isaac de Caille, and now reaffirmed it of their own knowledge, supported by the unimpeachable evidence of others. Grave injustice had been done in accepting Pierre Mège for what he pretended to be.

The king in council at Fontainebleau re-opened the case, and after full inquiry decided to cancel the judgment of the provincial parliament, and ordered the whole to be argued afresh before the Parliament of Paris. Meanwhile the estates were to revert to the family, and at this recovery it was found that Mège had made the most of his time realising all he could, robbing right and left, selling all stock and produce, even the bees in their hives. He had paid over a sum of 18,000 francs to his father-in-law in consideration no doubt of his help in the first trial. Now he applied for the registration of the estates until the case was finally settled, but the Parliament would not give their consent, their sympathies being clearly with the unfortunate family, which had already suffered cruelly in defending their own against this supposed impostor.

Yet Mège stuck to his guns, and all through the nearly interminable proceedings that followed stood firm and undaunted, still claiming his rights. This resolved attitude was the strongest part of his case. He surely must be defending the right. No mere impostor could do it so well, least of all

a man like this poor creature of seemingly inferior intelligence, without resources and with but few friends. His answers were clear and straightforward, his statements precise. They must be based on the inner consciousness of truth and the justice of his cause. He was driven close and hard. The Caille family produced 182 witnesses from all parts, Manosque, Marseilles, Aix, Joncus, the home of the Mèges. Thirty-eight of these declared that he was not Isaac de Caille; 130 swore that he was Mège; nine had known and served with him as Mège, among these were officers whose servant he had been, for whom he had peeled oranges, brushed clothes, fetched and carried water and fuel. Others had known him at the galleys, had worked at the same oar with him, had been robbed and cheated by him, and had seen him commit other crimes.

Mège also brought testimony—no less than 394 witnesses, of whom 110 identified him as Isaac de Caille. But none of these had had any dealings with Isaac for some sixteen years. Some swore positively that he was not Pierre Mège, but they also had not seen the soldier for many years. All Mège's witnesses were proved to have been in conference with him before giving their evidence. Great stress was laid on the women who had been his nurses when a child and who positively identified him as Isaac de Caille; but it was not proved they were the real nurses, and it was shown that one of them could have been no more than seven when she nursed the child.

The most damaging witness was no doubt the soldier's wife. Madame Mège never faltered in her claim upon the impostor, maintaining always that he was her husband, although she would not have impeached his character had he refrained from marrying again. They had lived together from 1686; she could not be mistaken in him; she knew his parentage and all about him. It was quite impossible that she would have accepted another man as her husband and given him conjugal rights. Even if a stranger had attempted to pass himself off as Pierre Mège, she must have at once detected the imposture. Besides, if this person was really

de Caille, where was Mège? This in truth was the weakest spot in the impostor's pretension. What had become of the real Mège? Was he alive? If so, where? Had he disappeared or had he died? If so, when? There was no attempt to meet this obvious difficulty, that for Mège to impersonate de Caille it was necessary to get Mège out of the way; the substitution was a part of the claimant's case, but to support it, clear evidence must be adduced of the death or else the existence of Mège. None was forthcoming, none could be offered, and for the simple reason that de Caille and Mège were one and the same person.

This case dragged itself on before the Parliament of Paris year after year with argument and counter-argument expressed in abstruse and prolix memorials dealing at length with evidence and adding innumerable theories based on that evidence until at length in 1712, or thirteen years after the commencement of the claim, judgment was finally given. It was adverse to the soldier and condemned him to restore to the family all moneys and goods he had acquired while in temporary occupation of the estates. The first marriage with Honorade Venille was upheld, the second with Madeline Serri declared null and void, and the immediate arrest of Pierre Mège was ordered that he might be called upon to answer for his misdeeds. He was accordingly committed to the Conciergerie to take his trial, but in the meantime the ill-used Madeline Serri appealed against the judgment as ruinous to her position and character, and during the delay that followed, Pierre Mège died in prison.

THE PRINCE OF MODENA.

One of the most remarkable impostors of last century was the youth who claimed to be the hereditary Prince of Modena, and was long accepted as such. A clear motive for this deception was never made out; the only gain was a brief period of sunny splendour, hardly enough, it seems, to compensate for the wreck and ruin of his whole life. But there are many curious features in the story which must be classed with other instances of extraordinary popular credulity.

In 1748 a French merchant-ship being closely pursued by British cruisers, her captain took to the boats and landed his people upon the island of Martinique, then one of the French West India Islands. There was only one passenger, a youth of eighteen or nineteen, who called himself the Comte de Tarnand. He was good-looking, of dignified deportment, and chiefly noticeable from the extreme delicacy of his skin. He had embarked without servants or suite, but on board one of the crew, a young sailor named Rhodes, had become attached to his person and treated him always with profound respect. The captain of the ship could give no information about the young count beyond the fact that he had been brought to him at Rochelle by a merchant anxious to get him a passage, who hinted that the youth was someone of great distinction.

The arrival of this exalted but mysterious personage was soon known through the length and breadth of Martinique, and he became a centre of interest. The commandant of the port where he landed placed his house at the young count's disposal, and he was received with every mark of respect. The excitement rose to fever pitch when a letter of thanks, written by the guest, was found to have been signed "D'Este," not Tarnand. Inquiries were at once set on foot and comparisons made by those likely to be well informed, and it was at last decided that the noble arrival was no other than Hercules Renaud d'Este, hereditary Prince of Modena. The commandant's brother-in-law, who had served in the French army, identified the prince directly; he had seen him in Europe only the year before. Regarding this prompt recognition, the contemporary chronicle remarks pithily that this gentleman was never known to speak the truth even when he was sober, and he was certainly drunk when he identified the supposed prince.

The governor of the Windward Islands at this period was a certain Marquis de Caylus, who resided in Martinique. He did not enjoy a high reputation, being a needy man, intent only on filling his purse at the expense of the inhabitants. The colonists complained bitterly of his playing into the hands of speculators seeking to make "corners," to use a

modern word, in regard to provisions and necessaries, and whereby prices were raised and there was much scarcity. Indeed, a famine threatened the island, and discontent was very rife. When these facts became known to the young prince he sided with the inhabitants, and declared he would call the governor to strict account for misusing the powers entrusted to him.

The Marquis de Caylus, hearing this, peremptorily ordered the Count de Tarnand, in a letter thus addressed, to repair to the seat of government and answer to the charge of interfering with the supreme authority. The governor's messenger was received with haughty disdain. "Tell your master that to the rest of the world I choose to be the Comte de Tarnand, but to him I am Hercules Renaud d'Este, Prince of Modena. If he wishes to see me he must come half-way." As this defiance was accompanied by reports that the youth did in fact greatly resemble the Duchess de Penthièvre, own sister to the Duke de Modena, the governor began to believe the story. He did not, however, meet the prince as requested, but when the prince presently arrived, in state, at St. Pierre, the capital, he withdrew and left him in possession of the field.

The prince now assumed all the honours of his supposed rank. He was lodged in fine apartments of a Jesuit convent, he surrounded himself with a numerous household (all gentlemen of distinction), gave audiences, received petitions, and transacted public business. Large funds were placed at his disposal, chiefly by the agent of the Duke de Penthièvre, who held estates and other property for that nobleman. This agent was respected as an honest, cautious person: he knew all about his master's family, and as he freely accepted the prince as a *bonâ-fide* prince his decision was supposed to remove any doubts that might have lingered.

Now, the adventurer led a joyous and magnificent life. His table was laid daily for thirty covers; he dined in public to the sound of martial music and in the full sight of great crowds, who pressed forward to stare at his highness. The people also rejoiced, for universal prosperity had returned;

there was an end to the governor's exactions, food was plentiful, and money circulated freely.

Throughout the sham prince bore himself well: with most extraordinary dignity and self-possession. He never once in any society or in any condition forgot his character, not even in his cups. Courteous and condescending, with the kindly affability of a man of high rank, he played his part to the life. He was highly educated, could speak several languages, wrote indifferently, but could draw, and he was an excellent horseman; but, more particularly, he showed no anxiety for the future, although he must have known that any day the bubble might burst, as it did. Advices had been sent home by the governor soon after the prince's appearance at Martinique, and a special envoy had gone to France with full particulars, seeking instructions how to act. At the same time the prince had forwarded letters to his family, and calmly awaited a reply with remittances. As no answer came, he began for the first time to show apprehension. Now, too, the people grew a little sick of the outlay he occasioned, and which fell principally upon them. Finding his popularity on the wane, he resolved to return to France, and after seven months of him Martinique was willing enough to let him go. He sailed at length for Bordeaux, leaving under a royal salute and flying an admiral's flag.

A fortnight after his departure the governor's messenger returned, bringing orders to arrest the impostor forthwith. Yet these orders had been six months in preparation; and at the same time the Duke de Penthièvre, although he had lost heavily, sent to say he did not blame the agent, The fraud, then, was not as yet clearly proved. The ship in which the prince had taken passage put in at Faro, in Portugal, where he was received with royal honours, and, at his request, he was passed to Madrid, where he claimed the protection of the Duke de Modena's ambassador. Everywhere he still posed as a prince, and was an object of respectful attention. He now took up his residence in a Dominican monastery, and they betrayed him. He was arrested at table and thrown into prison at Seville, where he was heavily ironed and kept

close till he could be interrogated. From that time forth he met with hard usage, and passed from prison to prison, finding himself finally a galley-slave at Ceuta. Through all, there were many who still believed in him, and in Spain large bets were made on the question whether he was Prince of Modena or an impostor.

While at Ceuta the prisoner was well treated and under little restraint. It was said that he was visited by the brother of the Sultan of Morocco, who offered to place him at the head of 40,000 men if he would attack the Spaniards. The *soi-disant* prince is reported to have refused on grounds of honour and religion. Letters were received from him by his friends in Martinique showing his courageous endurance and his conviction that he would be righted one day. He did in due course escape from Ceuta, and was last heard of at Gibraltar, where he sought permission to land. This was refused rather abruptly by the governor, who promised to arrest him if he set foot on shore. The prince's ship sailed on, but no one knows where. This extraordinary youth now disappeared entirely, and the mystery that surrounded him has never yet been explained. He was, no doubt, an impostor, but scarcely an ignoble criminal.

JAMES THALREUTER.

This extraordinary liar and impostor is known as the "False Prince" in German criminal records, because he carried out his extensive frauds under the pretence that he was heir to a throne. In reading his story it is hard to say whether his matchless impudence or the amazing credulity of his victims was the greater. This bright youth, who, although ill-educated, was extraordinarily quick and clever, managed in a brief term of years to extract every farthing from his easily-deceived and doting friends, and kept up a vast system of fraud undetected. Thalreuter was the natural son of a Colonel von Rescher, and was born at Landschut in 1809. The father being called upon to take part in the campaign of Russia, left the child, whom he had legitimatised, to the care of his friends, the Baron and

Baroness Stromwalter, who brought him up with their own family. The baron was an old legal functionary, retired on a small pension, a nonentity in his own house, where his wife reigned supreme. The baroness had a modest fortune of her own, funded property, and a small estate, with various other rents and revenues, but was very far from rich.

Soon after James Thalreuter came under their roof the Stromwalters conceived a violent affection for the lively child. The baroness especially petted him; he amused her with his mischievous rogueries. Rudeness with her passed for wit; she thought his knavery pretty childish fun, and saw in his constant lying proof of a fertile and precocious genius. Nothing was too good for the boy. As he grew up his ascendancy over the baroness became more marked, and she spoilt him in every way: gave him cash, whatever he asked, to waste in self-gratification; he had access, too, to her money-box, and helped himself as he pleased. "He did what he liked with the baroness," it was said at his trial: "sometimes by fair means, more often by foul." The woman's blind devotion made him her absolute master. Yet he felt no affection or respect for her; he was not the least grateful, and only looked upon her as the purveyor to his pleasures. As for the poor old baron, he treated him disgracefully: never spoke of him but in terms of sovereign contempt; he openly insulted him in the streets or in his own house: once, it was averred, he had dared to strike the old man.

The Stromwalters lived principally on their estate at Schwaig, where their charge associated chiefly with the farmers' sons, whose plebeian ways and coarse tastes he soon adopted. Being intended for the army, he had been taught French, drawing, and mathematics, but learnt little: he wrote a bad hand, and could not spell. Yet at sixteen he already showed a surprising insight into matters commercial, while his talent for lying was already stupendous. He had great ingenuity and inventiveness, with a singularly accurate and comprehensive memory; so that the falsehoods he manufactured were perfect to the smallest details and worked out with masterly skill.

His early peculations were on too small a scale to please him; and after the discovery of his thefts from Baroness Stromwalter's strong-box, which he effected by purloining her keys, and the repetition of which she guarded against by hiding them, he laid the foundation of a gigantic scheme of trickery, which promised to be much more profitable. He began in the summer of 1825 to let fall mysterious hints that he was not exactly what he appeared. There was a secret involved in his birth, a State secret, and one day he confided to the baroness, with tears in his eyes, that he was really the son and heir of the reigning Duke of B—— (Brunswick). His father, having already lost one son by poisoning, had resolved to save the life of his second by screening his existence. Directly he, the so-called James Thalreuter, had been born he had him conveyed privately to his supposed father, Colonel von Rescher, an especial favourite of the Grand Duke's, to whom had been entrusted the high honour of bringing up this second son. The young impostor had got the story very pat; he talked glibly of personages about the ducal court, and especially of a certain Colonel von Hautbing, another of the duke's favourites, who had been, in fact, the emissary who acquainted him with his splendid prospects.

The whole story was absolutely almost manifestly impossible, and its falsehood might have been exposed by the most casual inquiry. Thalreuter kept it alive by many artful devices. From time to time he showed the baroness letters from his royal father, or from the imaginary Von Hautbing, a creature invented by himself. These letters, such illegible scrawls, all of them, that the young villain was obliged to read them aloud, contained the most gracious messages. The Stromwalters were warmly thanked for their care of the hidden prince; they were promised honours and large sums of money as their rewards. One day Thalreuter produced six strings of fine pearls as a present from the duke, to the extreme delight of the baroness, who was much pressed for money at the moment, and decided to pawn them. Thalreuter easily persuaded her that to have them valued would be a proceeding

likely to offend the high-born donor, but the old lady pledged them for several hundred florins. Another gift from the same source was a jewel-case containing a pair of diamond earrings. All these, it was afterwards proved, young Thalreuter had bought at a toy-shop where they sold sham jewellery. He obtained also a miniature, which he exhibited to the credulous old people as a portrait of his royal highness the duke; and, again, he showed them several sketches of the house and estates which his father meant to bestow upon his kind friends. To keep the fraud alive, he pretended that the duke himself had driven through the village in a coach and four, but could not spare time to alight from his carriage. On another occasion he brought an invitation from Von Hautbing to the old baron to visit him at the inn, but before Stromwalter could put on his dress suit Von Hautbing had been called away on urgent business.

The impostor prince was not satisfied with these outrageous lies. He conceived a greater, and persuaded the Stromwalters that a rich and well-born family, the Von Wallers, were anxious to marry their daughter to young Stromwalter, an officer of the army. The supposed *fiancés* —for the matter was fully arranged according to the young liar—had never even met, but the old people quite believed the story on the strength of letters of congratulation, all forgeries, addressed to them by the duke, Von Hautbing, and others of the royal household. This engagement paved the way to a fresh and most gigantic fraud. Thalreuter told the baroness she must produce 10,000 florins, to be paid into the military chest as security for the lieutenant's ability to support a wife, and the fond old creature raised a great part of it, which she handed over to Thalreuter. This soldier son was the cover for many more extortions. Now he was in arrest for seditious practices, and could only be set free by paying a considerable sum; now he had got into a discreditable connection, and the marriage would be wrecked unless a person could be bought off; now the young swain wished to buy jewellery to present to his future bride. Lieutenant Von Stromwalter was not so simple as his parents,

and he wrote, warning them, when hints of these proceedings reached his ears together with stories of young Thalreuter's extravagance and dissolute ways. But the villain was too clever to allow these letters to reach their destination; he intercepted all but one, and that he snatched from the baroness's hands. To stave off the danger more completely, he confided the secret of his high birth to the young lieutenant.

By degrees Thalreuter brought the Stromwalters to the verge of ruin. The baroness could only meet his demands for money by selling out of the funds, pawning her jewels and furniture, mortgaging her estate. Besides, when pressed for cash, he stole everything he could lay hands upon in the house; furniture, clocks, snuff-boxes, and so forth, which he sold for what they would fetch. When she was nearly cleaned out, Thalreuter reassured the baroness by drawing up a statement of her assets, including the many gifts from the duke, and showed that she was in very affluent circumstances. Yet at this very time she had lost everything, and was further answerable for a number of bills of exchange, which Thalreuter had got her to sign, concealing their real purport by hiding the papers with his hand. The money he obtained by all these flagitious tricks he wasted in reckless debauchery. He gave grand banquets to his chosen associates, low rascals, grooms and coachmen out of place; the most costly wines ran like water, fireworks were let off opposite the windows, and the entertainments generally ended in a drunken brawl. More than once Thalreuter was taken up by the police for misconduct. The authorities all along had their eyes on him, but when they cautioned the Stromwalters the answer, given under the seal of secrecy, was the youth was a prince in disguise, whose extravagances might be excused.

At last the blow fell. Thalreuter was arrested for negotiating a forged cheque, and his foster-parents could no longer screen him by stories of his high birth. The young scoundrel was the best evidence against himself, for he soon made full confession, and with the utmost frankness described the long series of deceits and thefts he had practised on the poor old people. It was not thought possible

that a lad of fifteen could devise and carry out such a tissue of frauds without being aided and abetted by others. When questioned on this he at once implicated a man named Stang, who kept a toy shop, and lived an industrious, reputable life; a wealthy Jewish merchant, and an innkeeper, all of whom, he declared, had instigated him to rob his foster-parents. This statement he supported by precise, specific details, yet on investigation the charges were proved to be false, sheer calumnies, contrived and invented by this astonishing liar in the hope of mitigating his own guilt. It was proved beyond doubt not only that the young villain had been quite unassisted, and had depended upon his own wit alone in playing upon the weakness and simplicity of his victims, but that, moreover, he had used the courts to further his instinctive talent for lying. His conviction followed as a matter of course, and he was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment, with a sound flogging on the day of his admission to gaol.

THE FALSE LORD STAFFORD.

Noble names and great estates have ever been the game of personators and impostors. Long before the Tichborne case became the leading one, other precisely similar attempts were made, although on a smaller scale. There was the impudent claim upon the barony of Stafford in 1824, made shortly before the attainder on that title was repealed. The Jerninghams inherited the title through the maternal branch, and the representative of that family, Sir George, was in 1820 granted the "title, dignity, and honour of Baron Stafford." He was not the only claimant. In 1823 a certain James Stamp Sutton Cooke, on behalf of his brother Richard Stafford Cooke, gave Sir George Jerningham notice of ejectment from his estates. It was resisted, whereupon the parties proceeded to take possession of them by deliberate violence and fraud. It was an organised plot. The two Cookes, one calling himself Richard Lord Stafford went with a so-called secretary and a sheriff's officer to Stafford Castle, near the town of that name, and gained

admission as visitors, to whom the interior was shown. When inside the conspirators pretended to take formal possession and tried to bribe the old housekeeper into silent acquiescence. But she sent post-haste for Sir George's agent and steward, who lost no time in turning the intruders out.

The Cookes then established themselves in Stafford in a fine suite of apartments at the George Inn, where "his lordship" summoned his tenants by notice to attend him and pay their respects. Other notices were served, cautioning them to pay no rents but to their rightful lord, or his legal representative, and these were accompanied by a promise to reduce rents 50 per cent. during the ensuing seven years. Men were also set to cut down timber, and a large number of trees were felled. Gamekeepers were appointed by James Cooke, and the game shot down. On the day of rent audit, an agent of the Cooke's was stationed outside the hotel, The Swan, where Sir George's steward sat at the receipt of custom, and ordered everyone to pass on to The George, and make payment to Richard Lord Stafford there. By these and other fraudulent devices the swindlers imposed upon several people, and secured a certain sum of money. They failed, however, with one sturdy old lady whom they assured that King, Lords and Commons had recognised Lord Stafford, but who still refused to accept him as her landlord. After the rent audit "his lordship" made a state entry into Stafford in a hired carriage which was brought down from London, on which the Stafford arms were boldly emblazoned; the four horses, tied up with ribbons and streamers, were unyoked from the carriage, which was drawn to the hotel by the mob. A great banquet was given in the evening, with the usual complimentary speeches. Later the impostors went through the farce of holding a "court leet" and a "court baron" in due form.

THE FALSE SIR PROVIS SMYTH.

The Tichborne case was also anticipated by that of the Smyths, a British baronetcy having been the object of both frauds, and the attack in both on a minor in possession. Sir Hugh Smyth, of Ashton Hall, Gloucestershire, died in 1824,

and, although he had been twice married, he left no known issue. Accordingly the title and property went to the deceased baronet's brother, who became Sir John Smyth, and died, also childless, in 1849. His end was hastened, it is said, by the appearance of a claimant whose rights he was unable to deny. A person, calling himself Provis, had but just come to the knowledge of facts concerning his birth, which showed that he was undoubtedly the son of Sir Hugh Smyth, by an earlier marriage than the two above mentioned and known to all the world. Provis declared that this first marriage had taken place in Ireland in 1796, that his mother, Lady Smyth, was the daughter of a Count Vandenberg, and that he, the claimant, had been born at Warminster, in Wiltshire. His mother died in childbirth, and as Sir Hugh wished to re-marry, without delay, a daughter of the Bishop of Bristol, he was secretly entrusted to a woman named Lydia Read, who brought him up under the name of Provis, in entire ignorance of his family and true identity. He had gone abroad on reaching man's estate, travelling with a gentleman named Knox, and returned to England in 1826, from which time forward he earned his living as a lecturer and schoolmaster. In 1838 or 1839 he learnt the truth; certain documents fell into his hands, which proved beyond question that he was the rightful baronet, entitled to estates worth twenty or thirty thousand a year. It was a paper signed by Sir Hugh Smyth, which had been carefully kept by Lydia Read, and which was a full acknowledgment of the true heir.

The story told by the claimant, which had so terrified Sir John Smyth that he soon afterwards died, was plausible enough. He could not produce his mother's marriage certificate, for there were no public registers kept in Ireland at the end of last century, but he showed an entry of the marriage and of his birth in the family Bible, which he had recovered with the documents that substantiated his claim. Provis said that he had been kept at Warminster till he was five, then Sir Hugh Smyth's butler, Grace, had taken him to live at Lawn Court, an old-fashioned house belonging to the Gore family. He was then sent to Warminster Grammar

School, and afterwards to Winchester College. At Warminster he had been the schoolfellow of the great Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. Latterly his school bill at Winchester had been left unpaid, and he was sent to London to see the Marchioness of Bath, who told him to apply to his father, Sir Hugh Smyth, and at the same time told him that her steward had his mother's miniature and trinkets in safe keeping for him. This mother, *née* Vandenberg, was really a member of the Bandon family, nearly related to the earl of that name. Provis did not recover these articles then, nor does he seem to have thought of them until 1839, when another Provis, an old carpenter of Frome, to whom the plaintiff was always supposed to be related, handed them to him with the Bible, some jewellery, and a bundle of papers carefully sealed. These he took to a solicitor in Warminster, but he could not commence a suit of ejectment for want of funds, and he waited ten years.

The action was brought in 1853, against the grandson of Sir Hugh Smyth's sister, Florence Smyth, a minor who had succeeded, and it was tried at Gloucester. The claimant was very sharply handled by the defence, and stood his first examination with great ability and self-possession. But he broke down on proof of certain flaws in his statements, certain mistakes he had made. One was that he had sealed a letter, dated March 13th, with the family seal, which it was proved did not come into his possession until the 17th. Another damaging fact was that he had applied to an engraver in Oxford Street, a few months before the trial, to engrave the Bandon crest on a ring which he had produced in court as a family relic, and that he had words engraved on an old brooch, to give it the same sort of value. The plaintiff could not rebut this evidence. The defence had more crushing blows in hand. It was proved that about the time young "Smyth" Provis alleged he had called on Lady Bath, he was actually "doing time" in Ilchester gaol for horse-stealing. A person recognised him as his old schoolmaster, then named Provis, and, finally, Ann Provis, his sister, identified him as her brother Thomas.

There was no doubt now of the fraud, and the claimant was sent to gaol to await trial for forgery and perjury, which were fully brought home to him, and earned him a sentence of penal servitude for twenty-one years.

A BOGUS BARONET.

Towards the close of the American Civil War, about 1864, a tall, good-looking man, named Henry Mercer, was employed as a drummer or commercial traveller in a dry goods store in Boston. His wife kept a cigar shop in a mean street, to which she added the business of an inquiry office, assisted by a couple of ruffians, who spied on her customers, and carried out a very nefarious system of blackmail. Mercer's employers, Messrs. Laught & Co., were at this time engaged in blockade running, shipping goods largely to Nassau for the Confederate markets in Florida. Mercer betrayed them to the Federal authorities, and when Laught was arrested, got from him a power of attorney to collect debts in Nassau.

Arrived there, he assumed the title of Sir Henry Mercer, calling himself a British baronet, and a partner of the firm of Laught & Co. He made many friends, among them an agent of the Confederate States, who introduced him to a rich and attractive young widow, who had lost her husband in the war. The bogus baronet, on the voyage home from Nassau, gained her affection, and having somehow got rid of the other wife and the cigar shop in Boston, he was on the point of marrying the widow, when the lady's friends thought it right to inquire into his *bona fides*. Mercer gave full particulars of himself, including a letter to his New York branch, to verify which the widow went to New York in person. Mercer was at this time a guest in the widow's house in Boston, and in her absence he quietly rifled it, securing some 1,200 dollars and a quantity of silver plate. He was traced first to Quebec, where he had taken passage across the Atlantic, and then to England, where he was arrested. But the widow would not prosecute, and abided by the loss of her possessions.

Mercer was not heard of again for four years, when

Pinkerton, the American detective, was put upon the investigation of an express robbery which had occurred on a line between Chicago and the South. He discovered Mercer as the keeper of a saloon, and the intimate friend of one of the *employés* of the Express Company. The pair were shadowed, and at last run in at the Sherman Hotel, Chicago. They had stolen some 3,000 dollars in all, but Mercer had secured the lion's share. He was in due course convicted on his confederate's confession.

ROBERT TAYLOR.

A very impudent impostor, who, nevertheless, was extraordinarily successful for some time, was Robert Taylor, a youth who managed to get married half a dozen times over before he was of age. He was a lad of common, coarse appearance and vulgar manners, yet he was able, by playing upon the covetousness of his dupes, to pass himself off as a peer of the realm and the possessor of vast estates. For some time he travelled about the country, and, fixing his residence in some place, made it known that he would pay a handsome reward to anyone who obtained him a suitable alliance. Silly people were not wanting to swallow the bribe and believe him to be what he represented. He carried about with him a number of documents in a tin case, which he was willing to show to everyone. One of these was on parchment, and purported to be the last will and testament of Lord Kennedy, of Ashley Hall, Leicestershire, whose son Taylor pretended to be. The property devised by this deed was enormous—a million of money in the three per cents., with vast possessions in coal mines, salt factories, woollen factories, quarries, machinery, houses, plate, jewellery, and shipping. This will was drawn up in legal language and engrossed in a clerkly hand; it appointed various guardians and trustees, and was duly signed "Kennedy," and attested by witnesses. When this tin case was overhauled at the time of Taylor's arrest, it was found to contain many other curious documents, for Taylor seemed to prize and treasure everything. Among others was an indenture of apprenticeship, describing him as a poor child from Fatfield, in the county of Durham, and

apprenticing him to a chimney-sweep. There were numerous marriage licences and memoranda of agreements to marry. In one, Robert Taylor and Mary Wilson had covenanted to marry within three months, Taylor to forfeit £20,000 if he married anyone else, and Mary Wilson to forfeit a third of her yearly salary if she failed to complete her engagement. Another memorandum at great length was made between Robert Taylor, "son of the late Lord Kennedy," and his servants, intended to show the splendid establishment he kept—stewards, butlers, footmen, grooms, coachmen, gamekeepers, all at high wages. Yet at this time his mother was alive, and living at Workington, in Cumberland, from which place she came to identify the prisoner at his trial.

The case against Taylor showed him to be a heartless profligate and liar. He produced papers in the case of his first marriage pretending that he was heir to £60,000 a year, and this had the effect of securing him a wife within twenty-four hours, whom he deserted in a few weeks. He had been introduced to another wife by a preacher among the Primitive Methodists, to which connexion Taylor belonged. He told her the same story of his rich estate, and again he secured his bride within a couple of days. They lived together three weeks, during which time the prisoner made several attempts to run, and had tried to slide the wedding ring off his wife's finger. Again, at Newcastle, having attached himself to the Wesleyan Methodists, he gained a high reputation as a religious, moral man, and strict teetotaler. He married the daughter of a respectable tobacconist, but borrowed four pounds from the father to pay for the licence, so that they might be married out of hand. Eighteen days afterwards he deserted her.

Taylor made a very poor show in court, to which numbers had gone to see the supposed young lord who was so much married. They were disappointed to find a shabby-looking individual, with a rather repulsive face and a bold, impudent manner. He conducted himself with the utmost unconcern during his trial, and very coolly cross-examined his victims and the witnesses against him. His chief concern, when

sentenced to two and a half years' imprisonment, was whether his wives would have any claim upon him when he was released, a point upon which the court refused to give any opinion.

"SIR RICHARD DOUGLAS."

An old swindler, who went by several aliases, and was known now as "Captain" Douglas, now as "Sir Richard Douglas, of Orpington House, Kent," did a large business about 1850-1, and was a character in his way. He was of the class of thieves who victimise tradesmen, obtaining goods by false pretences. Aided by his two sons, who were also adepts, he had swindled the London shopkeepers out of about £4,000 worth of goods. They called, gave large orders, offered cheques in payment, secured change if possible, or had the goods sent home to various addresses, intercepting them by the way. Begging-letter writing was another line of business which they had raised to a fine art, and their applications, replies, the record of moneys received were duly posted in ledgers and books, kept in the most methodical and mercantile fashion. Old Douglas had a mania for recording everything. His diary for 1851, which was seized at the time of his arrest, was full of the strangest and most amusing entries dealing with his operations. The book opened with a prayer asking Providence to bless his and his sons' exertions and give them greater prosperity and success than in the previous year. On the 5th of January he wrote, "Phaeton and horse seized. Fear exposure at Ascot, and all chance up there. Fear we must cut. 7th.—All day ill. Row about stable. Forcible possession taken of it. Row all day with one person or another. Fearful how things will end. Three boys at home idle, all ordering things. 18th.—Went to boys' to dinner—champagne—very merry. Providence not quite deserted us."

But misfortune was near at hand. The prisoner one day wrote a pathetic letter to the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, imploring assistance, being confined, he said, to a sick bed, and in a state of complete destitution. The police heard of this letter, and, as every attempt to capture the prisoner had failed,

from the precautions taken to keep the police out of the house, the following stratagem was adopted:—Police-sergeant Allen made himself up as like a clergyman as possible, in a long black coat and broad-brimmed hat. With a letter in his hand, he knocked at the door, and when it was answered, but still kept on the chain, he said he had called to see a brother in affliction. The door was now opened, and a smartly-dressed lady came forward and begged him to walk in. The lady showed him into a back bedroom, arranged carefully so as to present the appearance of severe want, and there, on a truckle bed, reposed the prisoner, writhing, or appearing to do so, with pain. The disguised constable, in a tone of commiseration, asked if he addressed Captain Douglas. The prisoner feebly replied that he did, and presumed he was speaking to Mr. Hamilton. "Not exactly," said the constable, "my name is Allen, sergeant of the B division of police." The lame man jumped nimbly out of bed, and called out to his wife that "he was betrayed."

"Sir Richard" was soon afterwards sentenced to twelve months', and his sons to three months' imprisonment each.

YATES OF LIVERPOOL.

One of the most gigantic schemes of imposture ever exposed is little more than a couple of years old (1896). It grew out of the claim of an alleged next of kin to a considerable sum, about £200,000, lying in the Court of Chancery, which had passed to the crown in default of heirs. The money in question was the estate of a certain Lieutenant-General Blake, deceased in 1850, who left everything to his widow. The property was both real and personal, land and houses, freehold and copyhold, with moneys invested in the funds, and various securities. Mrs. Blake lived for five-and-twenty years in the enjoyment of her fortune, and died intestate, without children or other known heirs. As no one came forward, a claim was entered on behalf of the crown in the usual manner, a friendly suit between the attorney and solicitor general. The action was tried, an order was made to inquire for heirs, and as none were forthcoming, the

personal estate was, in 1883, adjudged to the Queen in right of her royal prerogative.

Eight years later the matter was revived by a petition of right from no less than ten claimants, all of Irish origin, and all of them backed by solicitors, who made a good fight, but failed to prove their case, or desisted from want of funds. Again the matter slumbered, for seven years, but was again taken by a new hand, an enterprising solicitor lately established in Liverpool, a certain Joseph Hollis Yates, whose attention was drawn to the facts, and who made it his business to master them. He found that one set of claimants, residents in Liverpool, named Sherridan, in humble circumstances, had a good case, and he agreed to take it up for them on the understanding that he was to have a large share of the proceeds if he was successful. Mrs. Blake, the last holder of the estate, had been a Sherridan, born in the West of Ireland in 1800. She had been sent in her teens to a boarding school in Dublin, and there met her husband, Mr. Blake, at that time a young officer serving in the garrison. They made a runaway match to Scotland, where they were married, and presumably lived happily, at any rate, the general left her his sole heiress at his death.

Mr. Yates's business was to obtain evidence that his Sherridan family were Mrs. Blake's next of kin. He had no difficulty of satisfying himself of this, for the whole thing was a fraud; what he had to do was to satisfy others. His first step was to visit the west of Ireland and seek out witnesses who could prove the relationship. He saw many people of patriarchal age, one of them 104, and all spoke positively. The Sherridans of Liverpool and Mrs. Blake belonged to the same family. On this Yates built up a case which he submitted to counsel, seeking advice. The answer was satisfactory, but several flaws and failures in proof were pointed out, all that Yates wanted to know, and he set himself to work industriously and, it may be admitted at once, criminally to manufacture the necessary evidence. It was necessary to produce certificates of births, deaths, and marriages, none of which existed; they had never been drawn,

or were lost in the lapse of years. The best substitute would be a family Bible, and that Mr. Yates speedily found. It did not strike him that a Protestant Bible would hardly be used as a record by Irish peasants professing the Roman Catholic faith. Yet he was a connoisseur in Bibles, and no less than ten, all intended for use but discarded, were found in his offices after his arrest. Some of them had been suitably bound, others had been knocked about their edges and pages torn and frayed to give them the appearance of great age. The one selected had been bought at a Liverpool bookstall, where Yates had come upon it by chance, of course with a number of other books which had also belonged to old Martin Sherridan, Mrs. Blake's father.

The Bible in itself would have been of no value. But it was a true family Bible of the old-fashioned kind, containing in the fly-leaf a detailed record of all the interesting events connected with the Sherridans. It was, indeed, a find. No wonder that the bookseller, smelling a rat, made him pay for his bargain something between £20 and £80, as Mr. Yates declared. One of the principal items of information was to the effect that "my daughter Helen has run away with a young officer staying in Dublin Castle, and has married him privately in Scotland." A previous entry recorded that Helen had been "born Feb. 5, 1800." Other records dealt with the death of old Martin Sherridan himself, and with the births of all the present claimants. Yates had taken all precautions to prevent discovery. He used special ink, made after some recipe of his own, so that the handwriting should appear old and faded. Three bottles of this were found in his offices when searched, but he pretended that they were medicine for neuralgia.

The Bible was not the only book he produced. There were others bearing the inscription, "Martin Sherridan, his book," which he had picked up at old book shops. Another link in the chain was a silver watch with the legend engraved, "From Helen Blake to her dear nephew Patrick Sherridan," and Yates had suborned witnesses to swear that they had actually seen the old lady present this watch. Yet it was

proved that Yates, under another name, had bought it and caused the inscription to be engraved, with the order that the date appended should be "1866." The engraver, believing this to be a mistake, corrected the date 1896, much to Yates's annoyance, who returned it, desiring that the earlier date might be inserted, as he had ordered. This circumstance was one of the first clues against him, for the engraver, an honest man, fearing there might be something wrong, informed the police. A detective was set to work, and he tracked the messenger who called for the watch back to Yates's office. More evidence had been manufactured. Yates had two coffin-plates prepared in Birmingham with the names and dates of death of various members of the Sherridan family, and to give these plates the appearance of age he buried them. When ultimately dug up, he declared that he had disinterred them from a churchyard in the west of Ireland. He had also made a design, which was found in his possession, for a broken tombstone. The fragments, when pieced together, exhibited an epitaph on Martin Sherridan and showed the date of his burial.

All these damning facts were elicited with infinite pains and cleverness by the Liverpool detectives. They found a second silver watch which Yates had caused to be engraved in London with the same inscription, being dissatisfied with the clumsy mistake in the date of the first watch. They traced the true origin of the family Bible and of the other books. When Yates was arrested a great number of curious documents were found in his offices, showing that his fraudulent schemes were not limited to this particular one. He had got together material which would have helped him to secure about half a million of money, lying, like the Blake estate, unclaimed in the Court of Chancery. Had he succeeded in his first attempt, he would have had money enough to prosecute the others, for all along he was hampered for want of funds. He could not have gone so far in the Blake-Sherridan case had he not obtained advances from really reputable firms, whom he had persuaded that there was "money in it."

Yates, who was arraigned at Liverpool assizes, was sentenced to penal servitude for life. It came out that his antecedents were rather shady. He was a native of Gloucester, and had been trained as a schoolmaster, but in 1883 was articled to a Gloucester solicitor, and in 1888 began business on his own account. A very dirty transaction was soon recorded against him. He borrowed £50 from a young man in the town of Gloucester, and gave him a bill for it, which was negotiated by the lender's father. Then, when the bill was presented for payment, Yates declared that the signature was a forgery, and prosecuted both father and son, the first for forging, the second for uttering a forged bill. They were acquitted, and the judge disallowed Yates's costs. This was in 1890, when Yates became a bankrupt, and moved to Leeds, thence to Wigan, setting up finally in Liverpool, where his fertile brain devised the great plot which so conspicuously failed, and earned him penal servitude.

A "LOAN OFFICE" SWINDLER.

Loan office swindles are among the latest devices to obtain money by fraud, and it is generally understood that they were first invented by a broken-down attorney named Smith. He was in low water, and struck out this brilliant plan for restoring his fallen fortunes. He opened an office in a back street in the Borough, with an assistant who had been a solicitor's clerk, and advertised all over the country offering loans to any amount on liberal terms. These tempting offers were headed "Money! money! money!" in large capitals, and the advertisement set forth that any sum from £100 to £25,000 might be obtained within four-and-twenty hours; on no more security than the borrower's note of hand, and only a trifling rate of interest would be charged. But each application was to be accompanied by an inquiry fee of two guineas, and as Mr. Smith's advertisements met with almost immediate response, he soon netted a very considerable sum. A more commonplace swindler would have decamped with the money. This would have brought the police after him without delay, and he would inevitably have been arrested. He preferred to hold his ground; his was a genuine address,

and from it he entered into a lengthy correspondence with his clients. An acknowledgment of the application and fee was the first step, then came a report upon the inquiries made. These oddly enough were never quite satisfactory, and the borrower was harassed and cross-examined till he began to be very uncomfortable. At last Mr. Smith consented to make the advance on the condition that the borrower would insure his life in an office named. It was a part of the swindler's scheme to be in close relation with some shady concern, some not too reputable office. This never made any difficulty in taking the life, but stipulated that the premium should be paid on double the amount borrowed, and paid before the policy was prepared. When this had been disbursed the milch cow was drained. The swindle was complete. A sharp letter informed the borrower that the whole affair was "off"; insuperable difficulties had arisen; there was something wrong about the references, or the applicant had withheld certain facts, he had made misstatements as to his condition in life—any excuse served to decline the business. If the borrower showed his teeth, demanding the return of fees and assurance premium, he was threatened with exposure. Capital was made out of something in his past history—the secret of his asking for the loan—or some awkward fact that the borrower would not wish to have disclosed—and he generally accepted his loss. This Smith long flourished without interference, and he had many imitators on a smaller scale, who also did a good business. The police were constantly at their heels, but it was always difficult to obtain definite proof, for the loan office swindler constantly flitted from address to address, changed his name continually, and was especially careful to keep no papers or documents of an incriminating kind.

CHEATING AT CARDS.

Card-sharpers have been met with in every country and community, in every class, even the highest. Many unsavoury stories might be revived in proof of the last statement. There have been aristocratic as well as common-

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LORD DE ROS.

A very unfortunate affair, calculated to bring discredit on his order, was that of Lord de Ros in 1836. His offence seems to have been flagrant and uncalled for; it is only to be explained by that uncontrollable thirst for gain which has betrayed others as well born into the trespass from which there is no recovery. He was a man of considerable means, and there is no excuse on that ground for his correcting fortune, as he did for many years. People called him one of the best whist players alive, and undoubtedly he always won. But his skill was largely due to his knowledge of the cards, and that depended not on memory or close reasoning, but on unblushing foul play. He had acquired an extraordinary knack of marking the cards by pricking them—the honours that is to say—with his nail as he held them in his hand, and such was his nicety of touch that he knew them again when he dealt them. The extreme deliberation with which he always dealt was proverbial; it was supposed to be merely carefulness. For a long time no one suspected that he was slowly fingering the cards, and recognising the tell-tale marks. He must have possessed extraordinary sleight of hand, and he was very adroit in cutting the cards, and could accomplish without detection the trick known as *sauter le coup*, or bringing a court card, king or ace for choice, bottommost. A witness at the trial described how de Ros was constantly attacked by a hacking cough, which was often called the "cough of the king," from the fact that the king or ace was invariably turned up afterwards.

Lord de Ros was suspected long before he was openly accused of cheating. He greatly frequented the Gresham Club, where his procedure came to be noticed by some of his fellow members. Sir William Ingilby, who was himself possessed of much skill in sleight of hand, and gave a practical demonstration before the court, declared he had frequently seen de Ros perform the trick of *sauter le coup*. When asked why he did not at once expose him, Sir William said he did not dare accuse him openly until others could

corroborate the charge. At last the murmurs became so loud and menacing that de Ros thought it advisable to take a trip to the Continent. While he was at Baden-Baden, a definite statement appeared in a public journal accusing him of foul play, and he returned to bring an action for defamation against the paper, which he lost, and "went under."

BACCARAT.

Cheating has been practised with a variety of machinery and in many dexterous ways. Dice have been loaded, the dice-box may be fraudulently handled so as to influence the throws, roulette boards have been tampered with, and a recent writer has not hesitated to charge the managers of the Monte Carlo tables with systematic dishonest manipulations. The use of signals, of reflection in mirrors, of "bonnets," or disguised confederates, have been tried with success. But no form of gambling frauds are more numerous than those with cards. A thousand combinations are possible with them. Endless tricks can be played by the adroit and unscrupulous dealer of cards. Some are traditional, almost as old as the hills. Cards have been "forced" with marvellous, incomprehensible skill: packs have been prepared and substituted with uncommon dexterity. One quite recent case was detected at a *trente et quarante* table at Monte Carlo; the cheat depends sometimes on the fraudulent "cut," which may be compassed by making the ace broader than the rest, or giving the back a slight protuberance and perceptible only to the most delicate touch. When play was the universal passion, all Europe was infested with card-sharpers, who knew every dodge, and often reaped rich harvests in spite of the heavy penalties on detection. Nowadays the cheat is more limited in his scope, but he still crops up everywhere, and is greatly aided in his operations by the simple character of the most favourite games of chance. Baccarat, for example, which is one of the easiest played,* affords also the greatest facilities for fraud. It has been said that in Russia there are just a thousand different methods of cheating at baccarat.

* A certain noble prince once gave his opinion upon the simplicity of baccarat. "Any fool can play baccarat," he said naïvely; "I can play baccarat."

CALZADO AND GARCIA.

A certain mystery surrounds a baccarat cheating case which occurred in Paris in 1863, when two gamesters on a large scale were arraigned before the Correctional Tribunal of the Seine, and both condemned to long terms of imprisonment. One was Garcia, a Spaniard, whose name is still remembered as that of the winner of colossal sums at "the tables" of Homburg and Baden; the other, Calzado, another Spaniard, who often played high, and was accused in this particular instance of having been Garcia's confederate. It may be fairly inferred from the issue of the above-mentioned trial that Calzado's guilty complicity was established. Moreover, on appeal to the higher court, the decision of the lower was confirmed. But the magnificent defence of Calzado at the hands of the eminent French advocate, Maître Lachaud, has left some doubt as to the infallibility of the law, and it is just possible that Calzado may have been innocent. The whole story is interesting.

The affair occurred in the house of a Madame Barucci, a lady of questionable character, who opened her doors to society of a certain class; to men about town as we should call them, and many charming ladies of the *demi-monde*. Play was a favourite pastime; indeed, the place was to all intents and purposes a fashionable "hell." Among the visitors were leading members of the *jeunesse dorée* of Paris, and on the night of the scandal the company included Prince Demidoff, the Marquis of Grammont-Caderousse, Don Angel de Miranda, a rich Spanish grandee, the Vicomte de Pax, the Marquis de Vineux, and many more. Two guests had been specially invited by Madame Barucci, the two who figured afterwards in the trial, MM. Calzado and Garcia. Both were famous gamblers. The first, at that time director of the Italian opera in Paris, was known to play often and high, always with luck; the second had broken the bank at Homburg; one night he had won a couple of thousand pounds and lost as much the next; during one year nearly £100,000 had passed through his hands leaving him little,

and it came out in evidence that Calzado, with whom he became acquainted at the tables, had often advanced him considerable loans.

Neither of these gentlemen appear to have been very cordially received by the company. They were professional gamblers, not quite of the same class or the same set as the rest; they came with a specific object, to play—and play was soon commenced. Almost as a matter of course *trente et quarante* was first tried; under the direction of Garcia a kitchen table was brought into the salon, and Garcia, with a piece of white chalk, marked the divisions for staking on this table. He and Calzado in partnership kept the bank, and they lost heavily, no less than a couple of thousand pounds. At the trial it was urged by the prosecution that this loss was intentional, purposely designed to excite the company to play.

After a time, when the bank broke, Garcia offered to play Don Angel de Miranda at ecarté, but it was not accepted, and he fell back upon his late partner, Calzado. The game was of small consequence and was soon interrupted by supper, an ample meal, for Madame Barucci did things well. After this play was taken up seriously; they sat down to baccarat, all but Garcia, who left the room and remained absent during the first few deals. Not much money changed hands, but Calzado was a loser to the extent of £500 or £600.

This short absence of Garcia's was a capital point in the case. It was declared to have been for an evil purpose, and Calzado was charged with being cognisant of it. Garcia had confided to him that he had brought several packs of cards in his pocket; he preferred to play with his own, he urged —they gave him luck—and those he produced were from his club, "The Imperial." Calzado seems to have disapproved of this, and it is no doubt to his credit that he was the first to make it known that Garcia had brought the cards. He always steadfastly denied all knowledge of Garcia's intention to make an improper use of them; that he had not the slightest suspicion that Garcia's short absence was for the express purpose of selecting such cards from his pack as would enable him to cheat at play.

When Garcia came he took his seat at the table—an oval table—three places from Calzado, who was on the same side. The exact position is of importance as bearing upon any secret intelligence between the two accused. Calzado was blamed for not having seen what Garcia did, and drawn attention to it His defence was that others nearer him and opposite him were better placed for the purpose, and yet saw nothing of Garcia's foul play.

Garcia took the bank, and kept it persistently deal after deal. The game presently passed into a sort of duel between him and Don Angel de Miranda, for the latter played *banco*, as it is called—in other words, claimed the privilege of covering all the stakes, and facing the banker for the full sum alone. Any of the company who wish to join at this stage must associate himself with the banker, not the player, who, having proclaimed *banco*, accepts the whole risk of whatever is on the table. Calzado, wishing to take part in the game, accepted Garcia's offer to share the risk, and to this extent became his partner, but no more, so he always stoutly maintained.

The stake had risen to 64,000 francs, or £2,650, and de Miranda stood to win or lose it all. He lost, and Garcia pocketed £5,300. At this moment a gentleman, who had been standing behind, suddenly and peremptorily stopped the game. It was the Marquis de Grammont-Caderousse, who, having strong suspicion, had watched Garcia, and now caught his hand, crying aloud, "You are a thief and a cheat!"

A scene of wild confusion followed. Garcia was searched, and a number of single cards were found upon him—in his waistcoat, under his braces, up his sleeves. He did not deny that he had brought them and used them, his excuse being the same as given to Calzado, that he hoped they would bring him luck. As the cards concealed were sixes and nines those of cardinal value in the game of baccarat, he had an obvious means of controlling fortune.

Withal, Garcia seems to have been a clumsy cheat. Even a cursory inspection of the cards dishonestly imported showed a marked difference between them and those provided by

Madame Barucci. The house cards had plain backs, they were somewhat soiled by use; Garcia's were brand new, and their backs were in a silvered pattern; the "pips" of the suits were of quite different designs in the two packs. The manufacturer of Madame Barucci's cards, when called into court, instantly recognised his own and pointed out how they differed from Garcia's, the product of another firm. These differences were so marked that it is inconceivable how, on the one hand, Garcia should have tried such an impudent and palpable fraud, and that, on the other, it should not have been instantly laid bare.

The cheat discovered, an immediate demand was made for the restitution of all moneys won. Garcia refused, and then gave up a portion only, some £1,500, although his pockets were full of notes, he having won, as has been said, at the last *coup* upwards of £5,000. He pretended he had no more, whereupon the cry was raised to search him—to search everybody—and everybody agreed except Calzado, and his refusal was taken as an added presumption of his guilty complicity.

Meanwhile Garcia was wandering about the room shedding bundles of notes wherever he thought he could do so. They seemed to fall from his waistcoat, from his trousers' pockets; they were found bestowed among the curtains, in the furniture, on the floor—according to the defence, one packet, containing £600, fell at Calzado's feet. Although it was strongly suspected that the money was part of the booty that had come to him, there was no evidence to show that Garcia and Calzado had communicated since the beginning of the baccarat play. Much, indeed, to the contrary.

That Calzado was implicated in the fraud must have been made out to the satisfaction of the court, for it convicted him, and the conviction was upheld on appeal. Yet his guilt, as it has come down to us, does not seem to have been clearly established. He, no doubt, suffered from being held a friend of Garcia's. "A friend—no," he protested, when called in to use his influence at Madame Barucci's, "a compatriot—yes."

Yet his former acquaintance with him was not to be denied, nor was the fact that he had lent Garcia money in his favour.

Calzado at the time of the trial held a good position, one to which only a respectable person could be appointed. The situation, director of the Italian Opera, was in the gift of a minister of State, who was presumably satisfied as to Calzado's character. At the trial letters were produced from Tamberlik, Madame Alboni, and other great artists of the most sympathetic and friendly character. A curious story was circulated as to the former which Tamberlik indignantly denied. It was to the effect that the singer had lost a considerable part of his salary to Calzado at play.

Other stories were told to Calzado's discredit, seemingly without foundation. It was asserted that he had made a fortune by importing false cards wholesale into Cuba. He had chartered and sent out a ship with a cargo of these cards; had in the meantime bought up every pack actually in existence in the island, and supplied his own "prepared" cards in their place. By this means, wherever he gambled, the cards, his own, were always on his side. This story was, however, contradicted by the chief of the Cuban police, who reported that there was nothing whatever against Calzado's character while he resided in the island.

He seems to have made his money by speculating in tobacco, which he sent in large quantities from Cuba to Spain. Before that he had been engaged in commerce at Valladolid, where he was born, then at Cadiz as a banker and the creator of a system of Messageries between Cadiz and the neighbouring towns.

An account of Garcia the gambler appeared at the time of his death, which may be inserted here. After the unpleasant episode just described, he started for Germany, planning a campaign against the tables and was so successful that he broke the banks at Baden; then, having cleared some 50,000 francs, began business with this at Homburg. He meant to stake all, play boldly, and go off, if successful, with his winnings. His luck was almost miraculous, and he won half a million of francs in the first week. M. Blanc, at his special

request, allowed the rule of maximum stake to be broken through and let Garcia put up 60,000 francs. Garcia won, and presently he doubled the half million. The bank was so short of money that M. Blanc had to go to Paris to replenish his stock. Garcia's play lasted for two whole months, after which he left Homburg in a carriage and four, carrying off all his plunder.

He now made an oath never to play again and kept it religiously for two years. He built a church in his native Spain, and at last settled down in a comfortable house not far from Baden-Baden. The nearness of the tables tempted him back to them, being over persuaded by the Duc de Morny, who pestered him with questions about his system and induced him to try it again. He could not check himself when he had once relapsed, and now his luck had turned; the day after he went back to the tables he lost 500,000 francs between noon and midnight. Eventually, he lost everything, and from millionaire became a beggar. Once he mustered funds to try his fortunes at Monaco but again failed. At last he withdrew to Tarragona, his native place, and died there, having passed some years in the direst penury and destitution.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FORGERY AND FRAUD.

Forgery—Derivation and Definition—Early Laws against Forgeries and Barbarous Penalties—Succeeding Acts—Three Notable Cases in Eighteenth Century—All Capitally Punished—Ayliffe—The Perreaus—Dr. Dodd—Forgeries by Public Officials—Marriott—Bellingham—Maynard—Edward Bowman Smith—Enormous Fabrication of Exchequer Bills—Forgery and Personation—Barber-Fletcher Frauds—Burgess and the Bank of England—Pursuit and Clever Arrest—Notorious Modern Forger—Saward *alias* "Jem the Penman"—His Vast Operations—Detected by his Confederates' Carelessness—Great Frauds and Defalcations—Watts—Robson—Redpath—Carpentier of the Chemin de Fer du Nord—Cole.

FORGERY, the act of forging, is derived from the Latin *fabricare*, through the French *forger*, and means to "make falsely," to produce as genuine that which is untrue, to counterfeit a signature or fabricate a false document, to imitate the writing of another, or to make any material alteration or addition to a written document for the purposes of deceit or fraud. Forgery is applied more exclusively to the falsifying of documents, while the word "counterfeiting" is used for the imitations of coins or paper money or of "securities depending upon pictorial devices and engraved designs intended to guarantee genuineness." According to the legal definition, forgery is "the fraudulent making or alteration of a writing to the prejudice of another man's right." This covers not only the fabrication of a whole document, but a fraudulent insertion, alteration, or erasure even of a letter, so that a new meaning is given to the original. To change "Dale" into "Sale" as the name of an estate leased was deemed a forgery. When a man makes a false endorsement to a bill of acceptance and puts it into circulation, meaning to take it up before it becomes due, he has committed forgery. This particular offence has been much discussed of late in connection with money-lending, for it

has been shown that usurers do not dislike a forged endorsement to a bill; they feel satisfied it will be met so as to avoid worse.

In 1562, in the 5th year of Queen Elizabeth, an Act was passed specially designed against forgery, and intended to amend the "small, mild, and easy" punishments hitherto inflicted for this crime. It did not err in this direction, for it enacted that any person who forged "any false deed, charter, or writing sealed, court roll, or the will of any person in writing," with intent to defeat, recover, or change the interest of any person in any real property, shall be liable, on conviction, to pay double costs and damages, and "also shall be set upon the pillory in some open market town or other open place; and there to have both his ears cut off, and also his nostrils to be slit and cut, seared with a hot iron so as they remain for a perpetual note or mark of his falsehood." He was also declared forfeit of all his possessions, and ordered to "suffer perpetual imprisonment for his life."

This Act remained in force till 1830, but it was meanwhile superseded by others which made many forgeries capital. The development of trade as the centuries passed produced a corresponding increase in the severity of the law against such offences as forgery. In 1729 it was found that the statute of Elizabeth did not extend to the forgery of endorsement on promissory notes, and an offender, one Hales, a goldsmith-banker, was in that year sentenced to stand in the pillory thrice, to a fine of fifty marks, and five years' imprisonment in Newgate. He appears to have been so much ill-used on the pillory that he died after the second exposure. All such forgeries were now made capital, and as the use of paper currency increased, laws especially minute and severe were passed to punish the forgery of bank-notes, of which more later.

AYLIFFE.

I will make but a passing reference to some of the great forgeries of the latter half of the eighteenth century. There were three which may be taken as typical of the times: those of Ayliffe, the two Perreaus, and Dr. Dodd.

The first worked on a wide scale, and long escaped detection. Having squandered his small means, Ayliffe became known to Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, and through his influence obtained an appointment as commissary of musters. He now launched out into extravagance and debauchery, and being hard pressed by his creditors, took to fraudulent devices for raising money. His first forgery was that of Mr. Fox's name to a church presentation, on which he persuaded a clergyman to become security for him and ruined him utterly. The next was a forged signature of a lease, purporting to be granted by Mrs. Fox, on which he raised considerable sums. All went in riotous living, and his last crime was the forging while in the Fleet prison of a deed of gift from a relative of the Fox family. He endeavoured to escape just retribution by pretending that Mr. Fox had secret reasons for wrongfully charging him with the frauds. But Ayliffe was tried, found guilty, and executed.

THE PERREAUS.

The Perreaus were twin brothers: one, Robert, was a West-end doctor in good practice, the other, Daniel, a "City" man. They lived together, and under Daniel's protection was a lady named Rudd, who passed as his wife, and was supposed by many at the time to be the real author of the forgeries for which the brothers suffered. In March, 1775, Robert Perreau went to Mr. Drummond, the banker, with an acceptance for £7,000, drawn, so he said, by his brother Daniel, and endorsed by Mr. Adair, well known as a man of wealth and substance. Now Robert Perreau offered this bill as security for an advance of £5,000. No sooner had Mr. Drummond seen the signature than he declared his doubts of that of Mr. Adair. "Did you see him sign it?" he at once asked. "No," replied Perreau; "It was given me this morning by my sister-in-law (Mrs. Rudd), and it never occurred to me to doubt that it was genuine." "I can do no business on this until I have made further inquiries," said the wary banker, and Robert agreed quite readily.

Mr. Drummond then submitted the bill to Mr. Stevens,

Secretary to the Admiralty, and an intimate friend of Mr. Adair's. Mr. Stevens at once declared that the signature was a forgery. When Robert Perreau came back next day, Drummond, who still thought no evil of him, proposed that the matter should now be referred to Adair. "With all my heart," said Robert; and they went to Adair together.

Here there was no longer room for doubt. Adair denied his signature point blank. "You are joking," protested Robert Perreau. "Not at all," replied Mr. Adair. "This is no joke, and we have got to see it out. The police must be informed, and you will have to answer for the forgery." Shortly afterwards both the Perreaus and Mrs. Rudd were arrested and committed for trial. It now came out that other large sums had been raised on other forged endorsements purporting to be Mr. Adair's. The Perreaus had obtained £4,000 in this way from Sir Thomas Frankland, which they had repaid, but borrowed a fresh £5,000, and afterwards another £4,000. They owed a doctor named Brooke £1,500 on a similar false signature.

Mrs. Rudd was admitted as king's evidence, a strange proceeding if she was indeed the real criminal. At first she had freely admitted that she had offered to help the brothers by obtaining Adair's endorsements to their bills, but this she afterwards denied. It was, however, proved that she was skilful with a pen, could write two or three different hands, one exactly like Mr. Adair's. There were relations between them, too, of a suspicious nature, and reasons to suppose that she could get money from him if she wished. This suggestion was not creditable to Daniel Perreau, and it was not put forward at the trial, the main defence being that the brothers had acted in good faith, but had been deceived by Mrs. Rudd. All Robert Perreau's proceedings point to his ignorance of the forgery, but the jury found him and Daniel guilty notwithstanding. Both were convicted and suffered, proclaiming their innocence to the last. On the scaffold both put statements into the hands of the sheriff repeating their charges against Mrs. Rudd, and the feeling at the time was strongly in their favour.

DR. DODD.

The Rev. Dr. Dodd, at one time tutor to the Earl of Chesterfield, had become a fashionable clergyman in his time, a famous preacher, well known in society, and marked out, as it seemed, for high preferment. He was actually a canon of Brecon and king's chaplain when his terrible fate overtook him. His crime, to which he was driven by the pressure of much indebtedness, was one more common nowadays, if recent disclosures may be believed; it was that of borrowing money on a forged promise to pay. He uttered the forgery merely to raise funds. As we have said it has been stated that modern moneylenders deal often with forged acceptances, which are excellent security, for they must be redeemed to avoid criminal proceedings.

Dr. Dodd, who hoped that Lord Chesterfield, whose name he had forged, would never hear of the transaction, was lost through the acumen of the lenders' solicitor. They had made the advance in all good faith, and handed over the security to their lawyer. He was much struck on examining it with certain ink-stains, blots which appeared to have been made on purpose, not by accidental dropping; and although he had no reason to doubt the genuineness of the document, yet he showed it to his clients, who decided to refer it to the drawer. Lord Chesterfield hereupon denied all knowledge of the deed, and Dr. Dodd was forthwith arrested in his lodgings at Argyll Street.

He immediately desired to make restitution, and was permitted to do so, giving back £3,900, the whole amount obtained having been four thousand guineas. For the balance due, which had been applied to pay off an importunate creditor, he offered a note of hand. Nevertheless, the law took its course, and Dodd was sent to Newgate for trial at the next assize, when he was convicted of forgery, but with a strong recommendation to mercy. Great interest was made to obtain a commutation of the capital sentence. The whole town joined in a petition to the king; great sheets were carried for signature from door to

door; and one of Dodd's principal champions was Dr. Johnson. The public feeling was strongly roused in his favour, because it was considered a sort of bargain had been entered into with Dodd when he made restitution.

George III. refused positively to pardon Dodd. With his characteristic obstinacy—at that time so unhappily exercised in regard to the American colonies—he declared he would never yield. "If Dodd is pardoned it will be said that the Perreaus were murdered." It was pointed out to him that the two cases were by no means parallel. He had made up his mind, and nothing would alter it; so Dodd prepared for death, spending his last moments in literary exercises, notably in writing his "Prison Thoughts," wherein he poured forth pœans of praise upon the king.

FORGERIES BY PUBLIC SERVANTS.

Officials who had the control or custody of public money have been known to be faithless to their trust. Long ago, at the end of the seventeenth century, an underteller in the Exchequer, Robert Marriott by name, was arrested and sent to Newgate for altering an exchequer bill of £10 into £100 value. Another teller, Darby, was charged with the same offence. Marriott confessed that he had been tempted by two persons in good position, one a member of Parliament and the treasurer of the customs, to commit these forgeries; they persuaded him to change exchequer bills into specie bills, and promised him £500 a year for life if he would take the blame on himself in the event of the frauds being discovered. In the end the treasurer was found guilty and Marriott was let off. A little later on one Ellers, the master of an annuity office, was charged with "forging people's hands to their orders and receiving a considerable sum of money thereon." There were others: Bellingham, an old offender, was convicted of forging exchequer bills; Lemon, a clerk in the office of the exchequer, received £300 in the name of a gentlewoman, deceased, and kept it, for which he lost his place. Crimes of this kind grew rare as a higher standard of morality amongst public servants became the rule. But as

late as 1829 a clerk in the custom-house was concerned in the forgery of a warrant for £1,973, which was paid by the comptroller-general. It is interesting to note in connection with this case that the principal offender, Maynard, who was executed, was the last to suffer death for forgery. The law was amended the following year in deference to the general dissatisfaction at the infliction of the extreme penalty for these offences. It was calculated that there had been more executions for forgery than for murder, burglary, or robbery from the person, and victims constantly withdrew from prosecution sooner than be responsible for the taking away of a fellow-creature's life. One was known to have pretended that his pockets had been picked of the forged instrument, another said he had destroyed it, a third refused to produce it. Some people met and paid forged bills of exchange drawn upon them, even for large amounts. All this led to the bill introduced in 1832, which abolished capital punishment for this crime.

Fear of the extreme penalty did not deter a high-placed official from carrying out the most gigantic forgeries upon the exchequer. Edward Bowman Smith was the chief clerk in the exchequer bill office, and, when his crimes were finally brought to light, it was seen that he had been engaged in fraud for years while the death sentence was in force against this crime. Smith had become entangled in Stock Exchange speculations, had borrowed money to cover and carry on his transactions, and was always a loser at the hazardous game. At his trial he urged in his defence that he had secured no profit by his forgeries. "Year after year," he said, "bills have been wrung from me under pretence of redeeming and cancelling those outstanding, so as to prevent discovery: then, by their repeated misapplication, more and more funds were required, and thus the frightful crime was occasioned." The frauds were certainly on a colossal scale; the amount of the fabricated bills reached the total of £350,000, and the losses entailed upon the holders of this worthless paper were perfectly ruinous. They had no remedy. The bills had been accepted as genuine; in some cases money had been borrowed

on them from the banks, yet the victims had no redress. It was shown that extreme astuteness had been used in preparing the forgeries. The bills were almost perfect; only the signatures of the comptroller of the exchequer, or his deputy, were false. Smith, from his position as chief clerk, had free access to the blank books from which the bills were prepared. The bills issued were entirely genuine, therefore, except in this one respect: they were on the special paper, were stamped with the exchequer stamp, numbered consecutively, and they had been cut out in the peculiar fashion known only to the office. Smith had thus the instrument to his hand; it was only necessary to complete it by forging the signatures. The offence was clearly brought home to him, and although he escaped death—for the law had changed before his detection—he was sentenced to transportation for life. His confederates, two foreigners, Solari and Rosalo, who carried out the manipulation of the forged bills from their office in Basinghall Street, were sentenced to shorter terms.

The unfortunate Dr. Dodd had a successor of his own cloth in the Rev. W. Bailey, who was convicted of a nearly successful attempt to defraud the estate of the notorious miser, Robert Smith, of Seven Dials. At his death it was found that he had amassed a considerable fortune; but there were charges on his estate, and amongst them was a promissory note held by Dr. Bailey for £2,875, purporting to be signed by Smith. Smith's executors disputed the validity of this document, and Miss Bailey, the doctor's sister, in whose favour the note had been drawn, brought an action to recover the money. Dr. Bailey swore in open court that the bill had been given him by Smith, but the jury did not believe him and gave a verdict for the defendants, after which Bailey was arrested, indicted for forgery, and sentenced to transportation for life.

FORGERY AND PERSONATION.

The Barber-Fletcher conspiracy was based upon an extensive system of forging wills in order to obtain unclaimed stock in the public funds. There were two affairs. In one a maiden

lady, Miss Slack, who had two sums in consols, had neglected to draw the dividends on one as they fell due. The interest remaining unclaimed was, at the end of ten years, put to the credit of the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt. Fletcher, who was by profession a medical man, became aware of this, and employed Barber, who was a solicitor, to approach Miss Slack on pretence that money had been left her, and by this means her signature was obtained. Next a forged will was prepared, bequeathing the unclaimed stock above mentioned to another Miss Slack, a sister, who next wrote a letter to the Governor of the Bank of England signed by her name, which was known there, and stating that she would call to have the amount handed over to her. A person, calling herself Miss Slack, but acting for Fletcher, duly attended and received the money. This was not the first of these cases. A forged will of a Mrs. Hunt of Bristol bequeathed money in the funds to one Thomas Hunt, the alleged heir, who attended with Barber to receive the money. The fraud in this case was proved by an error in the date of the will; Mrs. Hunt had actually died three-and-twenty years before the will was signed. In all these frauds Fletcher was the moving spirit and Barber only his agent, and, although both were sentenced to transportation for life, Fletcher always affirmed that Barber was innocent. In the end Barber was pardoned and his name replaced on the rolls by order of Lord Campbell, who declared that the evidence of his connivance in the frauds was too doubtful to justify his punishment.

BURGESS.

The forgery and personation by which Burgess, a clerk in the Bank of England, obtained £8,200 of stock was a cleverly executed crime, but the pursuit and capture was still more remarkable. Burgess found a friend named Elder to join him in the fraud, and they went together to the bank to draw out the above-mentioned sum, which stood in the three per cent. consolidated annuities in the name of William Oxenford. Elder personated Oxenford, and was taken by Burgess to the stock office, where the fraudulent transfer was made. The stock was paid for by cheque, and the two confederates proceeded to

Lubbock's bank, where they asked that the cheque might be cashed in gold. They were told that to obtain specie to so large an amount they must apply to the Bank of England, but the cashier handed over eight notes of £1,000 each. Elder went alone to the bank and got the gold over the counter, bestowing it first in canvas bags which he had brought with him and then in his own carpet bag.

Now, however, his plunder was too weighty to lift, and he had to seek the assistance of two of the bank porters, who carried it for him to the carriage wherein Burgess waited, at the corner of the Mansion House. Thence they drove back to the livery stables, changed into a four-wheel cab, and called at a public-house in St. Martin's Lane, where a bedroom was taken and the gold packed in Burgess's portmanteau. The same night they left for Liverpool, and embarked on the s.s. *Britannia* bound for America.

By this time the fraud had been detected, and the case was put into the hands of one of the brothers Forrester, famous officers of the City police. Forrester soon traced the fugitives to the port of embarkation, and followed fast in another steamer, which, having called at Halifax and Boston, landed him finally at New York. Here he learnt that his men had gone on to Buffalo, thence to Canada, and at last that they had doubled back across the frontier and were now at Boston. He came upon them in that city, one, Burgess, living at an inn, the other, Elder, residing on a small farm he had purchased. Elder was quickly apprehended and sent for trial, but he committed suicide in his cell. Burgess got away from his inn by taking a boat and rowing off. He took first to the woods, then wandered from cottage to cottage on the outskirts of Boston. In one of these he found an Irishman whom he sent back to the inn with his keys, directing him to open his boxes and take possession of the money he would find. Forrester heard of this and intercepted the messenger, secured the cash, and learnt the exact whereabouts of Burgess. But the latter made his way to another cottage, whence he wrote to a man Grant, with whom he had had dealings, asking for assistance. Grant gave information to Forrester, who had

now little difficulty in laying his hands upon the fugitive. Burgess appears to have laid his plans to live comfortably on his ill-gotten gains. He had bought a plot of land on which he meant to build a house, and for which, even before the foundations were made, he had secured furniture, carpets, bed-linen, and glass. The greater part of the stolen money was recovered. Some £400 had been found upon Elder, and £200 among Burgess' effects, but the balance had been deposited in a Boston bank in the names of the two thieves, with the Mr. Grant already mentioned as trustee. Burgess was in due course brought back to England, tried, and sentenced to transportation for life.

Passing on to more recent offenders of this class, we come to the long series of boldly contrived and cleverly executed forgeries in which James Townsend Saward, better known as "Jim the Penman," was the principal actor. Saward was a man of good birth, a barrister-at-law, who might have done well at the Bar had he not drifted into dissolute ways. He was a man of low tastes, an inveterate gambler, a drunkard, and a debauchee. To provide funds for his excesses he took to crime, utilising his extraordinary skill in counterfeiting handwriting. Forgery with him was a business planned on a wide basis and carried on with extraordinary skill; he was soon known in the criminal world as a certain purchaser of stolen cheques, blank or cancelled, and all bills of exchange. These became his stock-in-trade. He filled up blanks with the signatures that came into his hands, while he used much ingenuity in obtaining fresh signatures when required. It was a common practice with him to commence sham actions, and address formal applications to individuals merely for the signature he obtained in reply. His method of planting the cheques was most astute. Neither he nor his accomplices appeared in person at the bank counter; the cheque was always presented for payment by a youth quite innocent of fraud, someone who had answered an advertisement for the place of messenger, and who was at once employed in cashing cheques. The new hand was closely watched through all his proceedings by Saward's emissaries; his good faith was thus

tested, and if there was trouble with a cheque a warning to disappear was hurriedly sent back to the forger. Saward was eventually betrayed by the carelessness of two of his gang. One Hardwick went down to Yarmouth in the name of Ralph, having previously paid into a Yarmouth bank a sum of £250 as coming from a Mr. Witney. But Hardwick had stupidly forgotten to say that this money was to be placed to Ralph's credit, and when he called to draw upon it, the bank told him that the money could only be paid to Witney. Hardwick now wrote to Saward, who devised an elaborate scheme for recovering the money; but before it could be put in practice the bank had been in communication with London, and the circumstances were deemed sufficiently suspicious to warrant Hardwick-Ralph's arrest, and with him a companion, by name Atwell. Saward's letter was found on the prisoner, and connected him with the affair. Saward was known to the police as a dangerous character, and a hue and cry was set on foot for him. He was found at last in a coffee-shop near Oxford Street by two City officers, under the name of Hopkins. The *alias* did not serve, and he was taken into custody as the accomplice of Hardwick and Atwell, and charged with other forgeries on his own account. In his pocket were found two blank cheques of the St. James's branch of the London and Westminster Bank, and the end had come. Probably there would have been some difficulty in bringing home to him the whole of his extensive depredations, but the matter was much simplified by the betrayal of his accomplices, Hardwick and Atwell, both of whom turned approvers at the trial, and laid bare the whole of his career of crime.

GREAT FRAUDS AND DEFALCATIONS.

Great and extensive frauds were very prevalent in this and neighbouring countries during the earlier half of the present century. They have not entirely disappeared in these latter days, but then they were, no doubt, greatly stimulated by the financial conditions of the times. Recent changes in the organisation of life had superinduced gigantic speculations. Great fortunes were made and lost during the railway mania,

money was more widely distributed, new methods and new institutions had come into being by which it was now manipulated, while the necessary checks and safeguards had not yet been devised for its care and control.

The evils of a vicious and imperfect system might be seen in the histories of such criminals as Walter Watts, William Robson, and Leopold Redpath. The blind, almost culpable, carelessness of easily-fooled employers no doubt stimulated them to wholesale theft, and left them scathless to enjoy their ill-gotten plunder for years. Again, the public trusted too implicitly many persons quite unworthy of its confidence, and suffered accordingly. The rage for speculation, and for extending operations by colourable means, the dishonest desire to stave off exposure when funds ran low, led several bankers into criminal acts. The failure of Messrs. Strahan, Paul and Bates landed the partners in penal servitude; their defalcations were on a par with the earlier frauds of Fauntleroy and Stephenson. John Sadleir made unscrupulous use of his position as chairman of the London Bank; the suspension of the Royal British Bank led to the prosecution of the directors; the then great firm of Overend and Gurney were much discredited by its connection with Windle Cole, the notorious forger of dock warrants, and never quite recovered its good name; the London Banking Corporation was made a vehicle for wholesale embezzlement by Colonel Petrie Waugh and Stephens, both of whom fled to this country; and Pullinger, the cashier of the Union Bank, managed to rob it of some £200,000.

Most people are familiar with the general details of these notable crimes. They have been so often described that I do not propose to enter into them at any length. It will suffice to touch on their leading characteristics.

WATTS.

Walter Watts, one of the first in order of time, was no more than the assistant clerk in the Globe Assurance office, with the special function of checking the bankers' pass-book with the company. When the cheques were returned, defaced after payment, it was Watts's business to tie them up in bundles

and put them by for further reference if required. This position enabled him to carry out a long series of depredations undetected. He altered the company's cheques wholesale, paid them into his private account at his own bank, and then falsified the entries in the company's pass-book to cover his abstractions. A single instance will illustrate his method. A cheque for £554, presented and paid by the bankers, was duly entered as such in the pass-book, but Watts erased the two first figures, and made the amount appear as only £4. Then he selected some small claim against the assurance company, which he expanded by adding £550 to it, and a had cheque drawn for the larger amount. This he paid to his own credit at his own bank.

Watts carried on his frauds for some years, during which time he lived a double life. In the city he was a poor clerk on a modest salary of £200 a year; in the West End he shone as a man of great wealth. He had a town house and a Brighton house, a fine cellar, and a first-class *chef*. He was a great and munificent patron of the stage, ran a couple of theatres of his own, and brought out many new pieces and many new "stars." The balls and suppers he gave were famous through fashionable London, and no one dreamt that he was a wholesale forger. His misappropriations were said to have amounted in all to about £70,000. He ended as a convict.

ROBSON.

Robson's frauds followed close on Watts'. He, too, served confiding employers, who left him quite uncontrolled—the Crystal Palace Company, in which he was latterly chief clerk of the transfer department—receiving £150 a year. Very soon he launched out into great expenditure. He had a charming house, where he entertained largely, and became the centre of a large circle of admiring friends. Robson was inordinately vain of his ability and his personal appearance. He wrote plays, which were acted and applauded; he dressed himself in the latest fashion, wore much jewellery, drove a smart carriage, and was generally esteemed as a good fellow. To explain his way of life, which could not have been

supported on £150 a year, he put it about that he had been lucky on the Stock Exchange and had money in several "good things." Robson's income was really derived by creating fictitious shares in his company's stock. Many holders carelessly left their certificates in the hands of the company, who did not fill them up. But Robson did, and sold them as fresh stock, to imaginary shareholders or men of straw, whose names, however, were regularly entered on the lists.

Fate overtook him when the head of his department asked suddenly for certain scrip. Robson could not find it, because he had made away with it; but he pretended he had taken the certificates home. The chief was dissatisfied, and accompanied him to his pretty house in Kilburn, where Robson took an early opportunity of bolting by the back-door. The police were soon put upon his track, and he was traced first to Denmark, then to Sweden, where he was arrested under the name of Smith by a Danish detective, at Helsingfors. The English police soon arrived, and Robson made a clean breast of his crime, declaring that he was glad to go home and answer for what he had done. The total losses incurred by the Crystal Palace Company amounted to £27,000, and as it accepted the burthen of the bogus shares, its capital was "watered down" to that extent. Robson's sentence was transportation for twenty years.

REDPATH.

The discovery of Robson's depredations caused a profound shock in the commercial world, and set all who controlled great undertakings to look into their affairs. One of these, the Great Northern Railway Company, was very uneasy, believing that larger dividends had been paid out than their share capital seemed to warrant. Yet their books were, on the face of it, well kept, and "they had every confidence in their registrar, Mr. Redpath." Yet this trusted servant had by this time issued some £200,000 of fictitious railway stock. His method was not unlike Robson's, but he was aided by the great complexity of the company's scrip. Redpath invented new shareholders, endowing them with forged stock, which

they passed through another fictitious personage to Lionel Redpath. He also bought stock openly, but when he entered it to his credit he greatly enhanced the amounts.

Redpath is more interesting as a psychological study than as a mere criminal. He was a philanthropist, munificently charitable, foremost in all good works. It was said of him that the same hand which forged a deed signed a cheque for some benevolent institution within the hour. He was a lover of the beautiful, too, a patron of the arts. His home in Chester Square was a treasure-house. He bought the best pictures, collected good bindings and famous articles of *vertu*. Here he dispensed a fine hospitality, the choicest wines, delicacies early in the season. His greatest luxury, however, seemed to be that of doing good. The confusion of mind that led him to rob one in order to give it to another has been seen in other criminals, and has been noticed in these pages. Redpath had known the pinch of poverty in his early days, and this, no doubt, inclined him to be helpful when fortune ill-gotten gave him large opportunities. Not only did he bestow time and money on great charities, but he sought out and relieved in private many deserving cases of distress. After the crash there were widows and orphans and broken-down men of the world who refused to believe their benefactor had passed into the felon's dock.

Just a fortnight after Robson's conviction the bubble burst, and a committee was appointed to examine the accounts of the company, greatly to Redpath's indignation. Suspicion had been aroused by a dramatic incident. He happened to meet his supreme chief, the chairman of the company, talking with a certain peer on the railway platform. Redpath raised his hat, and would have passed on, but the peer stopped him and shook hands. "What do you know of our clerk?" asked the chairman. "Only that he gives charming balls and first-class dinners, and is the best fellow in the world." The chairman was struck with uncomfortable surprise, and soon afterwards the investigation was ordered. Redpath, after a short protest, knew the game was up, and sent a messenger hastily to draw his securities and title-deeds

from the bank. The company heard of this and laid an embargo on them. At the same time the police were sent to arrest Redpath, who had left his country house at Weybridge and crossed to Paris. But he returned of his own accord and surrendered. It was hard to believe that this eminently respectable person was a criminal. His appearance in court was quite in his favour: a tall, good-looking man of forty, having the comfortable corpulence of ease and worldly prosperity. He was perfectly composed, and save for the occasional furtive glance and nervous interest with which he followed the evidence, he might have been only a spectator of the trial. Of course he was convicted, having met his doom, that of transportation for life.

CARPENTIER AND OTHERS.

Frauds on railway companies were practised in other countries at this time. A French company found that its securities were not safe from dishonest *employés*, although the losses incurred by the Chemin de Fer du Nord in 1856-7 were rather due to ordinary robberies than the astute misappropriations of the Redpath kind.

In August, 1857, it became known that this company had suffered serious damage to the extent of a quarter-million sterling through the abstractions of its chief cashier and others associated with him. Carpentier, the cashier in question, was absent from his duties for a couple of days; his assistant, Grellet by name, having gone to look for his chief, had not returned. On this, although both officials enjoyed the full confidence of the board, an inquiry was instituted: books were examined and found in order, but on closer search whole parcels of securities were missed. At the same time it was reported that Guérin, a former *employé* of the company, had disappeared, and with him a certain Parot, the intimate friend of the other fugitives.

The police having organised a pursuit, it was ascertained that Carpentier and Grellet had crossed the Atlantic and were in the United States. Guérin, having taken refuge first in England, had passed on to America; Parot was in Belgium.

At the same time the nature of the thefts was verified. It was found that Carpentier and Grellet had been guilty of a systematic falsification of the books of the company. They had entered many fictitious payments into the Bank of France for large amounts; on one occasion, 3rd of February, 1856, £20,000; next day, £4,000; on the 3rd of April, £8,000. Conversely there were false entries of withdrawals, a draft of £32,000 was entered as £40,000; the treasurers of the company were credited with £12,000 paid to them, whereas they had only received £2,000, and so on. At the same time, a great batch of securities was abstracted from the strong box, in which those belonging to Rothschild were deposited. At that moment Guérin, already mentioned, was the night watchman, and the Rothschild strong-box was especially committed to his charge.

There was no mystery as to the causes that had converted hitherto honest *employés* into thieves. One and all were committed to Bourse speculation on an extensive scale. Parot, mentioned above, was their intermediary. He was a man who had tried many callings. He had studied medicine at Limoges, but coming to Paris, he was known as an operator upon the Bourse and a horse-dealer at one and the same time. The speculators had no luck; their "differences" were enormous, from four to eight thousand pounds at a time with no assets whatever to meet engagements that commonly rank as debts of honour. Temptation was then at their elbow —the great strong-box containing a million and a half of securities, to which they had access and concerning which they were morally certain no questions would be asked. It was urged by the defence that they had no idea of stealing, they only borrowed what they wanted as security for a loan from the bank, and they had every intention of replacing what they had abstracted whenever changing luck enabled them to liquidate a loan. Such "borrowing" is one of the commonest explanations offered for crimes of abstraction and embezzlement; the loan has been taken, dishonestly—yes: but only temporarily, it is to be replaced faithfully long before it can be missed. Such specious excuses serve as a

salve to conscience, and when the evil day arrives without the fully intended but quite impossible restitution, the law necessarily takes its course.

It was urged in Carpentier's defence—and his counsel was the most illustrious and eloquent of French advocates, Maître Lachaud—that he was not all bad; on the contrary, he had shown undoubted chivalry in suddenly absconding. He had not been found out; his employers had no suspicion whatever. He might have gone on abstracting securities and falsifying books for years, until his defalcations were double the amount, but he stopped short voluntarily and to spare an innocent girl. He was engaged to be married; his *fiancée* was young, pretty, respectable, rich, and he—was already a felon; a still undetected felon, true, but the thunderbolt might fall at any moment and he must be ruined irreparably. Sooner than expose a wife whose love he had secured under false pretences he would give up the whole miserable business.

So he fled, "fled like a fool," as Maître Lachaud said, without the slightest disguise, under his own name, with a passport that betrayed him to anyone who chose to challenge him. His accomplices were thus obliged to run too. Carpentier, with Grellet and Parot, went to the United States, but the police were close at their heels. Guérin first took refuge across the Belgian frontier, then came to London, where he was soon caught and made a clean breast of it to the *juge d'instruction* when brought back to Paris. He had been the boldest speculator of the party, and had at one time transactions open in his name on the Bourse to the amount of forty-five million francs, or £172,000. Guérin held only a small post under the company; having been a clerk in the baggage department, he was appointed night-watchman in the cashier's office, and was especially entrusted with the strong-box which held the Rothschild's securities; a man advanced in years, nearly sixty, grey-bearded, with a common, simple face, and little signs of intelligence.

Grellet and Parot were arrested soon after they landed in New York. Carpentier not for another month. He had now taken another name, and hidden himself on a farm,

where he was at last found, working as a carter. There were great difficulties about extradition, and the American law interposed many, seemingly vexatious, delays. At last Carpentier, who was at large, under surveillance, gave himself up voluntarily to the French authorities. He took the first steamer and crossed to Havre, having first written Maître Lachaud to ask him to defend him. The letter was quoted as another proof of Carpentier's good feeling; he was at great pains to freely and fully confess his guilt, and declared that his surrender was perfectly spontaneous. The young man had undoubtedly some good points. He not only gave himself up, but made restitution, so far as it was in his power, by returning considerable sums.

There appears to be no doubt but that these frauds, like those of Watts, Robson, and Redpath, were much facilitated by the carelessness of superior officers. It was proved at the trial that the strong box of the Compagnie du Nord, from which the securities were stolen, had not been very carefully guarded. "With more vigilance there would have been less scandal," cried Maître Lachaud. The strong-box which held forty millions would have been deemed unfit by ordinary people to keep the smallest sum. It had only one key, a common key to a common lock, and no particular care was taken as to its custody. The cashier who had preceded Carpentier was known to have left this important key about in his portfolio in his desk; one day Guérin picked it up and restored it to the cashier, when it was thought to be lost. Suspicions arose, once or twice before, that the strong-box had been tampered with, but those responsible for it were satisfied with a simple explanation, and no steps were taken to verify the existence of all the securities within. At that very time a number were missing. It might be fairly said that the French, like the English directors, had paved the way to the robberies committed.

All the prisoners but Parot were convicted, and received various terms of imprisonment, from five years to eight years.

COLE.

This was a clever but unscrupulous trader, who conceived the great idea of obtaining advances on dock warrants for imported goods which had no real existence. The dock warrant is issued by the wharfinger as a certificate that he holds the goods. Cole had a wharf of his own, and he carried on a double set of transactions, one with imaginary goods, the other with goods that belonged really to another. The extensive lines on which he worked may be judged by the fact that they reached £770,000 for the first half of 1854. At this very time he was practically insolvent. His fraudulent proceedings dragged in others, and especially the great bank of Overend and Gurney, which had learnt half the truth of Cole's frauds, yet did not expose him. Later their managing director certainly knew that the forged warrants were in circulation, and yet took no action. This condonation of crime was very severely commented upon in commercial circles when it came out. It was the first cloud in the storm that ere long overtook and shipwrecked the great banking firm.

Cole was apprehended by the police after a long pursuit. The police were constantly baffled and thrown off the scent. They followed him from Dover to Ostend, thence to Brussels, Aix-la-Chapelle, and at last ran into him at Neufchatel, where the fugitive was protected by the absence of an extradition treaty with Switzerland. Cole and his fellows—for he was not alone—were forced out of the country by a clever police stratagem. They had bills out which had been protested; these were taken up and passed into the hands of a native born Swiss, who at once took proceedings on them. The fugitives fled further, first to Geneva, thence to Naples, where they took ship for England *viâ* Malta by a P. and O. steamer. The police officers, who had been close on their heels, embarked on the ship, and would have arrested them at Malta but a technical flaw quashed the warrant they held. But Malta would not give Cole harbourage, and travelling on still side by side, hunted and hunters, the police at last ran into their quarry on arrival at Southampton.

CHAPTER XXXV.

GIGANTIC BANKING AND FINANCIAL FRAUDS.

Two Aspects of Banking—The Business of Keeping Other People's Money—High Character of Bankers as a Class contrasted with Crimes in Banking—Fauntleroy—Stephenson—John Sadleir—Strahan, Paul, and Bates—The Royal British Bank—Colonel Petrie Waugh and the Eastern Banking Corporation—Pullinger and the Union Bank—City of Glasgow Bank—T'Kint and the Bank of Belgium—Great Financial and Commercial Frauds—Jabez Balfour—The Strange Story of his Capture.

THE trade or business of banking, the care and custody of other people's money, has two very opposite aspects. It may be seen reflecting high honour, bringing great profit to those who practise it, or conversely involving them in indelible, irretrievable disgrace. Its very essence is trust; it rests entirely upon the confidence of the public, which happily has been seldom misplaced. That banks and bankers have sometimes failed in their duty to their customers must be attributed to the inherent imperfection of every human institution; it is the exception, not the rule, and their general credit and repute have never been impugned. The cases in which these great money-changers have wilfully played their customers false during the last century may be counted on the fingers. Bank failures have been numerous enough in past times, but nearly all may be referred to panics, crises, monetary misfortunes, and only a small balance to deliberate fraud.

I propose to deal for the most part briefly with some of the great banking frauds.

FAUNTLEROY.

One of the earliest was that of Fauntleroy, who had succeeded at an early age to a partnership in a bank outwardly of high repute, but inwardly much embarrassed It was committed to large advances in support of firms it

had backed, and was hard hit by bankruptcies, failures, and the paying out of capital to the heirs of former partners. The whole burthen fell upon Fauntleroy. "The house was without resources," as he said when being tried for his life, "and I sought them where I could." He laid hands upon the securities lodged by his clients, and applied them to his own use by means of forged powers of attorney. Among his private papers one was found in which he wrote, "In order to keep up the credit of our house I have forged powers of attorney . . . . and sold out the amount here stated. . . . . I kept up the payments of dividends, but made no entries of them in my books. The Bank (of England) began first to refuse my acceptances and to destroy the credit of our house, and they shall smart for it." So large were his frauds that it was said the dividends he thus paid amounted to £16,000 per annum.

No doubt the frauds were greatly encouraged by the existing system of transfering bank stock. It was only necessary for the applicant to appear at the counter and hand in a slip with particulars of holder, his address, and the amount of stock to be sold. In return he was given a power of attorney to fill in, and when completed he presented it with a demand for payment. The discovery now was made in the case of a sum received by three trustees, of whom Fauntleroy was one, and the forged power was exposed. Other frauds were soon detected; there was a run upon the bank, which suspended payment, and Fauntleroy was arrested.

Proofs of his guilt were soon found, provided by himself, with the strange carelessness so often seen in criminals. In his own private desk a complete list was found of the whole of his forgeries, written in his own hand. There was no hope for him, and his conviction came as a matter of course, and he was duly executed in front of Newgate.

STEPHENSON.

Four years after Fauntleroy another prominent banker brought disgrace upon his business and widespread ruin on

his clients. It was a case aptly stigmatised by a stern critic as one of "bold, unblushing, unmitigated turpitude." The bank was known as Remington, Stephenson & Co., and when it failed through the embezzlements of its principal partner, its liabilities amounted to half a million of money. Mr. Rowland-Stephenson was one of the lordly swindlers who affect fashionable society; kept up a princely establishment at Marshalls, in Essex, and was much given to gambling. He had no private fortune, and lived entirely on his customers; but he was greatly respected, sat in the House of Commons for Leominster, and was appointed to the responsible post of treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He sometimes occupied rooms at the hospital, and slept there the night before he absconded. He left the place secretly and quite without warning about four a.m., and nothing more was heard of him.

His continued absence at length stirred his colleagues on the committee to take some steps, especially one or two who had stood security for him as treasurer of the hospital. The president of St. Bartholomew's was strongly urged to withdraw a part of the hospital deposit from Stephenson's bank, and when he consented a cheque for £5,000 was sent down, presented, and paid. This was at eleven p.m. Two or three hours later the bank closed its doors, and it was publicly announced that Stephenson had fled the country, accompanied by his chief clerk Lloyd. Rewards were offered for their apprehension, and the city marshal, with two police officers, started in pursuit. The fugitives were first traced to Clovelly in Devonshire, whence they had passed in an open boat across the Bristol Channel to Milford Haven, where they took refuge in a little inlet of the sea known as Angle Bay. Here they found a brig on the point of sailing for Savannah, took passage in this, and were never heard of again. Stephenson carried off with him a sum of £70,000 in cash.

JOHN SADLEIR.

Many and various motives impel people to crime, and the secret springs of action are generally revealed when the crisis

comes. None of the causes that made John Sadleir a felon were ever accurately ascertained. He was no spendthrift, but of almost frugal habits; his one relaxation, hunting, he indulged in but moderately; he was not given to hospitality or the pleasures of the table. Yet it was never known why he was so greedy in money making or where his money went. The day before his tragic death a considerable sum came into his hands which was never accounted for; it disappeared mysteriously and entirely. This led to the romantic story circulated at the time that the body found on Hampstead Heath was not his, but one substituted to cover his withdrawal abroad. But there is no truth in this story, for the identification of the body was made beyond all question by those who knew him well.

John Sadleir was an Irishman, a solicitor, the member of an old firm in Tipperary, and he had undoubtedly made money in land-jobbing under the Encumbered Estates Act. He was connected also with Sadleir's bank, which had been in his family for two generations. An ambitious man, he had left his native land to conquer a better position, and entered political life, where he soon made his mark. He sat in the House of Commons as M.P. for Carlow, and soon proved that he was clever; with the natural gifts of a pleasant address, ready speech, and the faculty of making people believe in him. He rose, not without a sacrifice of principle, to hold office as a Junior Lord of the Treasury. All this time he had been gaining a still higher reputation as a financier. He was in great request in the City, was soon associated with all sorts of schemes, new railways, new banks, and industrial companies. Last of all he was appointed chairman of the London and County Bank. It is not known how he got the place, but it is certain that he did well by the bank, and greatly developed its business by his industry and talents. He did not rob it as he did everyone else, probably because its system of control was too good, and he was too closely checked by colleagues and subordinates.

His first lapse into crime was never explained. There

was a time when he was undoubtedly rich; when his transactions were large and profitable. It is said, however, that he became involved in gigantic Stock Exchange speculation, which proved disastrous; at any rate, he took to forgery and criminal misrepresentation on the most colossal scale. When the Tipperary Joint Stock Bank, into which his family bank had been converted, suspended payment, it was found that Sadleir's defalcations amounted to £400,000. He had also issued false stock to the value of £150,000 in the Swedish railway of which he was chairman; he forged Irish title-deeds wholesale, and obtained large advances upon them; he created hundreds of thousands of false acceptances, which he put in circulation through his own creatures, penniless men of straw devoted to his service. The first breath of suspicion arose when he resigned his post in the Government, and rumour said that he had misused his official position. Now his credit became shaken; he could not easily discount his paper: damaging paragraphs appeared in the City articles of the Press, and he could not always contradict them. One day Glynn's dishonoured drafts of his Tipperary bank, and a great firm, which had done much business with him in mortgages on title-deeds, declined to deal again until satisfied that the documents he offered were genuine.

Sadleir could not save himself. He had tried to stave off ruin by many devices, especially a rich marriage, but he had failed on every side. Suicide was his only refuge, and one evening he left his house in Gloucester Place, with a bottle of prussic acid in his pocket, and found his way to Hampstead Heath, where he committed *felo de se*. The bottle telling the fateful story lay by his side, and a small silver cream jug, brought from his tea-table, into which he had poured the drug. A scrap of paper in one of his pockets gave his name and address.

What Sadleir's feelings must have been before his end may be gathered from a letter he wrote his solicitor, and left on his hall table:—

"I cannot live," it ran; "I have ruined too many.

I could not live and see their agony. I have committed diabolical crimes unknown to any human being. They will now appear, bringing my family and others to distress, causing to all shame and grief that they should never have known. I blame no one, but attribute all to my own infamous villainy—and hundreds of others are ruined by my villainy. I could go through any torture as a punishment for my crimes. No torture could be too much for such crimes, and I cannot live to see the tortures I inflict upon others."

In another letter he wrote to a colleague in the House of Commons:—

"It was a sad day for all when I came to London. Oh, that I had never quitted Ireland! Oh, that I had resisted the first attempts to launch me into speculation! If I had had less talents of a worthless kind and more firmness I might have remained as I once was—honest and truthful, and I would have lived to see my dear father and mother in my old age. I weep and weep now, but what can that avail?" This letter was dated a week before his suicide. Of the same date is a telegram from his brother in Dublin assuring him that if £30,000 reached Ireland within a couple of days "all would be safe." But the money was not forthcoming, and by the end of the week all was over with John Sadleir.

STRAHAN, PAUL, AND BATES.

The failure of this bank and the criminal proceedings subsequently taken against the parties were on very similar lines with those of Fauntleroy. In both the offenders had succeeded to a bankrupt inheritance, and both had sought to stave off ruin by flagitious means. The outward circumstances of Strahan and Paul were beyond suspicion: their bank was fully believed to be in the most flourishing state. Its connection was of the highest class, mostly among moneyed people, who kept large balances in their hands. It had also a naval agency, which was a real, sound, and profitable concern. But the main business of

the bank had long been conducted upon false principles. its partners had dipped constantly into the till, and were borrowers of their depositors' money. The bank was also involved in many hopeless and insolvent enterprises; it was at the back of unsuccessful railway contractors and a costly and visionary scheme for draining a great lake.

It became public report at last that the bank was always seeking loans—often on ruinous terms. When they could not borrow what they wanted they misappropriated the securities entrusted to them, just as Fauntleroy had done. The end came with a crash; two days' run emptied the cellars to the extent of £23,000, the committee of bankers refused help, and the doors were shut. Hopeless bankruptcy was disclosed at the subsequent proceedings, but worse followed. The partners openly confessed that they had made away with their customers' property. One of these laid a criminal information, and warrants were issued to arrest the culprits. Their trial and conviction caused much excitement but no surprise, and the sentence of fourteen years' transportation was felt to be fully deserved.

THE ROYAL BRITISH BANK.

Very soon after the Strahan and Paul scandal another bank broke, the Royal British, with a fresh exposure of long-continued frauds. It had started with a tremendous flourish, boldly claiming that the true principles of banking were unknown south of the Tweed, that the only profitable system was that known as the Scottish, which made free advances to the trading community on discounted bills. The profits under this process were so substantial that a much higher rate of dividend could be paid. The British Bank started well; it was to have a charter, and the title of Royal was adopted to emphasise its broad and national basis. There were to be branches in all parts of the town, so as to accommodate all classes of customers everywhere.

The leading idea of the institution, as has been said, was to make advances to clients of the bank, but only to those who had deposits and drawing accounts, and they were expected to

keep up balances to the value of 25 per cent. of the advances made. This rule was soon broken, and first by the directors themselves, many of whom obtained immediate advances without either balances or securities to cover them. The manager, Mr. Cameron, became indebted to the amount of £30,000; the chairman, Mr. McGregor, for £8,000; Mr. Mullins, the solicitor. £7,000; Mr. Gwyn, an original projector, £13,000. As time passed these sums were largely increased to the same persons and others. Mr. S. Dale, the governor, drew upon the bank for his own purposes and committed it to a desperate and insolvent undertaking, which eventually realised a loss of £100,000. Another who profited enormously was Mr. Humphrey Brown, M.P., who was presently brought in to strengthen the direction. Brown, to qualify for a loan, opened an account with the bank, putting in £18 14s., and borrowing the same day £2,000, which was soon increased by £3,000 and £4,000, so that within three months it reached a total of £9,000. Brown did not stop there, and his total debt became in the end £70,000.

Such wholesale drafts upon the bank exchequer could not have been made ordinarily without comment and probably protest, but these borrowings did not come before the shareholders; they were entered in a secret private ledger to which none but the manager and a few of the directors had access. This device was the invention of Mr. Cameron, who declared that it was inexpedient to discuss borrowings at an open board, and that all such transactions should be held strictly confidential. This deceit was carried much farther as the bank became more and more hopelessly involved by ruinous speculations and bad debts. All this time the management kept a smiling face to their shareholders, and led them to believe that the bank was in a sound, safe, and flourishing condition. The truth came out slowly but certainly, adverse rumours spread in the City, and the bank's repute was not improved by the suicide of John Sadleir, who had hinted that its methods were fraudulent and deceitful. There was a sudden run upon the bank; all who held balances agreed to withdraw them, and this steady drain upon its resources

was soon fatal to its existence. It had lived but six years when it closed its doors, and in that brief time had made away with the whole of the original capital, namely, £158,000, and was in debt for half a million more. The directors were, in due course, arraigned for their crimes, and, after a long trial that fully exposed their nefarious practices, they were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

COLONEL PETRIE WAUGH.

The crash of the Royal British Bank in September, 1856, was followed by another financial catastrophe, the collapse of the Eastern Banking Corporation, the managers of which had been guilty of much the same malpractices. This bank was a joint stock undertaking (unlimited), which was founded on the Indian Bank of Simla. At that time Indian banking was popular in the money market as giving good returns, and the new corporation appealed to a large constituency, the whole class of Anglo-Indian officials with substantial savings waiting investment. The manager, Mr. Stephens, was supposed to have been selected on account of his Indian experience and connection, but he was really a creature of Colonel Petrie Waugh, who, by the later light thrown upon the affair, appears to have been the father of the whole scheme. Stephens was expected to bring business, but what he did bring was his own, for he was actually a partner in many undertakings which were financed by the Eastern Corporation. Sawmills, upholstering and watch-making were the businesses in which Stephens was engaged, and whose responsibilities, with no prospect of profitable return, the bank at once assumed. But these were flea-bites to the risks that followed the introduction of Colonel Petrie Waugh to the bank. This was done through Stephens, in reality the abject tool and creature of Petrie Waugh, who now appeared before the bank, which he had really helped to create, as a client seeking support in the extensive operations in which he was engaged. Waugh had a brick-making business on his own property, Branksea Island, in which, by the way, Stephens was also a partner. Waugh

was accepted at once as a customer who would be very profitable, but his first transaction was to get a bill discounted for £2,630 against his mere acceptance, and with this sum belonging to the bank he opened his account, drawing cheques that soon exceeded his deposit. But the balance was replenished by new acceptances so that, ere long, his debt amounted to £17,000. Two months more and he owed it £50,000. Having now gained a sufficient stake in the concern he became one of its directors. Henceforth he drew what he wanted when he pleased, so that his indebtedness increased by leaps and bounds, and the total of his debt amounted to £213,000.

The collapse of the Royal British Bank was the first note of alarm for the Eastern Corporation, the directors of which found themselves on the brink of a precipice through their own culpable complaisance to Colonel Waugh. At the eleventh hour the board passed a resolution to the effect that no advance of funds could be made to a director without requiring the same security as from a client. Yet in the following month this commendable rule was broken and £20,000 more were lent to Waugh by the manager, whose excuse was that he could not suddenly stop the account. Ruin was now very near. An attempt was made to wind up the company privately, but this failed, and the bank suspended payment early in 1857. Waugh bolted to Spain with a good sum of cash in his pocket, which he meant to use in mining speculations in that country.

PULLINGER.

A great bank, the Union Bank of London, was about this period defrauded to an extent that exceeded even the defalcations already recorded of Robson, Redpath, and the rest. It was robbed of a sum of £263,000 by a cashier in whom such implicit confidence had been placed that he was left altogether uncontrolled. The whole of the dealings with the Bank of England was left in his hands, and he misused the trust to the extent above mentioned. William George Pullinger had been in the employment of the bank for

upwards of twenty years, to which he had been appointed cashier in 1839, having held the same post under Sir Claude Scott and Co. In 1855 he had been raised to the rank of chief cashier, and the temptations of this office of great trust had been too much for him. For some time he had been involved in Stock Exchange speculation of the most disastrous kind, and he could only meet his differences by misappropriating the funds of the bank, for which, under the existing system, he had ample facilities. It was his duty to make the daily "pay in" to the Bank of England, and he did it by a docket specifying the amount handed over. The Bank of England duly acknowledged these payments in its pass-book, which was fetched from the bank daily by a junior clerk and handed to Pullinger. It was the sole check upon him, this pass-book being the foundation of the entries in the general ledger showing the amount of balance to the credit of the Union Bank with the Bank of England. Pullinger withheld the real pass-book, and always substituted another, which contained a fraudulent statement of the "pay in." When he abstracted money in cash or cheques, he showed the payment as so much less, and it was accepted as the right balance. As the Union Bank had a very large account with the bank to the nominal value (less Pullinger's thefts) of half a million, the fraud was not discovered, as it might have been, by unexpected heavy drafts. How Pullinger became possessed of the false pass-books—for he must have used several—did not appear at the trial. No doubt he had them manufactured on the bank pattern. Nor were the directors blameless in having failed to exercise an independent check upon Pullinger's proceedings. He was reputed an upright man, steady, quiet, unobtrusive, and middle-aged, with no vice but that of gambling, and unable to resist the opportunity offered by the stock market. As he could not deal openly with members of "the house" under Stock Exchange rules, he was chiefly engaged in the "outside market." Through the death of one of his agents the nature of his transactions was never exactly known.

Pullinger made no attempt to conceal or defend his

misdeeds, and was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude on one count, and six years' on another.

CITY OF GLASGOW BANK.

The failure of the City of Glasgow Bank in October, 1878, was one of the later banking disasters ending in criminal proceedings. Its directors were apprehended on a charge of producing false balance-sheets and declaring large dividends in order to keep up the nominal prosperity of the bank. It was all the time hopelessly insolvent, yet many persons on these false statements had been still induced to invest in the bank stock and keep accounts with the firm. The transactions that had led to failure were very similar to those already described in the case of the Royal British Bank. Enormous advances were made without security, and the accounts of many persons, either directors or their friends, had been overdrawn to vast amounts. Thus Mr. J. Stewart, one of the directors, had taken advantage of his position to overdraw for £11,000, and to permit the account current of his firm to be overdrawn for £23,000, both without security. Other directors had been no less to blame. The firm of Henry Taylor and Son had overdrawn through its partner William Taylor, a director, to the tune of £73,000, and the private account of Mr. Henry Inglis, another director, was overdrawn £44,000, and his firm's £7,000. Mr. John James Wright had overdrawn £2,746, and his firm £340,000.

The existence of these heavy drains on the finances of the bank must have been well known to all the directors, although it could not be proved that all had been concerned in the fabrication of the false balance-sheets. When Mr. Stronach, a new manager, had been appointed, he had expressly stipulated that he should not be held responsible for certain "unsatisfactory accounts." He was, indeed, most anxious that this matter should be set right, but had been opposed by the directors, and was himself drawn into the vortex, so that he figured as one of the chief culprits at the trial. It was proved that, in company with Mr. Potter, one of the directors, he had obliged the accountants of the bank to alter the true

balance-sheet to the false one that was published. The first was based on the real figures in the books, the second was according to certain alterations in red ink made upon the original draft.

When Stronach became manager the bank was already at the mercy of its debtors. One firm which owed a large sum threatened to fail unless it got further help. To stave off this, which meant ruin for the bank also, a system of financing was adopted with other firms, by drawing and accepting bills, which provided funds for the time being, but of fictitious value. It would have been fatal to the bank's credit if these operations had become public, either to the shareholders or in the financial world; hence the cooking of figures and the fabrication of false statements. Yet something crept out. One shareholder in September, a month before the failure, called at the office of Mr. Stewart, saying he had heard unpleasant rumours about the bank. Mr. Stewart, a director, who, as has been said, was largely in debt to the bank, answered that there were always rumonrs current about everybody. Then Mr. Stewart went out and did not return, being clearly anxious to cut short an inconvenient interview.

When arraigned the prisoners were charged with theft and embezzlement, but these were withdrawn, and the directors were only convicted of falsification. Their sentences, on conviction, varied from eighteen months' to eight and five months' imprisonment.

T'KINT AND THE BANK OF BELGIUM.

In March, 1876, very great uneasiness prevailed in Brussels with regard to the Bank of Belgium. Rumours of extensive frauds and defalcations were rife, and the directors of the bank felt it their duty to verify the securities, the property of clients, deposited in the cellars of the bank. The first inspection was fixed for the 4th of March, but postponed for twenty-four hours owing to the illness of the keeper of deposits. The head clerk of the deposit branch, M. T'Kint de Roodenbeck, was also absent.

On the 7th of March a letter was received from T'Kint, which fell like a thunderbolt upon the directors. It was a full confession of guilt. T'Kint had been long engaged in systematic theft; he had stolen quantities of securities belonging to depositors, and had applied the proceeds to his own use. Now that a searching inspection was imminent he knew that his frauds could be no longer concealed; but he hoped to be able to make full restitution, and he had gone to Paris to raise the necessary funds. He implored the directors to await his return—to hold their hands only a few days, and before exposing him give him a last chance to put matters straight.

No doubt it was the duty of the directors to make this great crime public directly it came to their knowledge; but they were all friends—some most intimate friends—of the guilty clerk. Their chief, the governor of the bank, was especially so; he had believed so implicitly in T'Kint that he had given him nearly *carte blanche* in the bank, where it had been often said that T'Kint, not Fortamps, was the real governor. Now, although the verification of securities was proceeded with, and it was found that the amount abstracted was enormous, no immediate steps were taken against the thief. The excuse afterwards made was that premature revelations might interfere with T'Kint's endeavours to replace his robberies. It may be noted here that T'Kint had not gone to Paris at all, and that he had no idea of making restitution. The letter of confession was only a blind to gain time and cover his flight in a different direction.

On the 8th of March the directors saw that they must make a clean breast. T'Kint's absence was known in Brussels and adversely commented upon, especially at the Bourse, where he had been a gigantic operator. Further suspicion was aroused by the departure of a lady with whom T'Kint was closely connected, who had left the Southern Railway station on the evening of the 7th, taking with her her maid and a quantity of baggage—nine large trunks. The police now interposed, and having inquired into this departure found that T'Kint himself was one of the party. He had been in

hiding in Brussels, and had now gone to Paris. The direction he took was *viâ* Calais to London and Liverpool. The latter point rested on his own imprudent inquiry at the railway station as to what day he would find a steamer leaving for the United States. Next morning M. Fortamps, the unfortunate governor of the bank, received another letter from T'Kint, plainly intended to further cover up his tracks; for the absconding clerk stated that he was on his way to the Far East, where he hoped to begin life anew, and, by unremitting toil, earn money enough to make good his defalcations.

The blow fell heavily on all concerned. T'Kint, although his position was not high in the bank, was a very prominent personage in Brussels. He came of a good family; he was highly esteemed as a pillar of the church, a good Catholic, attentive to his religious duties, and friendly with the priests. In society he was much appreciated for his hospitality; he gave good dinners in his pretty house, with its artistic furniture and choice collection of pictures; his guests were made up of stockbrokers, artists, and men of letters. General consternation prevailed among the shareholders of the bank, which had been very hard hit. Its total losses through T'Kint were calculated at twenty-three millions of francs, or very nearly one million sterling of our English money. Failure threatened the Bank of Belgium, but the National Bank came to its assistance, and staved off so grave a financial catastrophe.

Meanwhile, the police were at the heels of the fugitives. Plum, a leading detective, had started for London at once, armed with warrant and full descriptions. T'Kint travelled at express speed. From Charing Cross he drove to Euston at 5 a.m., and got the early train at 7.15 to Liverpool, which was reached about noon.

Here T'Kint, who was undoubtedly an unlucky person, as we shall see, met with a *contretemps*. Heavy weather outside delayed the *City of Paris* in the Mersey, and the travellers were detained a day in Liverpool, during which T'Kint had the imprudence to apply at a money-changer's

for American dollars in exchange for Belgian bank notes to a large amount—50,000 francs. The dealer was shy, and asked time to get so many dollars, as he said, but he really gave notice to the vice-consul for Belgium, asking whether he knew of any recent robbery in Brussels. The consul telegraphed there, and heard in reply what had occurred, with the news that the police were following T'Kint. Yet the fugitives got on board, and went down Channel without interference. Only on arriving at Queen's-town next morning, the lady, who had suffered much from sea-sickness, went ashore, and was recognised by a detective who was on the watch. He got the assistance of some of the Irish constabulary, and accompanied the lady on board the tender, back to the *City of Paris*. She joined a man in a fur coat, whose appearance tallied with that of T'Kint. The detective went straight up, and challenged him with having embezzled bank property. T'Kint, greatly disconcerted, gave an evasive reply, and was forthwith arrested with his companion. A first search brought to light jewels and securities to the value of half a million of francs in their possession. Besides, in the confusion of the arrest, a portmanteau full of valuables was left in the prisoners' cabin on board. T'Kint, moreover, had forwarded another large parcel by a previous steamer to New York.

T'Kint was presently transferred to London, and the usual formalities were proceeded with for his extradition A Belgian officer came over on purpose to examine the prisoner, and asked him pointblank why he had bolted. His first excuse was that he had bought for the rise a million of Bank of France stock; that it had gone down, and it was quite impossible for him to meet his "differences." His second was that he had learnt of the coming inspection of the bank cellars, and knowing that the thefts would now be discovered, he absconded. He confessed that he had begun his abstractions in 1873, and that he had appropriated large sums when desired to sell stocks and shares on account of the bank or its clients.

In the latter case he had credited the values to the depositors in their accounts, but had kept the cash for his own purposes. In order to conceal these operations, he had falsified the books of the bank and intercepted letters of advice. All this had been facilitated by the excessive confidence reposed in him and the way in which he was allowed to do just as he pleased. The governor, M. Fortamps, was perfectly well aware of his tremendous speculations on the Bourse, and encouraged them as increasing the business of the bank. He (T'Kint) was permitted to open imaginary accounts with the bank to cover his operations; one was named Syndicate A. He obtained large advances, to the extent of 900,000 francs, from the bank, although the security he gave did not amount to more than a fourth of that sum. There were other accounts under his control, which he employed to cover his transactions, chiefly the payment of his losses, which were enormous, for bad luck constantly pursued him. He never won. Almost from the first, when in 1866 he was a salaried *employé* on £168 a year, he began his speculations. Having no private fortune, and dealing with other people's money, he yet gambled continually, and always unsuccessfully. Whether "bull" or "bear," he was always on the wrong side; he bought and sold always at the wrong time; the companies and undertakings with which he was associated generally did badly or failed.

At first he only borrowed from the bank and depositors. He misappropriated stock and the value thereof with the full intention, he said (again the unfailing excuse of criminals of his class), of replacing his loans directly the luck turned. That he really meant to do so was seen from his method of procedure. To understand this it will be necessary to describe how the robberies were effected. The whole of the bank's securities were kept in two underground apartments, known as the "towers." When a client obtained an advance and deposited stock as security he was given a memorandum and a receipt; the latter was from a counterfoil book, and on it were inscribed the numbers and value of

the shares deposited. A good deal of carelessness grew up at the bank concerning these receipts, which were not always given from the counterfoil; sometimes on mere scraps of paper, with no details. The scrip was then taken down to the cellars and put away in a cardboard box inscribed with the owner's name and the total value, but no other particulars. T'Kint soon saw that when the time came to return the securities he need not give back identically the same. He could, therefore, work his wicked will with any fund to withdraw, sell, make use of their contents, knowing that he could replace them with others in good time if the deposit was called for. But so precise was he, so fully resolved to act "on the square," that he either kept a careful note of the real numbers, or the real ticket with all 'details if it existed, meaning to put all ship-shape in his own good time. He could do this, as he had access at all times to the cardboard cases, the "jackets," or "dossiers," in which the securities were kept. It was understood that he dealt with all sales and transfers of stock, and when he sent a note to the cellar or deposit-keeper for certain bundles they were taken out and given to him. No examination was made when they were returned.

How vast were his Bourse transactions may be realised from some of his figures. Between 1868 and 1873 with one broker alone (he employed twenty-five in all) he bought 462,000,000 and sold 461,000,000 of francs, losing on these transactions 833,000 francs, and paying brokerage fees to very nearly the same amount. In the same period his sales for immediate cash were a million and a half, and his losses about the same. Between 1873 and 1876 his operations were for eleven and a half millions, and in one "account" alone, that of the 15th of May, 1875, he paid losses on differences of one and a half million francs. All these speculations were covered by the thefts from the deposits, but, in addition, the bank offered him enormous credits. Only once did T'Kint run risk of exposure, and that was through a mistake with the securities of a M. Bischoffsheim, who found that there had been some substitution. T'Kint escaped detection by pretending that he had mixed certain shares of his own. But,

as a consequence of this mistake, a verification of all the deposits in the bank cellars was ordered and carried out, not in a spirit hostile to T'Kint, but with his concurrence and assistance.

His dexterity in preventing discovery of the frauds was extraordinary. He manufactured false tickets wholesale to affix them to the bundles of securities; and as he had free access to the cellars he was enabled to hoodwink the examiner. T'Kint's audacity went farther. While the verification was actually in progress he was struck with a fresh loss, 400,000 francs, by an unexpected fall in Ottoman stock, and he met it by fresh abstractions under the very nose of the inspector. He managed it by withdrawing stock from the parcels already verified, in which he found no difficulty, thanks to the want of vigilance of the deposit-keeper. In the end the verification was reported quite satisfactory. Only five parcels out of 492 sets showed any irregularity, and these were quite trifling.

When T'Kint was brought to trial, M. Fortamps, the governor of the bank, was also charged with complicity in the frauds, but nothing more was proved against him than contravention of the statutes, and a belief in T'Kint so blind and overweening as to be almost culpable. Witnesses deposed that T'Kint was the real governor of the bank; everyone went to him for orders and advice—his decision was deemed final on any important question. This was the cause of the deep indignation expressed in Brussels at the whole scandal. The directors of the bank had trusted to the head officials, they, in turn, had trusted to the governor, whose control had melted in his warm belief in the honesty of T'Kint. Only one person had refused to believe in T'Kint, and that was M. Kok, the vice-governor, who had, however, been quite overruled by his colleagues and was powerless to control him. The general feeling was that this indefatigable clerk, whose soul seemed devoted to business, and who had done so much to improve the value of the bank shares by his large purchases of them, could not be anything but a treasure.

The result of the trial, which was prolonged over two years, was, as might have been expected, unfavourable to T'Kint. He was found guilty of theft, forgery, and fraud, and sentenced to fifteen years' reclusion or imprisonment that was practically solitary. M. Fortamps did not escape; he was found guilty of a breach of the laws, and was sentenced to a year's imprisonment, with a fine of 10,000 francs.

COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL FRAUDS.

The tale of commercial and financial frauds is never-ending, and it is impossible to keep abreast with them. Year after year new cases of deliberate dishonesty, deeply planned, and of most disastrous effect, crop up to crowd the criminal records of the world. Now it is a cunning conspiracy like that of the Albion Assurance Company, in which the intention to defraud was so clearly proved that its promoters were sent to penal servitude; now a man following in the footsteps of Joseph Windle Cole, and obtaining money on a bill of lading for wheat which he has sold twice over, absconds, like Alexander Collie, before he can be brought to account. The failure of Greenways' bank in Leamington reproduces the painful elements in the cases of Strahan and Bates, of Sadleir and the Royal British Bank, ending as they did in the condign punishment of the fraudulent proprietors. The Bank of England is nearly victimised by a clerk in a great firm, who has forged bills in the names of his employers, Vagliano Brothers, to the amount of £71,500. The courts at first ordered the bank to pay, but the decision was reversed on appeal to the House of Lords.

JABEZ BALFOUR.

The extraordinary story of Jabez Balfour and his felon associates need not be retold at length in these pages. The crime in its origin was not unlike many that have preceded it in point of time; an association, long established and generally esteemed, falling upon evil days through injudicious administration, becoming involved in speculative enterprises when its

finances were already hard-pressed by its own reckless engagements, and then staving off collapse that was yet inevitable by fraud and misrepresentation. The Liberator Building Society was a losing business for some fifteen years, yet the truth was suppressed, and although a sum of £70,000 was lost irretrievably by the liabilities incurred, no information was vouchsafed to the shareholders, and much more money was subscribed by the general public in the mistaken idea that the concern was good and sound. Further and still heavier loss was entailed by the society's unfortunate connection with Hobbs and Wright—the first a builder in a large way of business, the latter the solicitor to the company. Wright had much influence with the board, and Hobbs, through him, obtained enormous advances from the society—at first no more than £39,000, but in the end, by which time Hobbs's business had been turned into a limited company, its indebtedness amounted to £2,000,000. Wright and Hobbs during these nefarious transactions had drawn in Jabez Balfour, who became a party to their schemes. One of these was to obtain from the Liberator Society a large sum on a bill purporting to be drawn by a firm called G. Wright & Co., a well-known firm of ironfounders, but really manufactured by Wright the solicitor. This was accepted by Hobbs, and paid by Balfour on behalf of the society. For this and other frauds of the kind Hobbs and Wright were eventually arraigned at the Central Criminal Court and sentenced to twelve years' penal servitude.

The failure of the Liberator Society, which involved so many trusting persons in its collapse, was sudden and unexpected. Although its affairs were not altogether flourishing, Balfour had announced his intention of making all clear at a general meeting, but before the day it assembled he had disappeared. He was living the life of a country gentleman on his Oxfordshire estate, when a friend telegraphed him the news of Hobbs's and Wright's arrest. He left Burcote, his country place, at once for London, set his affairs in order (he had already resigned his seat in the House of Commons), gave his sister a power of attorney to attend to his affairs,

and gathering up all the ready money he could lay hands upon—about £1,500 in notes and gold—he started *vid* Spain and Portugal for South America.

His subsequent proceedings are of interest as illustrating the difficulties that nowadays beset the path of the absconding criminal. Jabez Balfour, in casting about for some sanctuary, found the choice of a protecting country much narrowed by the combination of many Governments against such fugitives as he. He was not even safe in the Argentine Republic, where he had taken refuge, and when his presence there became known, as it did within a couple of months, his extradition was demanded by the British representative. The existing law seemed to favour him, for the demand was refused, and he lived for nearly a year in Buenos Ayres, more or less openly, almost defying arrest. Then he purchased a brewery at Juguy, his wife joined him, and he seemed safe. But the Argentine authorities, while still disputing the terms of the extradition treaty, allowed him to be arrested while the case was being tried, and Balfour was lodged in the prison of Salta, where he was allowed many privileges, among them that of taking legal advice. On a medical certificate, moreover, he left the gaol, which was said to be injuring his health, and occupied a private house.

For a whole year the legal battle raged, with success now to one side, now the other. Extradition was granted by one court, refused by a second on Balfour's appeal, but at last the Supreme Court finally decided against him, and he was given up to the Scotland Yard officers, who throughout had been waiting patiently for their prey. He was brought down country for embarkation, but the railway journey was not performed without a desperate attempt at rescue, and again, when embarked on board the steamer for England, a last bold device was tried to compass his release. The judge of the Criminal Court at Salta sent two agents on board the steamer, which had been detained by the lowness of water at the river mouth, with a written order for his delivery from custody. But the captain refused, and, communicating with the British minister, a guard of Argentine soldiers was put on

board to prevent any further interference until the steamer left the port.

The trial of Jabez Balfour was commenced on his return, but dragged on for many months before his conviction was assured. The whole machinery of fraud was fully exposed. It rested on the publication of false accounts to maintain public confidence and attract fresh capital, part of which went in the payment of good dividends by companies that made no profit whatever, and ought to have been wound up. The transactions were vast, covering millions of pounds, and the losses entailed in proportion. Balfour was sentenced to fourteen years'.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FRAUDS UPON THE CURRENCY.

anks and Bankers Fair Game for Forgery—Some Elaborate Schemes—Wagner and Bateman—The Americans, Two Bidwells, Macdonnel, and Noyes—An Early and Famous Bank Forger—Charles Price, *alias* "Old Patch"—His Skill as an Engraver and his Matchless Adroitness in "Putting off" the Notes—Difficulties of Counterfeiting Bank of England Paper—Robbery of Paper from the Laverstock Mills—The Uttering of False Notes on a Large Scale by Buncher, Cummings, and Griffiths—Other Bank-note Forgeries—Wholesale Fabrication of Russian Rouble Notes—Italian Bank-note Forgeries in Turin 1865–7—Forgers Cleverly Caught by Cappa—Indian Bank-note Forgeries—Govind Davria, the Prince of Forgers—His Extensive Operations through all the Presidencies—Forgery of Postage Stamps—The Intentional Forgery of Bank-notes by Napoleon I.—Wellington's Counterfeiting of French Gold when Invading France, 1814—Coiners—Their Methods and the Many Ramifications of the Trade—Woodstock, a Typical Case—Coiners' Implements on View at Scotland Yard.

BANKS, and especially the Bank of England, have always been deemed fair game by the forgers. There was no more laborate scheme than those of the Wagner-Bateman raternity, who, under the guise of law stationers in the Adelphi, had taken up the mantle let fall by Saward, or Jim the Penman." The gang over which they presided was roken up in 1859, and their cunningly devised schemes rought to an end, but not until they had taken heavy toll f the bankers of London. One of their chief agents was handler, a discount agent, who had been making a large ncome which he squandered in wasteful debaucheries. He as for some time active as a bill-stealer, appropriating to is own use the bills confided to him for discount, and nlarging his operations by advertising for bills on which e meant to make advances.

When this criminal industry was stopped by the police, he all in with Wagner and Bateman, both at that time convicts n ticket-of-leave, and was of infinite assistance to them n obtaining genuine signatures which were to be copied

afterwards and applied to forged cheques. The gang did a large business, having succeeded in securing some £10,000 in all. Wagner was the chief penman, but he was greatly assisted by Keep, an old man, who had consummate skill in copying handwriting.

The most serious attack on the Bank of England, however, was that carried out by the American forgers, the two Bidwells, Macdonnel, and Noyes, by which in the end the bank lost upwards of £100,000. The plot was well-laid, on a wide plan, and backed by the extensive commercial experience of these really cosmopolitan rogues. They left the United States in 1871, and, by means of forged letters of credit, soon amassed a considerable capital by frauds on Continental banks, mainly in the cities of Berlin, Dresden, Bordeaux, Marseilles, and Lyons. From Europe they recrossed to South America, and travelled from Buenos Ayres to England. Austin Bidwell, who was the ringleader, now opened a *bonâ-fide* credit at the Burlington Gardens branch of the Bank of England, while his confederates travelled to secure genuine bills in the provinces. When all was ready Austin Bidwell paid in a genuine bill of Rothschild's for £4,500, which was duly discounted. After that he represented that he was about to establish a large branch in Birmingham for the manufacture of Pullman cars, and that his financial transactions would be large. Accordingly forged acceptances were poured into the bank amounting in all to £102,217. All these were discounted without suspicion, and Bidwell, who called himself Warren paid the amounts to himself as Horton in the Continental Bank. The money was quickly drawn out again in notes which were exchanged at once for gold, and this gold again for notes, so as to avoid detection. It was the intention of the thieves to clear out before any of the bills came to maturity, but they were ruined through their own carelessness. Two of their forged acceptances purported to have been drawn by Rothschild, but the date had been omitted. So the bank returned them to the drawer to have this added; the forgery was at once exposed, and the police

were immediately informed. Noyes, one of the conspirators, was arrested without difficulty, and, through him, the rest were apprehended. The sentence on all was "life."

A wholesale forger of bank notes, whose operations caused nothing less than consternation in the Bank of England, was the notorious Charles Price, commonly called "Old Patch." His skill as an engraver was only equalled by his cleverness in putting paper into circulation. As regards manufacture he did everything himself—made his own paper with the proper watermark, engraved his own plates and manufactured his own ink. His plans for disposing of the forged notes were laid with great astuteness, and he took extraordinary precautions to avoid discovery; he had three homes and a different name and a different wife at each. He was so expert in disguises, that none of his agents or instruments ever saw him in his own person, that of a compact, middle-aged, not bad-looking man, inclined to stoutness, but erect and active in figure, with a beaky nose, clear grey eyes, and a nut-cracker chin. Sometimes he went with his mouth covered up in red flannel, his gouty legs swathed in bandages; at another time he was an infirm old man wearing a long black camlet cloak with a broad cape fastening close to his chin. He victimised numbers of tradesmen, passing, under various disguises, bank notes of large value for which he would take the change. The lottery offices suffered greatly at his hands; he bought up tickets in large quantities with his forged notes, always requiring change.

When his depredations were at their height it was supposed they were the work of a large gang, but Price really worked single-handed. His disguise as "Old Patch" was known, and he was frequently advertised as such, but without result. For a long time the Bow Street officials were hopelessly at fault; he was only caught by accident. One of the many endorsements on a forged note was traced to a pawnbroker, who remembered to have had it from one Powel. Powel impudently returned to the pawnbroker's, was arrested, and found to be no other than Charles Price. Price was known, for he had been in trouble before, chiefly for

defrauding the famous actor, Foote, in a brewery partnership, for which he had been sent to Newgate. Price, directly he was arrested, smuggled a hasty note to one of his wives with the brief words "Destroy everything," which she did, burning his disguises, smashing up the engraving plates, and destroying the copper plates. Still the case seemed strong against Price, he could not deny his identity, and feeling that it was all over, he hanged himself in his cell.

Of late years the forgery of Bank of England notes has been made almost impossible by the difficulty of counterfeiting the paper on which they are printed. Yet rather more than thirty years ago a gang of determined forgers surmounted this difficulty by stealing a quantity of the paper from the mills where it was manufactured. An old convict named Burnet was the originator of this fraud. He took up his residence at no great distance from Laverstock, where the paper mills are, and by degrees undermined the honesty of some of the workmen. One of them, named Brewer, was Burnet's chief accomplice, and he was provided with a false master key which gave him access to all parts of the mills, including the packing-room, where a large quantity of bank-note paper in the last stage but one of manufacture was stored. This stage is known as glazing, and in the subsequent uttering of false notes they were all found to be on unglazed paper. A deficiency in the stock of paper led to the employment of detectives, and the thefts were fixed without much difficulty upon the offending workman, but it was not so easy to recover the paper. Burnet was known and watched; they traced him to the shop of a butcher named Buncher in Strutton Ground, and Buncher was next traced to New Cross and the house of a Mrs. Campbell. Her complicity was secured, and when Buncher called next time his interview was watched from a neighbouring room out of which two bricks had been moved. Buncher's visit was to dispose of a parcel of forged notes, and as they could not agree about the price he grew very violent and turned to leave the place with the parting words, "You can do nothing without me, for I have all the bank paper."

Buncher now became the object of chief interest to the police, and he was tracked down to Birmingham, where he was found to be closely connected with Cummings, a notorious coiner, and Griffiths, a very skilful engraver and copper-plate printer. On a certain day all three were arrested, Cummings and Buncher in London, and Griffiths in Birmingham. Proofs of the latter's guilt were at once obtained on searching his work-room. His printing-press stood in the corner, and on it were twenty-one newly forged Bank of England notes; numbers of other notes lay upon the bed, all ready to be put into circulation. "Mother-plates," for engraving the body of the notes, and other plates for various processes, were also found. Griffiths admitted that he had been concerned in these forgeries for nearly twenty years, and, as the principal criminal, he was sentenced to penal servitude for life; Buncher got twenty-five years, Burnet twenty, but Cummings could not be convicted, for want of independent evidence beyond the informer's, but he was convicted later on, for he was an unceasing practitioner in coining and forgery.

THE RUSSIAN ROUBLE NOTE FORGERIES.

The fabrication of false bank notes is nowadays surrounded with so many difficulties in this country that the crime is comparatively rare. It is most common with Scotch or Irish notes, because, as has been said, the particular paper used by the Bank of England is not easily imitated or obtained, except by theft, as in the remarkable instance just described. But spurious Bank of England notes have been in circulation in recent years, and not so long ago the cities of Glasgow and Cork were greatly upset by this sort of fraud. In both the latter cases the false notes had been produced by the aid of photo-lithography.

In countries where notes of small value are much used, and paper is almost the exclusive currency, forgery is stimulated, and often carried on for long periods without discovery. In the great Russian rouble case brought to light in 1879, there can be little doubt that the clandestine manufacture of these

notes had been in progress for eight or nine years. Provincial Russia was inundated with them, and as the bulk of the notes were for three roubles, in value about 7s. 6d., they were chiefly held by the poorest people, to whom the Russian government gave no redress, for it is the rule in Russia that the holder of spurious money bears the loss.

Strong suspicions were presently entertained that the forgers did not work at home, but were established in London, whence the false money was transmitted to Russia; and the Russian government made such frequent protests to England that the metropolitan police were most eager to discover the criminals. At last they came upon a clue through a coffee-house keeper named Lowenworth, in the Commercial Road.

A couple of Poles came and lodged at Lowenworth's, and sent him one day with a letter to a man named Dombrowski, with whom he became acquainted. This Dombrowski, although passing under the name of Jaafe, was no other man than the notorious general of the French Commune, who had been driven now to the business of an intermediary in note forgery. Dombrowski supplied Lowenworth with packages of three-rouble notes for the Poles, and promised to get him a hundred pounds' worth of twenty-five rouble notes for himself. In due course the police, whom Lowenworth kept constantly informed of everything, arrested Dombrowski at the public-house in Holloway where he lived, and on him was found a receipt for a registered letter, addressed to a Miss Davis, at the house of a Mrs. Seymour, in Arlington Road, Tulse Hill.

The next step taken was to obtain a search warrant for the house in Tulse Hill, where the police, as might have been expected, met with much obstruction. They were refused admission on various shallow grounds, but forcing their way upstairs, came across two persons at a fire, in a first floor room, rapidly destroying papers—presumably forged notes; continuing the search, the police reached the second floor, but found the rooms locked. The doors were at once broken down, and in one of the rooms seven thousand rouble notes

were seized, with a French treatise on engraving; in the other were lithographic stones, chemicals, and all the appliances complete for engraving notes, a very perfect and complete outfit, all in good order, and calculated to produce excellent results, which they undoubtedly did. The forged notes were so admirably executed that a member of the Russian Embassy, who gave evidence at the trial, declared that he could hardly believe they were not genuine.

The offence was brought clearly home to the two persons captured at Tulse Hill; one of them, Vincent Yankowski, had already been tried in England for a similar offence, and both he and another Yankowski were sentenced to twelve years' penal servitude. Dombrowski, who now called himself a journalist, having abandoned his old trade as a soldier of fortune, had also been tried in Paris for forging notes in 1869, but had escaped conviction. The case was, however, very clear against him in England, and his dealings with the Yankowskis were fully proved. The ex-Communist general now found himself relegated to an English convict prison also for ten years.

ITALIAN BANK NOTE FORGERIES.

In the years 1865-7 Turin was inundated with forged notes of the National Bank, and to such an extent that no one would willingly accept notes for large amounts in the way of business. The police were greatly harassed by the continual complaints of the public, and much annoyed by the emptiness of their researches. Luck at last revealed the forgers, yet there was so little good management that even now the culprits almost escaped capture.

One day a cabman, who had just put down a fare, found a note for fifty *lire* (£2) lying on his cushions. It had clearly been dropped by his last passengers, and it was, of course, his duty to have sought them, or handed it over to the authorities. He did neither. Being a needy man, the temptation was too great, and on the principle of "findings keepings," he appropriated the note, with which he bought himself some new clothes with his windfall. The tailor's wife, with whom he dealt, could not give him change, fifteen

lire, and quite unsuspectingly he left the note with her, saying he would call later for his balance. When the tailor came home he saw at a glance that it was a flash note, and quickly reported the fact to the police, with the result that the weak-minded cabman soon found himself in custody. When he made a clean breast of it, the story of his having found the note was not exactly believed, but he was ready to prove his good faith by taking the police where he had dropped his passengers. This was the Villa Saracco, in the outskirts of Turin. A posse of police started at once in the cab, under a superior officer, who penetrated to the dining-room of the villa and found a couple of gentlemen at table drinking champagne. He asked them to look out of the window and say whether they knew the cabdriver, and whether they had travelled in his cab a few days before. They made no difficulty in admitting this, but when told they had left a fifty *lire* note behind them, they positively denied it. They were still more positive when they heard that the note was false. One declared that it was really too bad that so much spurious paper should be about, and the other added that in future he should take nothing but gold and silver. If the police officer had had any doubts, they quite disappeared when he heard that one of these gentlemen was the Conti Giulio, and the other an advocate of Turin. Declining the glass of champagne offered, he made his bow and prepared to leave the villa. But his subordinates were not so easily satisfied. One was the Domenico Cappa, who became afterwards Cavaliere and commandant of the detective police of Turin. He insisted the villa should be searched. The chief hesitated to put such distinguished people to the indignity, but his zealous assistants took it upon themselves. They returned to the dining-room, where only one gentleman, the count, was now found, and he protested most strongly when he heard what was intended. Cappa was not to be put off, and going to a closed door at the end of the room asked that it might be opened. As this was refused, he broke it down with his shoulder, and forcing his way in found a great heap of half-consumed false notes in the grate. A further search

revealed all the apparatus and appurtenances of the note-forger—stones, engraving tools, plates, chemicals, and a printing-press. This was, no doubt, the headquarters and chief manufactory of the forgers.

Meanwhile the two gentlemen had taken to their heels. They were pursued. One loosed off his revolver and shot a policeman through the body, but was secured. The other fugitive was not captured at that time. The first was recognised as a certain Baccetti, who had been an officer of the military administration, guilty of falsification and fraud. While he was in prison for this new offence it was noticed that a beggar selling matches came continually under the cell window where Baccetti was confined. The beggar was apprehended. He was found to be in disguise, and he carried on his person fifty false notes of large values. This man confessed himself an associate of the forgers, and put the police on the track of the missing man, stating that he was named Bernacchi, and was a servant in the employ of a gentleman of high position, a silk manufacturer and a deputy, or member of parliament.

Bernacchi was arrested in his master's house, and the deputy himself was placed under surveillance, greatly to his indignation. Still, nothing could be found in the house, and the police began to tremble, foreseeing the serious consequences of making a false arrest. While the house was still surrounded, a lady passing asked what it all meant, and was told that the deputy's servant had stolen some of his master's property, but that nothing could be found. "Have you searched everywhere? I know the house. I live near. I often see the servants up in a garret under the eaves. Have you been there?" asked the lady. The question struck the police officer forcibly, for the existence of this room had been concealed by the deputy. Now he was asked about this garret, and with much reluctance gave up the key. The room proved to be a workshop and chief hiding-place. The floor was strewn with early or imperfect proofs of false notes. There seems to have been little doubt of the deputy's complicity in the crime, but he suddenly went out of his mind

when arrested and was never tried. The rest of the forgers were sentenced to long terms.

BANK-NOTE FORGERY IN INDIA.

In the East, where so much artistic ingenuity is met with, the business of the bank forger might be expected to thrive. The cleverness of Indian criminals has been sometimes phenomenal in this direction. The most perfect imitations of currency notes have been frequent, and accomplished with the rudest and seemingly the most inadequate materials. Some five-and-thirty years ago a native, named Govind Narayen Davria, in the Bombay Presidency, earned the proud title of the "prince of forgers." For years Davria lived really like a prince on the proceeds of his frauds. He was so expert in counterfeiting handwriting that if provided with a single specimen he could imitate it so admirably as to deceive the writer himself. His knowledge of the effect of chemical reagents was profound, and by using a liquid of which he alone had the secret he could erase all traces of writing on any document, quite changing the character of the paper by recording some new statement thereon. Once he succeeded in so cleverly manipulating a promissory note for five thousand rupees, that he passed it back to the man from whom he got it with a new face value of twice the amount. He observed always the utmost caution, had an army of emissaries, and when at work kept a salver of burning charcoal by his side so that he might instantly destroy any incriminating paper if surprised.

About 1867, forged notes to a great amount were current in Bombay. Some were of high value, of 1,000 rupees, or a nominal £100 each. They all came from Davria's press. He also forged bills and bank securities to large amounts, which were discounted and circulated by the confidential clerk in the Bank of Bombay, who was one of Davria's confederates. The cashier was another of his creatures, and this man did a large business as a secret money-lender, using the bank funds for advances. If there was a sudden call or unexpected audit, he raised money on short loan from other banks, and on

forged notes provided by Davria, replacing the money in the bank coffers as soon as the danger had blown over.

In 1866 the forgers were blackmailed by another clerk, who had discovered their malpractices, and who threatened instant exposure. He was bought off by a bill, really forged, for a large sum, and the fraud was presently laid bare. It was also found out that forged bills were issued by the money-lending clerk above mentioned, and the result was a criminal trial. Davria was suspected of other forgeries at the time, and he was tried on several counts, but was acquitted on purely technical grounds. After this he devoted himself almost exclusively to forging bank-notes, which he sent in great numbers for sale in Bombay through confidential agents, while he remained strictly *perdu* in Poona. Three persons reached Bombay in 1872 purporting to be representatives of a firm in Poona who wished to negotiate the sale of bogus notes. These three men were watched by the police, a party of whom went to meet the agents of Davria. One of the policemen was a European inspector. He was disguised as a Parsee gentleman, and he was attended by the well-known Bombay detective, Mir Abdul Ali, and another, one disguised as coachman, the other as groom. The Parsee purchased fourteen 1,000-rupee notes, and not only refused to pay for them, but gave the sellers into custody. Immediate search was made for Davria, but without success. He escaped, and continued his malpractices until 1879, when he was captured by the above-mentioned Mir Abdul Ali in Berar. The forger had lived there in security, for he was liberal with his money and people gave him shelter. But the detectives beguiled him to a house on pretence of buying spurious notes from him, and he fell into the trap. Davria put an end to himself in the Poona gaol in a novel and determined fashion. He took the oil from a kerosene lamp burning in his cell, poured it over his clothes, then applied a burning match and ignited them. He died in horrible tortures, and thus ended his strange career.

Davria's exploits in forgery were rivalled by the great currency note forgeries in the Madras Presidency. About

1872 a large number of spurious 1,000-rupee notes were seized at Benares, and it was reported that forged notes having a face value of some four lakhs of rupees were in circulation in the three Presidencies. Their origin was traced to Madras, although it was at one time thought they had been printed in London. The fraud was first discovered by the appearance of a native at Benares, who was purchasing jewels as the agent of a Madras rajah. He paid the bill in forged notes, but disappeared when suspicion was aroused. Various arrests were, however, made, and at last the prime mover and chief forger was taken at Madras, one Vancutta Chellummyab, with an immense quantity of spurious paper in his possession; notes to the nominal value of Rs.211,000 were found in an old portmanteau.

In 1877 Bombay was infested by a gang of currency note forgers whose operations were very extensive. The notes were so nearly perfect in execution as to frequently defy detection, and for a long time the persons engaged in the frauds could not be found. Discovery was at last made through a broker, Motichand, to whom certain Hindoos of apparently good position had come offering him a large commission if he would pass a number of government notes, which Motichand strongly suspected were forgeries. Having given information to the police, Motichand arranged for them to hide in his house while he treated with the forgers for the purchase of a quantity of notes. While the deal was in progress the police broke in and arrested the culprits with this plain evidence of their guilt, although one of them essayed to swallow a whole bundle of notes. When the prisoners' houses were searched the whole machinery for the manufacture of spurious money was laid bare—plates, presses, dies for note-making; dies, moulds, and stamps for counterfeiting coin. Specimens of Indian money, rupees and annas, were found, also of Australian sovereigns and many coins issued from European mints. So much alarm was caused by this detection that the small dealers in the native town of Bombay for some time refused to take currency notes unless guaranteed to their satisfaction.

More recently (1890) Eastern dexterity was applied to the forgery of postage stamps. That false stamps were in existence was first discovered by a London collector of stamps, and his report in due course reached the Bombay police. After a tedious inquiry they traced a spurious stamp to the hands of a Portuguese clerk, and through him to a licensed stamp vendor, who had bought it, and others, believing them to be genuine, from a third party. The detectives visited the last-named, and found him to be a high-caste Brahmin, Shrida, who had belonged to Davria's gang. Shrida was arrested, and a key found in his turban admitted the police to his premises, where numbers of fictitious stamps were secured. The whole of the manufacture had been effected by Shrida himself, and in the rudest fashion. He took first the impression of a genuine stamp on a lithographic stone, then applied the ink, laid down his paper, and pressed it with his thumb till it had taken the form below. After that he used various processes of rubbing, touching, polishing, giving the water mark, and the counterfeit was complete.

Bank-note forging was not entirely confined to the professional criminal. A curious story is preserved in the diaries of the Napoleonic epoch, showing how the Emperor turned this fraud to his purpose in injuring his enemies. Shortly before the expedition against Russia in 1812 the police of M. Pasquier, the prefect of Paris, ferreted out a secret printing-office where a number of first-class workmen were employed, at night only, and on very high wages. This was discovered by tracking some of them night after night to a lonely house standing beyond the Barrier in the Plaine Montrouge. The house was carefully and strongly guarded. There were iron bars at all the ground-floor windows and the doors were of massive construction, so that it would be no easy matter to break through.

One night M. Pasquier's people, police supported by gendarmes, surrounded the house, and, armed with a search warrant, forced an entrance about daylight. A determined resistance was made, many on either side were wounded, but the police gained the upper hand, and in the end

discovered that the house contained an active manufactory of spurious notes. These, however, were not French, but Austrian and Russian. The whole of the seizure, plant and prisoners was promptly removed to the Préfecture. But now Savary, the police minister, came upon the scene, and hastily declared that the manufactory had been started under his auspices, and by the express order of the Emperor. It was superintended by M. Desmonets, the head-printer being M. Fain, whose brother was one of Napoleon's private secretaries. Savary justified the proceeding, which was to provide means of purchasing supplies in the enemy's country, and said that the Emperor in this was only following the example set by England.

Here he was probably referring to the device adopted by Wellington when on the point of invading France. It was found nearly impossible to purchase supplies from the French peasants for want of French money. Whereupon the duke issued a general order calling for any coiners who might be serving in the British ranks, and promised them an indemnity if they would come forward. When he obtained a sufficient number he set them to turn English sovereigns into napoleons and louis d'or. Here, however, there was no fraud, beyond that of counterfeiting the French issues. Obviously gold was given for gold, and the money was always worth its proper value as specie. It was different with forged notes, which would, of course, be disowned by the governments which had not issued them. As a matter of fact, Napoleon's contrivance was of little use: only a few were passed during the campaign against Russia, and in the retreat large numbers were burned. The rapid course run by the campaign of 1813 prevented the Austrian notes from being circulated in any quantity.

After the restoration, however, a Hamburg firm brought an action against the Duke de Rovigo (Savary) for the value of a number of spurious notes paid them by his order. The duke was exonerated, but the whole story thus became public property, and it has since been corroborated in Pasquier's memoirs.

COINERS.

"Once a coiner always a coiner" is the verdict deliberately given by all who have to deal with this particular class of offenders. Although no longer what it was — when bad guineas were turned out by hundreds; when one coiner alone made two hundred thousand pounds' worth of base half-crowns; when there was no penalty for counterfeiting foreign coinage, and the Continent was flooded with false dollars and louis d'or — the trade still flourishes. The difficulty is to check it, and cut it off at the root or fountain-head. The master coiner—the maker and manufacturer of these spurious coins—is a cunning, secret creature, who often pursues his nefarious calling for years and years without detection. Generally he sells his money wholesale, made up in rouleaus, to a first middleman at a market price; the first deals with a second, and it is the third person who handles the coin—who "utters" or passes it. Even these are very wary; they always work in couples, one keeps watch, the other gets rid of the money, one piece at a time. Of course, if he or she—and it is often a woman who does the last and most dangerous trick—comes to grief, she can plead that it is all a mistake. No more false money is found in her possession; her confederate, who has watched the operation from a distance, has disappeared. If the "smasher" is an old offender she may be convicted, but there is obviously nothing to implicate the real originator of the fraud.

So there is great joy in police circles when one of the "top sawyers" is taken. One of the most notorious was Woodstock, a man long suspected, but against whom nothing could be found. He was ostensibly a tailor, with a shop-front in a decent street, but his real business was behind, in a room which was well guarded from surprise. A special bell rang into this room, which was connected with the electric bell system of the house, and whenever the front door-bell rang that in the coining workshop rang too. But Woodstock was cleverly caught in the act, and eventually

got fourteen years' penal servitude. The whole of his working apparatus was seized, and may now be viewed in the "Black Museum" in New Scotland Yard. His tools and implements were not very elaborate, and show how easily the business can be carried on: little more than a few long-handled wide-mouthed ladles for melting the base metals which make the counterfeits. A mixture of lead, bismuth, and tin is the usual material employed, but old pewter pots are much sought after by the coining trade. The moulds are of plaster of Paris, with smooth faces that fit closely the aperture through which the metal is run at one end in a very fluid state, and at a low heat. Spring clamps are used to hold the two sides of the mould together. In the first instance, an impression is taken from a real *bonâ-fide* coin of the realm, and after that the counterfeit is easily and effectively made. Woodstock's productions, to judge by the piles of false coins seized, and now on view, were of first-class workmanship, and might deceive anyone. They are of various values: shillings, sovereigns, half-crowns, five-shilling pieces. Of course, a great deal of artistic and scientific labour is expended upon each coin after it is struck. It is silvered by electricity; and a battery of some sort—in Woodstock's case of porous jars—is part and parcel of the coiner's workshop. The coins are placed on a wire rack, singly, before soaking in the bath. When quite dry their edges are nicked with a fine file, the dead metal surface is burnished with a wire brush, and, last of all, to take off the excessive newness and brightness, each coin is rubbed with a pad coated with a preparation of grease and lampblack. This freshness is a difficulty in counterfeiting, for as a rule good money which has been some little time in circulation grows dull.

Another and a still more complete set of coiners' implements is shown in the Museum. They were captured in a house in Tilson Road, Southwark, in March, 1891. The detective police had long watched a couple, man and woman, whom they suspected of passing bad money, and arrested them together, finding as many as twenty-five false coins

upon them. The man, Croft by name, had already "done time" twice for the same offence. He seems to have manufactured as well as passed, contrary to the usual practice; hence his frequent detection. On this occasion a key was found in his possession, which the police used on some premises supposed to be occupied by Croft, and gained admission. An old woman was found in a room upstairs, who tried to put the officers off; but they searched the place, and found the whole of the articles now exhibited. They comprise portions of a good electric battery, with cells in copper metal, the usual ladles, moulds, and clamps, a burnishing brush, file, wire brushes, bellows, and the indispensable grease and lampblack. Croft did business on a large scale, and studied his subject carefully, using standard scientific text-books, and among his possessions were Gore's "Electro-Metallurgy" and Bloxam's "Metals."

Part VIII.

ASSOCIATIONS OF CRIMINALS.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MISCELLANEOUS ASSOCIATIONS.

The Dangers of Associated Crime—Brigandage—Gangs of Thieves—Les Habits Noirs—The Band of the Black Hand—The Camorra—The Mafia—Thievish Associations Past and Present—Leaders and Originators—Jonathan Wild—Cartouche, his Extraordinary Character—His daring Operations fostered by Habits of the Times—Abundant Spoil—Defies Police, whom he has Suborned—At last Captured by an Officer of the Paris Guards—The Chauffeurs—A terrible Association of the Republican Epoch in France—Origin of their Name—They terrorise whole Districts—Broken up by a Sergeant of Gendarmes, Vasseur, under Napoleon's strong Hand—The Lemaire Band—A curious Instance of Heredity leading to composite Crime—Long Series of Crimes unchecked and undetected but finally exposed—Indian Dacoits—Their Operations and Ceremonies preceding Robberies—Difficulties of suppressing Dacoity—Gang Robbery in the Deccan, 1879—Two Kinds of Dacoity, Attack by open Force and Wayside Robberies—Thuggee and its Suppression by Colonel Sleeman—Long Immunity of the Thugs—Their terrible Depredations and wholesale Murders—The perfect Organisation and religious Fanaticism that supported Thuggee—Italian Association of Thieves—Their Leader, Citt di Vancija—Confederacy for Fraud in France, Catusse-Menegant—Their extensive Thefts—A Band affiliated through all the Capitals of Europe—The leading Spirit one Chambon, who is with Difficulty arrested and the Gang broken up—The Kelly Gang of Bushrangers—One of the Last of evil Associations—Wholesale Murders—"Sticking up" Banks of Euroa and Jerilderie—The last great Battle at Glenrowan—Ned Kelly hanged.

ASSOCIATED crime is the most dangerous and hurtful of any form of attack upon the body politic. When men combine for any purpose, good or bad, they must obviously gain strength from co-operation. It has been generally found that the most numerous and noxious associations have been

in the larger cities, especially among the Latin races, and their operations usually take the form of frauds and thefts. Out in the open country, when civilisation is in its infancy or protection is imperfect, the crime is murder or robbery with violence. It has been remarked in the latter cases that the members are mostly young; in one group of Italian brigands there were 60 per cent. of less than twenty-five. As a general rule, it may be taken that criminal societies are composed of the male sex, but there was one band of female thieves headed by an *ex-vivandière*, Lina Mondor, and, still more extraordinary, another female criminal, Louise Bouviers, controlled the operations of a band of forty men thieves. The well-known head of a band of Indian dacoits was a woman, Tumbolin by name.

These associations have been recruited from all classes. Where brigandage has been their business they have been mostly people following some manual trade or ex-soldiers accustomed to handle arms. The city bands have included persons of higher quality, sometimes of good social standing. In 1837 a complete gang of thieves was discovered in Rome made up of members belonging to noble families, several of them serving in the Pope's bodyguard and much esteemed for their exemplary character. Two names are recorded, those of Count Dionisi de Traja and the Countess Angellucci de Traja, who were arrested. A great quantity of valuables—watches, snuff-boxes, jewels, and so forth—were discovered in their apartments. There was a well-known band not so long since in Paris, that of the Habits Noirs, black-coated gentry, people of quality who had "gone under," led by an ex-officer, Mayliatt by name. A great band of thieves at Mayence in Germany had for captain an ex-priest, who was a scholar well read in Latin and Greek. This was a band that committed many depredations; they had a cloud of spies out to report on likely cases to a receiver and he perfected the plans, calling in the gang to act when all was ready. The thieves generally acted in small groups of five or more members, but the booty obtained by any group was equally divided among the whole association. These groups never worked in their own localities

—it was an understood thing that they must bear a good character at home so as to have a secure retreat at all times. Their orders were when engaged in a robbery to secure gold and ornaments and leave merchandise and heavy goods alone as far as possible. In some parts of Italy criminal associations have been formed among the members of reputable societies created for mutual help or charitable purposes; sometimes among the fellow-workers in a shop or factory.

Not very long since a very widespread organisation for evil was brought to light in Spain, the Society of the Black Hand, as it was called. In its origin it consisted of visionaries who hoped to redress the balance between rich and poor, but it soon drew to it many depredators who gladly accepted the openings it offered for carrying on their criminal trade. It became a very extensive and numerous society existing in the provinces, each having its own centre and out-branches with a total of affiliated members exceeding forty thousand. The operations of another society, that of the Fraternal Hand of Sicily, which was inoffensive and even philanthropic in its origin, a society intended for mutual help, degenerated into criminal courses.

THE CAMORRA.

It is a curious fact that many of these associations, although aimed against law and order, were carefully organised, and had a regular hierarchy within themselves: a chief, armed with despotic power, a secretary, an accountant, an inspector, a commercial traveller or spy, sometimes even a parson and a doctor. All were bound by rule and regulation under penalties more or less severe for non-observance. The most complete criminal organisation known is that of the Camorra, which still exists in and about Naples, shorn perhaps of its ancient, far-reaching power, but still strong enough to impose its authority not only on its own people but on all who will submit to its blackmail. This baleful society is of great antiquity, and it no doubt originated some four centuries back in the Neapolitan prisons, where, under the pretence of raising funds to keep a lamp alight before a prison shrine, a tax was levied on all newcomers. The

system was akin to the practice of demanding "garnish," at one time so generally prevalent in English prisons. These extortions were not limited to the inmates, for although the Camorra had been formed in, and was, perhaps, strongest in gaol, it had its ramifications outside, and the same tribute for the same nominal purpose, "oil for the Madonna," was extracted from all engaged in commercial pursuits. The honest tradesman when he had sold across the counter was visited by an agent demanding his percentage; the keepers of the gambling-houses, the cabmen, the butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers, the newspaper sellers, the itinerant vendors of food, even the beggars, were required to give up a portion of their profit to these rapacious ruffians.

Within the society the strictest and most truculent discipline was maintained; no one was admitted until he had passed through an arduous probation, having proved that he was brave and could keep a secret. To show the first, he was required to wound or kill anyone designated by the chiefs; if victims failed, the probationers were set to fight each other with knives; sometimes the candidate was called upon to take up a piece of money from the table while the members stabbed at it with their daggers. The noviciate lasted two, three, sometimes eight years. The *picciotto*, or probationer, spent his time in the service of a full member, who employed him in various perilous enterprises, watching the execution closely and judging his conduct in the act. When at last he was deemed qualified, he was sworn to fidelity on crossed knives: the terms of the oath required him to be the enemy of all authority, to have no relations whatever with the police, never to betray thieves or other criminals, but, on the contrary, to show them warm sympathy and support. After this he came in for his share of the general fund, which was distributed every Sunday in one of three proportions: the *camorra*, which was a full allowance, the *barattalo*, a half allowance, and the *sala*, the small slice. Among the laws which bound the Camorrists was one which forbade him to kill a comrade without permission, but he was freely permitted to kill anyone else, especially from revenge, and the more bloodthirsty the

act the more likely was he to gain repute in the society. He was himself liable to death for treachery, for refusal to obey an order even to commit murder, or for showing cowardice. Proof of foul play was secured by the curious practice of sending the suspected person a plate of macaroni. If he refused to eat it, it implied that he was afraid of being poisoned, and this doubt condemned him. After that sentence of death was passed, its execution being entrusted to one of the novices, who must carry it out or lose his own life. Camorrists are still to be met with in Naples and the prisons of Southern Italy. A recent writer, Signor Pucci, declares, from his own knowledge, that it is still ferociously active in the convict colonies, especially in the southern islands of Italy, which it rules despotically. The Camorra there is supreme; it extorts blackmail from everyone, its members take first choice in the distribution of rations, when new arrivals appear they are robbed of their money and any decent clothes. The first sight on visiting these colonies, according to Signor Pucci, is that of a number of lazy ruffians lounging idly in the sun or loafing about the yards and passages. These are the Camorrists. They are too lazy to lift a finger or shut a door, they do no work and submit to no discipline, the only restraint upon them being that they cannot escape from the place.

THE MAFIA.

The Mafia is a Sicilian society, tracing back its origin, no doubt, to the Camorra. It once ramified through all classes of society, and still does so largely. Its extension beyond the Atlantic, especially in the southern cities of the Union, to which large numbers of Italians have emigrated, has been shown in many criminal affairs. It is governed by an uncompromising code as fierce and far-reaching as that of the Camorra. Some of the rules imposed on members are to the following effect: Absolute silence on any crime they have seen committed and readiness to bear false testimony if called upon; to resist the police everywhere and at all times, and for that purpose to go constantly armed; to fight for any purpose; to avenge, even on the most intimate friends

any insults or injuries; to afford protection to any who will pay for it; on the other hand, to execute vengeance for anyone at a price. The Mafioso who fails in any of these respects is declared infamous—in other words, he is sentenced to death at the earliest opportunity and by any means; sometimes he is ordered to commit suicide and does not dare to disobey. Notice of this penalty is given to the offender by scratching a cross on his door or firing a shot at his house. The Mafioso used to be organised in three groups: the supreme chiefs, the bravoes as they were called, who always dressed well and held their heads high; the *accoltellatori*, "the knifers," drawn from the general crowd; and last the gaolbirds and habitual criminals. At one time the Mafiosi levied a tax upon all retail dealers, upon gambling-houses and so forth, but the general poverty of the island reducing the returns from this source, the Mafiosi obtain their revenues from smuggling, robberies, blackmail, and brigandage.

THIEVISH ASSOCIATIONS.

Thievish associations are, as I have said, most frequently met with amongst the Latin races, but instances have been seen in this country. One of the earliest owed its origin to the notorious Jonathan Wild (1710–20), whose story is sufficiently well known, so that I only mention it as illustrating this branch of the subject. He was a villain of inventive genius who came to the assistance, as he put it, "of industrious thieves scarcely able to obtain a livelihood from their difficulty in disposing of what they stole." Wild, in consequence, originated the business of the fence or receiver of stolen goods, and soon became the centre of a widespread organisation of thieves. He is remembered as a thief-catcher who was himself a criminal, but he was also famous as the organiser of thievish effort, as the leader of a great army of criminal agents working in association under his orders and control. His knowledge of the criminal class, thanks to his many imprisonments, was vast, and he was in the secret of all their plans and processes. It was he, too, who invented the practice of bringing the thieves and

their victims together; he constituted himself the go-between, helping the first to a better price for their plunder, and restoring to the latter much of their lost property on payment of a fine. He generally sold both parties to the transaction, which he turned mainly to his own profit.

Wild, on the gallows, to which he was brought when his villainies were fully exposed, was nearly torn to pieces by the assembled mob. There were many in the crowd whom he had abetted in crime and afterwards plundered, ill-used, and betrayed.

CARTOUCHE.

Wild's activity was at its height during the second and third decades of the eighteenth century. This was much about the date of another leading spirit—Cartouche—who was the centre and chief of a still larger criminal organisation in France. A glamour of romance has been cast over the character and exploits of this undoubtedly gifted thief, who was for years the scourge of Paris and the provinces of France. His powers of command and administration, his personal ascendancy, his daring courage, would have secured him renown in almost any line of life, but his name is synonymous only with successful crime carried out on the most extensive scale.

At the outset of his strange career he is represented in contemporary portraits as a bright-faced youth, short in stature, with a square head covered with close-cropped hair. He looked so young that he was christened "The Child" by his more devoted followers. He had an alert manner, was quick in his movements, a born actor, ready to assume any disguise, to play any part. The facility with which he changed his appearance was soon noted. He went one day as a gay young marquis of the Regent's court, another as an abbé, a soldier, an *agent de change*; often enough he mixed with the crowd at the Bourse, or lounged with the idlers in the *cafés*, especially the famous Café Procope, which was then becoming known as a favourite haunt of wits.

Cartouche's plan was to extend and spread out his following, to make new recruits continually, to hold his

agents everywhere, in every place where they could supply information or render assistance. Anticipating the Kurrs and Bensons of our times, he had gained over the police, many of whom were secretly in his pay, and served him well when dangers threatened. The official at the door of the Bank of France was a "Cartouchien"; the *suisse* inside was another; so were several of the clerks at the counter. Very soon there were a couple of thousand members enrolled in the gang, all sworn to obey the orders of their chief. Cartouche, in return, watched over their interests and was entirely devoted to them. This was the secret of his ascendancy: his men believed thoroughly in their leader because he stood by them always and was ever the first to face peril.

The first exploits of the gang were directed against lonely travellers in the outskirts of the city at the dead of night. But their audacity increased with their numbers, and ere long they dominated all Paris. After dark they were in possession of the pavement, and soon grew more daring. Houses were entered by stratagem or escalade and pillaged; one great *coup* was at the ancient mansion of the Maréchale d'Ancre, in the Rue de Tournon, just then occupied by the Spanish Ambassador. They gained admission by cutting out a pane of glass and undoing bolts after the manner of the modern burglar, and went straight to the bedchamber of the ambassadress after her jewels. Part of the jewellery in this great *coup* was a magnificent pearl necklace, a diamond brooch with twenty-seven large stones, all my lady's wardrobe, and a full service of plate.

The extravagant, ostentatious habits of the times greatly favoured the thieves. It was the day of Law and his vast financial swindles, when people thought to win fortune by speculation, and enormous sums did in fact change hands by dealing in his stocks and shares. Law's bank, his Mississippi scheme, his development in Senegal and far Cathay, excited the cupidity of all society and set everyone gambling. Money was made easily, plenty of it, and as easily spent. We read of the splendid establishments kept up by the noble and *parvenu* alike, who had secured great profits, thanks to

Law; of apartments furnished with rich tapestry, fine laces, gold and silver ornaments; this was the age of Boule's masterpieces, costly cabinets inlaid with tortoiseshell, chairs and tables of precious woods, massive candlesticks of gold or silver or rock crystal ornamented the fireplaces, or were carried before the master by lacqueys in gorgeous liveries. In the inner chambers were great stores of valuable toys and gewgaws, jewellery sometimes priceless, chains of solid gold, watches, snuff-boxes, bonbonnières of marvellous workmanship encrusted with precious stones.

Here was abundant spoil for Cartouche and his comrades, and the rich ground was worked so cleverly and continually that the band soon amassed immense booty. As time passed the mere name of Cartouche spread terror whenever it was mentioned. It suited the police to pretend that there was no such person; that "Cartouche" was a mere phrase, the symbol of an evil organisation. He combated this view by showing himself in public from time to time and in the most reckless and daring way. Sometimes, during the carnival, with a few chosen associates, he would drop suddenly among merry parties, crying, "I am Cartouche!" and, drawing his pistol, put everyone to flight. He joined in drinking bouts at the taverns, paying treat, often in kind, obliging the innkeepers to become receivers of stolen property. One night when his guests had dropped off into a drunken sleep he set fire to them where they lay. His impudence was so great that he stole plate from the palace—the Prince Regent's own sword-hilt, even the great silver candlesticks that were carried before him to light him to his couch. Sometimes he allowed himself to be arrested under a false name for some trifling disturbance, and after being dismissed by the commissary with a sharp reprimand, would send back a message saying who he was.

The popular idea preserved of Cartouche as a light-hearted, really kindly vagabond, who did evil publicly and good by stealth, was quite erroneous. He was really a coarse-minded, sinister criminal. He might make jokes freely, but under all his *fanfarronade* he was the sworn enemy of society.

Presently the situation became intolerable, and the suppression of Cartouche could alone end it. The duty that was plainly incumbent upon the whole police body was now undertaken by an officer of junior rank, loyally eager to remove the reproach that lay upon his superiors. It came out by accident that a certain aide-major of the Paris Guards, by name Pêcome, had organised a body of eighty comrades who patrolled Paris in disguise, armed to the teeth, waiting for Cartouche. His enterprise was not viewed with great favour by the authorities when it became known, as it did through the arrest of some of his people on suspicion. It was feared that Pêcome was an auxiliary of the robbers, and that it was rather dangerous to permit bodies of men to roam thus at large under the flimsy pretence of thief-catching. That these men were honest in their intentions was, however, proved presently, for it was the Aide-Major Pêcome who eventually secured Cartouche.

When at last Cartouche was taken through the treachery of one of his own people, who betrayed him to Pêcome for a price, the joyful news spread like wildfire through Paris. "You cannot keep me," he boasted, and people, thinking him a sorcerer, believed what he said. But he was secured by a short chain to the wall of his dungeon, and constantly kept in sight by four gaolers. In spite of all precautions, Cartouche got through the cell wall into a neighbouring shop, where, happily, he was recaptured. After that he was transferred to the Conciergerie, from which escape proved impossible, and he was in due course tried, tortured, and broken on the wheel. "All Paris" of course attended the final performance in the Place de la Grêve; thousands were present—in the square, at the windows, on the roofs of the houses. Cartouche is reported to have made ample confession before execution, and spoke so well and so long that his statement filled thirty-six sheets of paper closely written. He admitted seven murders, and robberies without number, but he declared he had never taken money to kill, nor had any of his band.

This band was broken up by his death, and its members,

constantly pursued, were taken to the number of 370—a sufficient proof of the extent of the organisation. The scaffold and gallows were kept constantly busy, and some of the confessions obtained went to show that one-half of the tradesmen of Paris were receivers of the stolen goods, and that most of the tavern-keepers were affiliated to the band. One of the last to suffer was the young brother of Cartouche, who was no more than sixteen or seventeen years of age. Sanglade, the provincial associate, was also captured and executed. Duchatelet, the informer, was pardoned, provisionally, for it is recorded that he escaped into Germany and served as a soldier. Vidocq, in his famous Memoirs, states that he came across an underground cell at Bicêtre, in which this very Duchatelet had been imprisoned for forty-three years.

THE CHAUFFEURS.

Little protection to life and property was afforded by the French revolutionary Government. Crime flourished unchecked in those days of anarchy and general chaos. Hordes of thieves and brigands divided France among them; so widespread were their depredations, so great their audacity, that Paris itself was blockaded; every issue was held, while within the city innumerable crimes were committed. "Paris has become quite unsafe," says a contemporary writer in 1794. "There were murders yesterday in four of the principal thoroughfares; shops have been broken into in the Rue Antony and Rue St. Honoré." Three years later the following appeared in the *Moniteur*: "The police are taking vigorous measures to arrest and punish the bands of brigands collected under the very walls of Paris. . . . The general commanding the 17th Military district has quartered strong detachments of troops in the villages surrounding Paris, with orders to patrol the roads and protect travellers and the public carriages. The cavalry regiments of the garrison of Paris will send out parties of horse to patrol for six miles around." Soon afterwards, the judge in his charge to the jury by whom the *chauffeurs*, ninety in number, were to be

tried, detailed their offences as "murders, arson, highway robbery, thefts from private houses after forcible entry, armed with deadly weapons, combined attacks with intent to rob and kill . . . in a word, brigandage of every kind."

France had always been at the mercy of these bands of robbers. We have seen what ravages had been perpetrated by Cartouche and his confederates. Between his date and that of the *chauffeurs* there had been other bodies of thieves. A certain Poulaille had worked very much on his lines, and for years held the districts of Beauce, Chartres, Sologne, and the Gatinais at his mercy. Poulaille had succeeded to the business of another famous brigand, Hullin, who was hanged in 1783, and he seems to have gathered together in one strong force a number of independent operators, who "worked" very successfully around Paris for a couple of years. Poulaille was also captured and hanged after a desperate encounter with the *marechaussés*, the predecessors of the *gens d'armes*, an organised but not very effective force guarding the highways. His mantle fell on a lieutenant known as Fleur d'Epine, whose headquarters were at Chartres and the neighbouring forest of Agues. He had already a large following when the revolution broke out, but his field of action was then much enlarged. His ravages were promptly terminated by his daring to enter Paris, where he was taken as a royalist and lost his head on the guillotine. His gang was the germ and nucleus of the larger and more famous association headed by his lieutenant, called sometimes Auger, sometimes Girodot, but always known as "le Beau François." These were the afore-mentioned *chauffeurs*, a band which gained its *soubriquet* from its cruel method of extracting information from its victims, who were mostly the owners of farms and houses in unfrequented and unprotected, isolated districts. When the *chauffeurs* made a descent on any place, it was their practice to lay the proprietor on the ground, tightly bound, with the soles of his feet exposed to a blazing fire. If there was no fire at hand, they applied lighted torches to the feet or calves of the legs, and prolonged this exquisite torture until the victim confessed where his treasure was hidden.

Their proceedings spread consternation far and wide; they were so strong, so well organised, that in the absence of a proper and sufficient police they enjoyed complete immunity for several years. The society of the *chauffeurs* was carefully organised; it had its active members, its sedentary members, its spies and *éclaireurs*, its wives, its children, and its age pensions. The children were taught to pick pockets, and all the tricks of the trade, by a regularly appointed instructor; one of the robbers, in priest's robes, performed the ceremony of marriage. Affiliated with the band was a whole army of tramps, beggars, and vagrants, the wandering knights of the road, cheap Jacks, *saltimbanques*, minstrels, and gipsies. Everywhere the tavern-keepers and inn-landlords were friendly; they did not dare be anything less, or their houses would have been pillaged and burnt over their heads. Some of these last became receivers, and were known in the association as *francs;* among them were also many quarrymen of the Gatinais, whose knowledge of caverns and subterranean passages was of immense use to the band, who used them both as hiding-places and storehouses. The band was also served by a number of travelling agents, who were called *nourrisseurs d'affaires;* it was their business to prepare great *coups*, by taking service with the farmers and learning all the ins and outs of the places marked down for attack.

When the band was at last broken up, the number of criminals brought to justice was immense, and a long series of crimes was proved against them. There were 152 awaiting trial at one time in the prison of Chartres, and more were constantly added. At length the three prisons were crowded to repletion, and no less than 700 bandits in all were in custody. A gaol fever broke out among the wretched prisoners thus herded together, and carried off a large percentage. This epidemic gave "le Beau François," the captain of the gang, an opportunity of escaping. He feigned to be taken with the malady, and was admitted to hospital, in the walls of which he made a practicable passage by cutting a hole with his knife, and got away during the night, taking a sick comrade with him. They stopped a harmless market

gardener, took his clothes and cash, and continued their flight. The fugitive invalid was taken next day in a dying state on the road, but "le Beau François" was lost to sight for the time being.

The credit of apprehending the bulk of the *chauffeurs* was due to a simple sergeant of gendarmes, Vasseur by name, who had been chasing these and other brigands for years. The difficulties of pursuit were greatly enhanced by the reticence even of honest folk, who feared to incur the vengeance of the robbers if they gave information. Vasseur, however, came upon a couple of wandering beggars, man and wife, whom he arrested, and then found that the male prisoner was an important personage in the band. When hard pressed, the *chauffeur*, to save himself, made a clean breast of it, and his revelations were most complete. He gave a full description of his associates, their names, ages, appearance, their favourite haunts and hiding-places, and a list even of their crimes. Armed with this knowledge, Vasseur applied to the authorities for reinforcements, and numerous bodies of troops were placed at his disposal, both of gendarmes and cavalry, by means of which the country was cleared of these noxious pests. The intrepid sergeant never slackened from his labours until he had accomplished his task; he was continuously at work a hundred and twenty-seven days, only leaving the saddle for a short rest, and always clothed and armed. Day after day he made arrests, and at last inspired such terror among the brigands that a single gendarme was enough to overawe and capture a dozen of them at a time. Vasseur was rewarded with promotion to the rank of lieutenant, the first step in a distinguished career under the first Napoleon.

The example made of the *chauffeurs*, who were executed wholesale, did not entirely extinguish brigandage in France. Stray members of the band survived, and strove to make head anew, joining together to stop the diligences and rob wayfarers. Several found a refuge in the Mont Dore country, others roamed about the mountains of the Ardêche and the Cévennes. But a strong hand had now seized the

reins of government, and Napoleon, the greatest robber of all, would tolerate no small rivals. Fouché was now minister of police, and under him a swarm of special commissaries were sent into the provinces to sternly repress highway crime. Band after band was attacked and dispersed by troops acting in conjunction with the country folk, who were only too eager to purge their neighbourhood of evildoers. All the prisons were filled; extraordinary courts were held to try the crowds awaiting judgment; and Fouché reported next year that three hundred bandits had been executed. One of them was "le Beau François," the ancient *chauffeur*, who, under the name of Mignier, or the "Grand Gars," had been captured at the head of a gang in the department of Deux Sèvres.

THE LEMAIRE BAND.

If the Latin races are more given to associating in groups and bands than evildoers in other countries, the French take the lead among the Latins. Two sets have been instanced already, the great organisation created by Cartouche and the terrible *chauffeurs*. The Thibert band, again, in 1849, the largest of any known, numbered eight hundred members working in unison, but in many different lines—thieves, great and little, tramps, swindlers, indicators, receivers; or that of Graft, a co-operative society, given, like our "long firms," to commercial frauds. The strangest case of composite crime, which has connection with heredity, was that known ast he Lemaire band, so called after its nominal chief. In this, certain groups of people, all more or less related, members of at most two families, carried on depredations generation after generation, year after year, terrorising a wide district, in which they and their misdeeds were well known, yet escaping retribution, because no one dared inform against them.

These two families were the Chrétiens and the Jaurès. The first traced back to a certain Jean Chrétien, the great-grandfather of the present Lemaires, who was the parent of

many malefactors, among whom one was guillotined, two sent to the galleys for life, and eight were frequently convicted of theft. André Jauré was the progenitor of the second family, which had intermarried with the Chrétiens; his daughter was the grandmother of this same Lemaire. As time passed the evil blood had ramified and showed again in the families of the Villets and the Hugots, of whom the Lemaire band was largely composed.

The country cursed by these bandits was that of the Santerre, embracing the parishes of Péronne and Montdidier, and their earliest manifestation was in 1821, when a series of robberies and murders were committed, all exhibiting great daring and extraordinary local knowledge. The perpetrators were strongly suspected, but long escaped arrest, for the reason already given, that no one had the courage to denounce them to the authorities. At last the crimes were brought home to one single family, the Chrétiens, and their connections. In 1832 a second series of robberies were the handiwork of a second generation of the same family. Twenty years later the neighbourhood was ravaged for the third time; robbery, incendiarism, and murder were terribly prevalent, and other crimes were secretly committed, some of which only came to the knowledge of the police afterwards, and by accident. It was discovered that one old Chrétien had been suffocated in his bed by some of his grandchildren, Villets, in order to enjoy his small belongings.

From 1852 to 1855 these crimes continued unchecked and undetected in this unhappy district of the Santerre. One of the worst was on a drover who had rashly shown a purse full of gold at a wayside tavern, and was found stabbed to the heart the same night in a lonely part of the road. No one was arrested for this, and the evil went on until chance revealed its authors. A large theft had been effected from a travelling cutler, and one of the knives was found in the possession of a Hugot. This man was forthwith taken, and when in custody his first act was to betray a number of his confederates, and chief among them were Hippolyte Villet and Ferdinand Lemaire. The

first was the brains, the second the strong hand of the band, which, when fully exposed, numbered fourteen. They were all Hugots, Villets, and Lemaires, and they all lived in near neighbourhood, seemingly harmless folk engaged in decent trades and handicrafts—day labourers, carters, carpenters, brick-makers, sellers of rabbit skins. There were women, too, wives and daughters, who kept house, knitted stockings, sold lemonade, kept small shops.

Hippolyte Villet, a carrier and carter, is described as a man of singular force of character and violent temper, who exercised great influence over his associates. He had a hard face, and pretended deafness, but was of a strangely energetic nature; so fluent of speech that he was known in the band as the *procureur* (advocate). It was he who planned the crimes, and claimed as his right the largest share of the plunder. When his emissaries returned successful he received them with great hauteur, often in his bed, discussed and criticised the operation, arrogating the right to praise or blame. Lemaire, his principal agent, was still only a youth with a pleasant, rosy, not unkindly face, fair-haired, broad-shouldered, and possessing great muscular strength. It was his business to strike the fatal blow. "I was there *pour ces choses difficiles*," he told the judge at his trial. While others broke down doors, forced safes, and secured plunder, he was kept in reserve to deal with any resistance. Sometimes, when the robbery was long a-doing, he went comfortably asleep, to be roused, if required, to carry out the sentence of death.

It would be tedious to set forth the whole of the crimes for which these banded miscreants were responsible. The robberies were numerous, but the booty was mostly small: the poor savings of the thrifty, industrious people, the stock-in-trade of travelling pedlars, the few valuables to be found in ransacking cottages, the poultry, rabbits, fruit, and food in farmhouses and farmyards. The proceeds when divided were soon wasted in drink and debauchery; the thieves were all reckless gamblers, and on one occasion several of them sat two whole days over the cards. They were seen and known,

yet never brought to account. So much did they impose on their neighbours that Lemaire had obtained a certificate of good character from the terrorised municipality of his village.

The memory of these villains long survived in the Santerre, where they in due course paid the penalty for their crimes. An enormous crowd surrounded the scaffold, which was raised in the great plain between two villages, Vorely and Rosiéres, in and about which their chief offences had been committed.

INDIAN DACOITS.

Dacoity means, exactly, gang robbery, and it has been always largely practised in India. There have been times when it prevailed to such an extent as to be a curse to the whole country, especially so in Bengal during the commencement of the present century, when police arrangements were still quite inefficient. The villages were filled then with great numbers of dacoits who passed as inoffensive industrious labourers and mechanics during the day, and by night went out to rob. They collected forty or fifty strong under an acknowledged leader, who had laid his plans to attack some particular house, choosing generally that of a rich shopkeeper or money-lender, or of someone to whom they owed a grudge. The first act was to attend a religious service to propitiate Doorga, the goddess of thieves, to whom they offered afterwards a portion of the spoil. Then they lighted torches and entered the village, firing warning guns that all persons might remain within doors, and proceeded to surround the house selected for plunder. As soon as they gained admission, the inmates were seized and tortured till they confessed where their valuables were. The thieves, having secured everything, departed, and next day resumed their peaceful occupations. It was impossible to obtain evidence against them; the villagers dreaded their vengeance no less than the darogha (head man) of the place, who so misused all witnesses that they dared not open their lips.

Special magistrates were appointed by the government to deal with dacoity, and they used measures that were so

sweeping that they went far beyond the law. Suspected persons were arrested in thousands, and on such small grounds that not one in forty prisoners was convicted. Dacoity still flourished, however, encouraged, no doubt, "by reason of the fierceness and audacity which distinguishes some classes and the timidity and submissiveness which characterizes so many other classes." * It is crime still backed by widespread organisation, and the ringleaders can command the services of many desperate followers regularly enrolled. Persons openly profess dacoity, and carry out overt robbery with more or less violence according to the resistance offered. Temple says, "It is one of the earliest symptoms of impending scarcity, of political excitement or any impending trouble."

Gang robbery took an ominous shape in the Deccan about 1879, and reached serious dimensions on account of the difficult nature of the country in which it prevailed. The thieves infested the Western Ghats and swooped down upon the unprotected villages lying close at hand in the plains. As soon as they had secured their plunder they fled to their mountain fastnesses, where they boldly and bravely resisted the attacks of the troops sent in pursuit.

Dacoity is of two kinds: one attack by open force, when a house is carried by a body of armed men; the second is robbery on the highway, where the robbers in parties stop travellers, carts, even the mails. The first has been in a great measure suppressed by British rule, and the completeness of police arrangements. Now and again, when police are few and robbers daring, the report of a great prize such as that of buried treasure, of moneys and jewels accumulated within a dwelling, will encourage open robbery of a house, but entrance is generally effected by stratagem. The house of a wealthy zemindar, or banker, is something like a fortress, with windowless walls and massive gates so that nothing short of artillery could overcome the defence. One of the thieves disguised as a pilgrim will approach, and by some piteous tale much prolonged, persuade the doorkeeper or

* Sir Richard Temple, "India in 1880," p. 197.

master to admit him. Meanwhile, during the parley, more thieves have crept up, and in numbers sufficient to rush the gate when it is ajar. The rest is an easy matter.

Road robbery is also effected by clever stratagem. A gang of dacoits have been known to pounce upon an unsuspecting traveller in a lonely part of the road, secure him, gag and bind him and his servants, and then hide them in a sant or nullah off the highway. After that the thieves assume the travellers' clothes and continue their journey, until they reach a police station. Here, on the pretence that they carry with them a quantity of valuable goods, they obtain an escort to the nearest large town, where the police are dismissed with a handsome gift, and the thieves can dispose of their ill-gotten gains.

The dexterity of the common house thief is very surprising, and there is no exaggeration in the stories of the light-footed, lissom native who can stealthily enter a room and rifle it without being heard. Should the occupant awake, discover what is going on, and try to seize the intruder, he will find the thief with his well-greased naked body slip through his fingers like an eel. These rascals seldom carry weapons beyond a spear-head strapped at the back of each arm, near the elbow, with which they can deal a deadly blow backward at anyone who follows and overtakes them. Entrance is much simplified where, as so often happens, the householder's wall is of mud; the thief then can dig his way slowly through with a knife or scraper.

THUGGEE.

The direst of all criminal associations was that of Thuggee, which was spread throughout India in the eighteenth and part of the nineteenth centuries. Its origin is lost in antiquity. Colonel Sleeman, whose name will be ever remembered in connection with it as the man who practically suppressed it between 1831-7, thought that it began with the vagrant Mahommedan tribes that infested India after the invasion of the Tartars and Moguls. But many Thugs were Hindoos, and the religious ceremonies so strictly observed by the votaries of Bolusanee, their goddess, were decidedly Hindoo in character.

It is first recorded that Thugs were seized and put to death in the reign of Akbar, but tradition gave the society a date long antecedent to that. Strange to say, although more than suspected—indeed, although really known to exist by some of the native rulers—the British Government were long in ignorance of its murderous activity. About 1810, however, it was thought advisable to warn soldiers travelling alone on furlough against the wayside murderers; for several men had disappeared. In 1812, a Lieutenant Monsell was killed by Thugs, and an expedition of troops and police which was sent against them was fiercely resisted in villages strongly held under the protection of Scindiah. The Thugs had been established here for generations and paid considerable sums in return for harbourage.

Still, nothing very definite was undertaken against the Thugs. They were now pervading almost every district of India, more particularly Bundelkund and Western Malwa; but the connection between individual crimes of robbery and murder by the Nishaway was scarcely suspected, or that they formed part of a general confederacy. Captain Meadows Taylor, when in civil employ on the outskirts of Hyderabad in 1825, seems to have first come upon the fringe of the dread reality. He tell us in the "Story of My Life" how dead bodies, strangled, were often found by the roadside, but disfigured beyond identification, and leaving no clue to the perpetrators of the murders. In one case a patrol, made by the villagers who had formed themselves into vigilant societies, such as have since been known in the Far West, came upon two large bodies of strangers moving through the district and stopped them. They pretended that they were merchants travelling from north to south, and appeared quiet and respectable people quite above suspicion. Meadows Taylor questioned them and was answered fairly: "Our trade," they said, "is to take with us old and new *sarees*,* and exchange them for brass and copper pots, or gold and silver ornaments. We leave our wives and children at home as hostages for the rent we owe." Further inquiries elicited the fact that these men

* Body draperies.

and others made a constant practice to be absent from their homes for a certain period year after year. Their explanation was that they were trading with Belgaum, Darwar, and Mysore. Their story was quite plausible, yet they were all Thugs, and the most horrible crimes were concealed beneath this fair and unpretending exterior.

Captain Meadows Taylor, who was deeply interested in this mysterious affair, was transferred to other duties, and the disclosure of the Thug association was left to Captain Sleeman, who was a magistrate in the valley of the Nerbudda. So little did he suspect what was in progress at his very elbow, that when the arrest and confession of a prominent Thug leader, Feringhea, first exposed the whole caste, Sleeman declined to credit it. He could not have believed, as he afterwards wrote, that even an ordinary theft could be committed in his district unknown to him. "If anyone had told me that a gang of assassins by profession lived in the village of Kundilee, not four hundred yards from my court, that the extensive groves of the village of Mundhésur, only one stage from me on the road to Sangor and Bhopal, was one of the greatest Bhils, or places of murder, in all India; that large gangs from Hindostan and the Deccan used to rendezvous in these groves, remain in them for days together every year, and carry on their dreadful trade all along the lines of road that pass by and branch from them with the knowledge and connivance of the two landowners, by whose ancestors those groves had been planted, I should have thought him a fool or a madman. And yet nothing could have been more true."

It was the perfect organisation of this dread society, and its being based upon a horrid fanatical religion that gave Thuggee its awful character. Every Thug was the sworn member of an association for murder that claimed divine origin; he was part of a great and powerful monarchy that was strong in union, in a common language unspoken by others, in a common devotion to a great cause, the worship of a blood-thirsty deity who demanded human sacrifice. With such incentives, the slaughter achieved by these remorseless

assassins is almost incredible. Thousands and thousands must have perished by their murderous hands. The trade of Thuggee flourished unchecked through the periods of the Mahratta and Pindaree wars, when free scope was given to its operations by the general unrest. It existed, too, in other forms than on the roads, for the boatmen of the Ganges were found to be also enrolled in its ranks, and constantly murdered the passengers they were conveying up and down the river.

ITALIAN ASSOCIATION OF THIEVES.

Stress has been already laid upon the greater frequency of combination for wrong-doing among the Latin races, and a couple of notable cases illustrating it will close this chapter.

The first occurred in Turin during the years 1868-9 and 1870, when that city and its immediate neighbourhood were ravaged perpetually by a desperate band of criminals on whom the police were long powerless to lay their hands. Thefts, burglaries, even murders, were committed, and in great numbers. The depredators were especially expert in forcing safes, the strongest and best could not resist them. Highway robbery was also practised. One night a banker after hours was on his way home, and carrying with him, rather imprudently, a large parcel of bank-notes, was attacked on the Ponte dell'Arco. The hackneyed device of throwing snuff in his eyes was adopted in the hope that, blinded and confused, he would drop his precious parcel; but he stuck to it and shouted aloud for help. Four soldiers came to his assistance, and he was rescued from the hands of the thieves. Burglaries upon the lottery offices were very frequent, and the safes containing the takings were broken open. Sometimes the safes were carried off bodily to be rifled at leisure. Plate and jewels were stolen from private houses. No fewer than thirteen serious crimes of this kind occurred within a short time of each other, and the total for the period of three years above mentioned was upwards of a hundred.

Yet no detection followed. The thieves were believed to number more than a hundred and fifty, yet the police could secure no one, although some suspicions were entertained of a

club or society of young people, much given to enjoying themselves in a peculiar way. They were in the habit of parading the streets at night, arm in arm, much exhilarated by drink, and singing at the top of their voices. They were invariably well dressed, and seemed well-to-do, but one curious point about them was that they often changed their appearance; wore different clothes on different nights and wigs of different colours. The police at last tracked these roysterers home, having begun to suspect their real character through the information supplied by one of their spies. It was just too late. The mysterious persons had moved house; a van from the station had called for their belongings—no small load—and carried all to a new address. Now the police followed, just in time to pick up two persons, man and woman, both having well-filled purses and a quantity of jewels about them. The officers concealed themselves in the house, and lay in wait for the rest, who presently arrived, a dozen or more; but no further arrest was made through the imprudence of one of the watchers.

The captures made were good, and they led to another, that of a young man (they were all young men, from twenty to twenty-five), who was found to be the secretary of the association and the chief intermediary in the disposal of stolen goods. By means partly of threats, partly of fair promises, the police induced this man to make out a full list of his friends and confederates, with an account of their proceedings, the whole of which filled thirty-two sheets. The names of all the rank and file, nearly two hundred in number, were given, and those of the chief and his fourteen principal assistants. The leader was a certain Antonio Bruno, generally known as the "Citt di Vancija." Plans were laid carefully to secure the gang in detachments, one after the other, but they failed, and great numbers of the thieves escaped across the frontier. The robberies ceased entirely for a time, but recommenced, and it became known that Antonio Bruno was once more in Turin and active. His headquarters were at the sign of the Golden Fish, a low tavern in the suburb of Moncalieri, and a large body of police were despatched to

take him. The inn was surrounded and then entered, but not without delay, which gave some of those within a chance of slipping away. Bruno stood his ground with another, and the two, armed with sword and pistol, made a stout resistance. After many shots had been exchanged the police remained the victors, but Bruno had escaped and was never caught. He was supposed to have got away to the United States, a very favourite refuge for Italian criminals. Of the rest, fifty-six were taken from time to time, and the trials of members of this gang occupied quite seven months in the assize court of Turin.

CATUSSE-MENEGANT.

The second case occurred in France, and much credit is due to the police of Paris for having broken up the dangerous and widespread confederacy in 1888. The Catusse-Menegant association was far more than an ordinary band, one or more capable leaders directing the movements of half a dozen rank and file; it was the general association of several classes and categories, centred in Paris, but ramifying throughout the Continent. It had its agents everywhere, not the least useful being an international bank seated in London, which dealt with stolen bonds and easily negotiated all that were payable to bearer. The depredations of these banded pickpockets, confidence trick men, horse-stealers, and swindlers of all sorts were enormous and were long continued. They were only ended by chance—a clue seized upon and cleverly utilised by an intelligent police officer led to their exposure.

Two very serious robberies had followed each other in quick succession—one in the apartments of an operator on the Bourse, the other in those of a certain Comte de Cito, Rue Montaigne. In both cases a safe had been forced and both jewels and securities abstracted to large amounts. While the police were still baffled and perplexed, a gentleman, by name Catusse, once in the employ of the post-office, called one day to volunteer information, declaring that he knew the thief. M. Goron, at that time the chief of the detective police, listened with great urbanity and despatched his agents to

the place where the thief was to be found. But they took M. Catusse with them, as M. Goron explained he could not afford to let so valuable an auxiliary out of his sight. Hardly had the party gone off—M. Catusse looking a little uncomfortable—than a second visitor arrived, who denounced the first as being also concerned in the crime. He, the newcomer, was also detained, much to his chagrin. That evening several arrests were made, and all the parties being confronted a scene of recrimination and upbraiding ensued, during which much more valuable information was elicited.

Catusse had planned the two big robberies first mentioned, but in both had been frustrated by treacherous accomplices. The men who were to have helped him had coolly helped themselves and made off with the booty. One of these men was a man known as "the Mouse," who had a brother actually a prisoner in Mazas, to whom, with that devotion to relatives which is a pleasing trait in so many criminals, he was in the habit of conveying food daily. One day he was arrested at the prison gate with a basket of provisions on his arm. The other party to these robberies, and the principal actor, was a certain Menegant, who was tracked to London, whither he had gone to negotiate the securities. The French police followed him up, and, with the assistance of Scotland Yard, captured him. When searched notes to the value of 10,000 francs were found in his boots and in the crown of his hat. At his lodgings in Half Moon Street, where he had been living in style, securities to the same amount, French and Italian Rentes, were discovered and identified as part of those stolen. Menegant called himself a Dutchman, and extradition was not granted until he had been fully identified in his real name—that of Quênau. After he had been brought back to Paris he was the means of assisting the police in arresting numbers of other members of his cosmopolitan association.

These confederates were found all over Europe: in London, Brussels, Paris, Marseilles. One taken at the last-named place proved to be the man of business of the gang, who kept the accounts and arranged for the disposal of the

booty. He was on the point of escaping to Russia when arrested, having stolen the passport and papers of a Russian prince, whom he intended to personate. There were several female accomplices, staunch and loyal to their friends, as women criminals generally are, and through them no further arrests were made. Only, as one woman was being escorted to the police-station the officers were peremptorily called upon by a person they met to release her or justify the arrest. The police answer was to lay hands forthwith upon her champion, who showed fight. He first drew a knife and stabbed one of his captors, but the blade was stopped by some papers carried in an inner pocket; he then fired a revolver, but the shot lodged in a pocket-book. After that he was secured, and he proved to be a professional thief affiliated to the rest.

The true chief and head centre of the whole organisation was still at large, although his name and usual residence became known to the police. He was called Victor Chevalier, but his real name was Chambon, and he lived with his wife in the Rue Poteau, where, ostensibly, he kept a livery stables, which was only a cover for his criminal transactions. He had a wife, or a lady who passed as such, and a favourite parrot, the delight of everyone from his attainments. When the police made a descent on these premises there was no master, no parrot—only Madame Marie, who declined to give any information. While the police were bandying words with her a knock came at the door, which was promptly opened and gave admission to two unsuspecting accomplices, who came in burthened with heavy bags full of plunder. The new arrivals were soon arrested, as well as Madame Marie, but Chevalier-Chambon remained at large. Once again luck played for the detection. M. Goron had been called to Montmartre in order to search the lodging of a pickpocket caught in the act. As he entered the house he was struck by the shrill notes of a loquacious parrot, crying repeatedly, "Totor! Riri!" the first being the pet diminutive of Victor, the second of Marie.

Quite on the chance, not thinking much of his hunt

for Victor Chevalier and of his wife, Madame Marie, the head detective said abruptly to the thief whose place he was searching, "That is Victor Chevalier's parrot." The man denied it stoutly, but in his pocket, when examined, was found a slip of paper with "A. B. C., poste restante, Asnières," written on it. The police, having sent to this post-office, impounded all letters to the address "A. B. C.," and found one among them for Chevalier himself, at Bordeaux. It was a full and frank account of his movements past and to come, saying that he was on the point of leaving Bordeaux for Angers, where he meant to do a fine business at the horse fair, and would be glad of his assistance. He ended the letter by the news that he had taken a new name, that of Felix Crouzet, and that his papers were all right, because he had stolen them.

To know the man's movements and his last *alias* went for little, with no guide to his personal appearance. The police had never seen Chambon-Chevalier-Crouzet; they had no photograph of him, or even the description. But they presently found a man who knew him only too well, and owed him a deep grudge. He was a charcoal-burner, and he consented readily enough to accompany the police to Angers. The first day of the fair, that which Crouzet had himself fixed for his arrival, M. Goron, having closed every issue but one, awaited his prey, the charcoal-burner by his side. When the train disgorged its crowds, the man "wanted" was identified and taken. He protested indignantly that he was not Chevalier, but Crouzet, and produced the latter's papers. M. Goron retorted by bringing out the letter in which Chevalier had betrayed his new *alias*, and after that he threw up the sponge. Later, when his portmanteau was searched, it was found that he had secured a second set of papers. His capture completed the good work, and the association was ended by the arrest of all its members.

THE LAST OF THE BUSHRANGERS.

One of the latest and most dangerous associations for evil was that of the Kelly gang, a family of bushrangers who, between 1870 and 1878, formed a terrible confederacy devoted

to horse and cattle stealing in that north-eastern triangle of New South Wales which came to be known as the Kelly country.

The Kellys had many friends and sympathisers in the district and had early information of the movements of the police in pursuit. Theirs was a difficult country which they knew by heart—every pass in the mountains, every secret gully and hiding-place; and although their places of concealment could be more or less localised, it was impossible to come upon them. The authorities determined, therefore, to organise a thorough search of the district by a posse of police. Sergeant Kennedy, who was in charge of the Mansfield station, was put in command, and at his suggestion an advanced post was established beyond the Wombat ranges. A week later (October, 1878) Kennedy's camp was formed at a point in the Stringybank ranges, and as a matter of fact, although unknown to him, the Kellys were in his immediate neighbourhood. There were four policemen in all, and the sergeant with another, Scanlan, started to beat up the bush, leaving one man, Lonigan, in camp to prepare supper, while the fourth, Macintyre went out with his gun to get a kangaroo or some birds "for the pot." It was his shot that attracted the Kellys to the spot. They were hard by, and, creeping up, quickly fell upon the camp with the customary warning to "Bail up!"

A fight followed, but it was all on one side. Lonigan tried to draw his revolver, but was shot dead by Ned Kelly. Macintyre, being unarmed, threw up his hands and was spared. Kelly said he would not hurt the surviving two officers if they made no resistance, and when Kennedy and Scanlan were seen approaching, Macintyre was sent to meet them and advise them to surrender. The Kellys, four in number, rushed at them. Kennedy threw himself off his horse prepared to show fight, and Scanlan seized his rifle, but was shot dead. Again it was Ned Kelly who committed the murder. Kennedy was now left single-handed, for Macintyre had caught the sergeant's horse and galloped off for his life. The murderers, who were four to one, now hunted Kennedy from tree to tree, exchanging shots with him. At last he fell

riddled, and even after his death these miscreants emptied their barrels ball after ball into his body.

Such was the Wombat affair, as it is known in colonial records; a most savage and bloodthirsty deed which spread terror through the countryside and greatly increased the difficulties of the police. For no one would give information, and the Kellys could count on more supporters than could the officers of the law. A reward of £1,000 was offered for the arrest of the outlaws, but it produced no result. The force at this time was very inadequate. There were no more than fifty police to protect an area of 11,000 square miles. But the government promptly strengthened them by picked men sent up from Melbourne under the command of an assistant commissioner, Mr. Nicholson, and several Spencer repeating rifles were added to the armament of the police. Having promptly reconnoitred his ground, the commissioner sent out search parties to scour the country, some of which came upon traces of the bushrangers, but nothing more. At one point in a lonely glen not far from the scene of the recent murders, they found a stockade which had evidently been occupied for some time by the outlaws. Several trees bore bullet-marks and showed that they had been busy with musketry practice. All at once a fresh outrage, less murderous but more daring, showed the quality of these desperadoes.

This was the "sticking up" of the Euroa National Bank, a bold, barefaced robbery that rivals any criminal exploit on record. This bank was situated in the centre of a small town of 350 inhabitants, not a hundred miles from Melbourne, on a railway line, and possessing a hotel and a police station. The bank was robbed in broad daylight when the town was alive and alert; all the occupants of the house, all officials, the families and servants of the manager, were made prisoners and marched away under escort through the streets and in the full view of many persons who knew nothing of what had happened. The plunder was very considerable; upwards of £2,000 was carried off in sovereigns, notes, silver, and smelted gold. It was a masterly operation, conducted from first to last with cool judgment and the most determined

strength of purpose. Ned Kelly, the captain of the gang, had planned the whole affair with all the foresight and precision of a general in the field; every detail was executed by his well-disciplined followers with the unhesitating exactitude of soldiers implicitly obeying the orders of their chief. Only by perfect submission to a single resolute will and the no less sturdy and courageous execution of the duties it imposed could this audacious outrage have been made possible.

The first act of Ned Kelly was to secure a base of operations against Euroa. This he accomplished by "sticking up" the Younghusband station, about three miles from the town. On the 8th December a small party of outlaws, four in number, consisting of Ned and Dan Kelly, Steve Hart, and Joe Byrne, took possession of a hut on the outskirts of the station, the occupants of which, a man named Fitzgerald and his wife, they overawed. While one of the outlaws looked after their horses, the other three quietly awaited the home-coming for dinner of the station-hands, twenty-three in all, and took them prisoners. The production of revolvers and the announcement that their captors were the Kellys, prevented this large crowd from attempting resistance. The whole twenty-three and Fitzgerald were now locked up in a large empty room attached to the homestead. They were warned to keep quiet, an order enforced by the rifle and revolver of Joe Byrne, who mounted guard. The rest remained on the watch for Mr. Macauley, the manager of the station, who returned about five p.m., and was much surprised to find the place where so many hands were employed silent and seemingly deserted at this busy time of the day. His surprise vanished when he was peremptorily summoned to "bail up," and although he protested, saying there was nothing worth stealing in the station, he accepted the situation and surrendered. He was not locked up with the rest, but kept under close surveillance.

Another prisoner was soon afterwards added to the number in the person of an itinerant clothesman and general hawker, by name Gloster, who arrived towards

evening with his van. He was preparing to camp for the night outside the station when the bushrangers fell upon him and ordered him also to "bail up." Gloster, who was a man of courage, showed fight, and went near losing his life, but by the persuasion of the manager, who interposed with the news that they had to do with the Kellys, Gloster yielded sullenly and was locked up. After this the outlaws fitted themselves with new suits from the hawker's waggon. Later in the evening, charitably supposing that his prisoners might be suffering from the effect of their close confinement, Ned Kelly allowed them to take a breath of air in detachments. Then all was made snug for the night. The bushrangers took it in turn to watch and sleep, two remaining on sentry while two rested.

The situation next morning remained unchanged. Here was a busy station within three miles of an active town, close to a railway gate on the main line, with telegraphic communication of the whole colony at hand, in the hands of four reckless spirits, and yet no whisper of it had got abroad. There were five-and-twenty prisoners, too, not counting the women, all of them so cowed that no one dared to protest. For their greater protection the outlaws had broken down several of the telegraph posts, and cut the wires. When a line-repairer came along, he too was seized, before his suspicion that all was not right could lead to mischief. As the day wore on chance brought more passengers towards the station, giving the outlaws an addition to their prisoners. About two p.m. on this the second day four gentlemen travelling back to Euroa from the Strathbogie ranges were captured, after the usual challenge, and imprisoned at the station.

Half an hour later Ned Kelly was prepared to complete the enterprise, to carry out the great *coup* to which these were only the preliminaries. He compelled Mr. Macauley, the manager at Younghusband's, to sign a cheque on the Euroa bank for three pounds, and then started with his brother Dan and Steve Hart for the town. Ned drove in Gloster's (the hawker) covered cart, the others rode on

horseback behind. Joe Byrne was left to keep guard over the prisoners, a very responsible service. He was alone, close to the railway line, and the alarm might have been raised at any moment. However, he was armed to the teeth, two revolvers in his belt, a double-barrelled gun in his hand, and two rifles within reach. He had charge of nearly thirty people, who might have broken out had there been any enterprise among them, for they had fifteen axes within their reach, and a sudden rush of such a mob would have overpowered Byrne, even if he had first "taken toll" of them. Their supineness was much commented upon and derided. It was to be explained by the deep dread the outlaws inspired by their method of intimidation and threats of instant death to all who opposed them.

Ned Kelly and his two companions reached the bank at five minutes to four. Three o'clock was the closing hour, and the robbers had purposely come late. Ned sent the other round to the back premises to intercept retreat, and knocked boldly at the front door. He was told by a clerk inside that he was too late, the bank was closed for the day, but at his most earnest request the door was opened. Next moment a revolver was pointed at the clerk's head, and he was ordered to "bail up." Steve Hart then ran in from the back, and together with Ned attacked the manager, Mr. Scott, who was in a room adjoining, and who surrendered on learning that his visitor was Ned Kelly. While Steve Hart mounted guard Ned searched the bank, and gathered together £300 to £400 in notes and specie. Satisfied there was much more on the premises Ned insisted upon hearing where it was kept. He was taken to the safe, which the manager at pistol-point consented to open, and nearly £2,000 more was obtained. The strong room was also invaded, but it only held bills and securities.

The next thing was to make off with the spoil and evade pursuit. It was essential to remove all persons from the bank who might raise the alarm, and Ned Kelly decided to transfer all his prisoners—manager, clerk, ladies and servants—to Younghusband's, where they might be kept

with the other prisoners until the gang had got away to a safe distance. The party more than filled the hawker's van, so that Mr. Scott's cart or buggy was requisitioned for the rest. The cavalcade was closed with horsemen, and the whole party were supposed to be on pleasure bent, for the weapons of the outlaws were not publicly displayed. One mishap occurred by the way; the buggy broke down, its occupants were thrown out, and there was time lost in righting the vehicle. At last Younghusband's was reached, and the new prisoners were added to those already in Joe Byrne's custody. Now horses were saddled up and the thieves prepared to leave for their own country. Their last injunction to those they still left under lock and key was that no move should be made for three clear hours. To ensure this Mr. Macauley, the station-manager, was constituted a hostage, not to be carried away, but to be held responsible that the order was not disobeyed. "If anyone gets out before three hours have passed," said Ned Kelly to Mr. Macauley, "I will follow you up and shoot you—dead." At half-past eight the outlaws mounted, and as all rode magnificent horses, they soon regained the Strathbogie ranges. and were beyond pursuit. Not till late that night did the prisoners at the station liberate themselves, and published far and wide the news of what had occurred.

The utmost consternation fell upon the whole country at this strange story and universal terror prevailed. No bank was safe against such daring and determined thieves. Rumours were soon rife that the Euroa spoil was rapidly being dissipated in debauchery, and that a fresh outrage might be expected. The police were still unable to track or run into the bushrangers. A number of their friends were arrested and thrown into gaol, but as no evidence could be obtained they were released, and the Kellys still remained at large. The only information was afforded by a certain Aaron Sherritt, an old associate, who, tempted by the reward, which had reached the sum of £4,000, now informed the police that the Kellys intended to cross the Murray, and "stick up" a bank in New South

Wales. This was soon an accomplished fact. On the 11th February, 1879, the township of Jerilderie was laid under embargo and its bank rifled. This place, Jerrilderie, is on the Billabong between Wagga Wagga and Deniliquin. At the time of the robbery the population was four hundred: it had four hotels, one bank, a telegraph office, and a police station.

The Kellys, with Hart and Byrne, arrived on a Saturday evening, and after a short halt at a wayside inn, entered the town after dark, and set themselves first to stick up the police barracks. Ned Kelly drew the only two policemen there out of doors on a pretence that murder was being done at Davidson's hotel, then captured them, and locked them up in a cell. For the rest of the night the robbers remained in the barrack parlour. In the morning they suffered a constable's wife to prepare the court-house hard by for mass, they let the butcher bring in the meat, they even allowed the mass to be said before a large congregation. Another service went on at the assembly hall close to the barracks, and not a soul, from the clergyman down, had the smallest idea that the Kelly gang were in possession of the place. About eleven on Monday morning the serious business began. Ned Kelly and Byrne put on the police uniform, and taking the youngest constable with them, escorted by Dan Kelly and Hart, the party proceeded to the Royal Hotel, which was next door to the bank. Ned Kelly openly declared himself, saying he wanted a room in the hotel as a lock-up, and the landlord in terror of his life offered him the bar-parlour. All persons in the hotel, visitors, proprietor, and servants, were safely deposited in the improvised strong room, and the ground was cleared for the attack.

Byrne took the lead, and staggering in like a drunken man by the back entrance, got into an altercation with the clerks; then Ned Kelly came to his assistance by the front door, and ordered them to "bail up." The manager was in the bathroom, having just returned from a forty-mile ride, but he was ordered to dress and go down with the keys of the drawers and safes. The pillage then commenced in earnest. All the cash and notes were secured, even a

depositor arriving with cash to pay in was made to hand it over. So much plunder was obtained that the bank money-bags would not hold it, and four large flour sacks were filled, the whole amounting to about £2,000. Being unable to transport this themselves, one of the gang impressed a passing van, in which the sacks were deposited, and it was driven under Ned Kelly's personal charge to the police barrack. The postmaster of the town, the telegraph operator, and the young constable who had given cover to the movement, were conveyed to the same place in the same van. All the telegraphs were now cut, and a band of local workmen was organised to cut down the telegraph posts for a mile out of the town. Besides the bank cash a quantity of other plunder was got in Jerilderie: also one or two valuable horses, several watches, and some jewellery. The same night the robbers, although they had been drinking heavily, rode away.

The excitement in the colony was, of course, intensified by this second outrage, and now the reward offered by the government and the banks amounted in all to £8,000. The police were more than ever anxious to come to close quarters with the Kellys, and yet made no great progress in their pursuit. They depended mainly on the information supplied by their secret agents and black trackers, chief among the first-named being the Aaron Sherritt already mentioned as an early associate of the outlaws. Sherritt was with the police while they hung about the house occupied by Joe Byrne's mother, a place which it was believed the bushrangers visited from time to time. Old Mrs. Byrne, spying about secretly, caught sight of Sheritt and passed on the news of his treachery to the Kellys, who forthwith condemned him to death. Sherritt was incautious enough to shelter four constables in his own hut, whence they made their patrols round Mrs. Byrne's. One night Dan Kelly and Joe Byrne forced a neighbour to fetch Sherritt out, when they shot him dead, and although there were four constables in the hut at the time, no attempt was made to secure the murderers. It was said, indeed, that the officers of the law went to ground under the beds until all danger was passed.

This foul deed was the last of its kind. The outlaws hoped to follow it by striking another blow, the biggest and worst of any they had planned: one that would terrify all Australia and shock the whole world; but now at last the luck turned against them and their murderous designs recoiled on their own heads. The Kellys had concluded, and rightly, that the Sherritt murder would be followed by reprisals, that all the available strength of the police would be sent up to Beechworth, near which the outlaws were now known to be. They expected that a special train would be despatched on Sunday, when there was no ordinary traffic, and they resolved to wreck it with its load. Officers, detectives, black trackers should be swept away wholesale at one fell stroke. The line was to be torn up at a point near Glenrowan where there was a cutting with a long, downward slope, over which the train must go. If any of the police escaped a dreadful death by this means, they were to be shot down as they emerged from the *débris* of the train. Having thus disposed of their enemies, the Kellys meant to attack Benalla and other townships before a fresh police force could be raised, gather up a quantity of fresh spoil to the amount of many thousands, and then leave the country.

On the Saturday evening they reached Glenrowan and "stuck up" a small hotel some 400 yards from the line. This house was used, according to their usual practice, as a prison receptacle into which they swept all the people they met with in the neighbourhood. Early on Sunday morning they impressed a couple of railway labourers and compelled them under threat of instant death to tear up a long length of rails. After these preparations, they spent the rest of the day in jollification, joining their prisoners, with whom they were on excellent terms, in sports and games, drinking and playing cards to while away the time till midnight, when the special train was expected to pass Glenrowan. A little before that hour, however, a constable who had been on duty at Glenrowan and made prisoner, escaped; so did a Mr. Curnow, the local school teacher, to whose cool courage and ready wit the defeat of the dastardly plot was entirely due. This gentleman

so ingratiated himself with the bushrangers that he was released a little before midnight, when he resolved to warn the approaching train. He knew what was in the wind, from the open talk of the desperadoes, and he meant to foil them if he could. He went to meet the train walking down the line with a novel kind of danger signal invented by him on the spot—a lighted candle held behind a scarlet cloak. The train, which was full of constables, and had halted by the way to pick up more, was very late. It arrived at Benalla at 1.30 a.m. and started for Beechworth at 2.10 a.m., more than two hours behind time. Just as it neared Glenrowan, the driver of the pilot engine noticed the strange danger signal and pulled up to hear the startling news. The train behind was also stopped, and a conference followed between the police leaders. The first danger had been avoided, but it was necessary now to concert measures for the fight that was inevitable.

The Kellys realised from the stoppage that those on board the train had been warned, and knew that they would have to defend themselves against attack. They put on their armour —and all were provided with veritable armour that was bullet-proof, made of old ploughshares, iron pots, and scrap iron— they looked to their weapons, put away their prisoners, and prepared for a siege. It was bright moonlight, but the hotel stood under the shade of the trees in a good defensive position, and its garrison of four were desperate and determined men. The assailants were hampered by the non-combatants, ladies who had come out on the train, and a number of newspaper reporters. No great skill or judgment was displayed by the police leaders, and in the first volleys exchanged Mr. Hare, the superintendent in charge, was badly wounded. He was succeeded by a man of little capacity, and the police firing was wild and indiscriminate, so that some of the "bailed up" prisoners were wounded. But about seven a.m. Ned Kelly was captured. He had been wounded in the foot and elsewhere, and had gone out by the back of the hotel seeking his horse, bent upon trying a bolt. Still the fight went on. At ten o'clock all the prisoners got away from the hotel, and brought

the news that Byrne had been shot quite early in the fight, that the struggle was being maintained by two men against fifty. Still the police hesitated to rush the hotel, the officer in charge declaring that he could not allow a single life to be sacrificed. Nor would he permit an attempt to set the hotel on fire until the unequal struggle had lasted hours, and there was no more firing from the hotel. He had meanwhile telegraphed down to Melbourne for artillery, and a big gun was actually forwarded by train with gunners and ammunition, but it did not arrive in time to be of service. When the hotel was in flames a brave priest, the Rev. Father Gibney, made his way and found the three dead bodies already charred by the fire. Dan Kelly and Hart had committed suicide when escape was hopeless.

Ned Kelly was the only survivor of the gang of which he had been the captain and leading spirit. He was a tall, fine man, with a flowing beard, in manner quiet and self-possessed; and he faced his well-merited retribution, the gallows, with undeniable courage and seeming repentance.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

POLITICAL AND ANARCHICAL.

Other Associations—Distinctly Criminal, although not always so-called—Bomb and Other Outrages—The Plot against the First Consul—The Infernal Machine of the Rue Nicaise—The Royalists, St. Régent and Limoelan—Fieschi's Attempt at Assassination of Louis Philippe—The Explosion on the Boulevard du Temple—Its Murderous Effects—Discovery of the Machine—Immediate Arrest of the Author of the Outrage—Police actively follow up the Crime and unravel its Mysteries—Trials and Condemnations—Orsini and Napoleon III.—Explosion at the Italian Opera-house—Connection with Mazzini—Arrest of Pieri, and through him of the Rest of the Gang—Allsop, an Englishman, implicated—Orsini and Pieri convicted and guillotined—Modern Anarchy—The More Terrible Weapons afforded by Modern Science—The New Terror—Anarchists in England—Conclusion.

THERE are and have been associations figuring under fine names, whose members excuse their dangerous energies on the ground that they are vindicating great principles or are the agents of some commendable cause. It is difficult for plain people to separate the outrages perpetrated by Fenians, Nihilists, or Anarchists from more commonplace but not more dastardly or blameworthy crimes. The end can never justify the means when those means are criminal; no specious pretence of levying war against tyrants and oppression, whether that of a despotic or so-called alien government, or more generally accepted conventions called law and order, will hold good in the defence of murder and devastation. Some reference to the secret societies that have preached, and often practised, assassination must be included in any general survey of wrongdoing. There is a long interval between the infernal machine planned by the royalist conspirators against the First Consul, the Fieschi and Orsini bombs, and the modern manipulation of dynamite and nitro-glycerine, but these outrages have a common origin, and must all be equally condemned.

ST. RÉGENT AND LIMOELAN.

The world owes the invention of the infernal machine to France. It seems to have been first employed by one Chevalier, a workman in the manufactory of arms established at Paris. It was a simple contrivance—a cask filled with powder and missiles, to which a musket barrel with a trigger was attached. Chevalier's idea was to explode this murderous engine at some point on the First Consul's passage through the streets, but it went off on his hands before it was completed.

A much more serious plot was set on foot by the parties hostile to Bonaparte, in which Chevalier's plan was adopted, but with improved methods. Royalists, Vendeans and Chouans were combined in the persons of two daring men, St. Régent, who had been a naval officer, and Limoelan, who had served against the republicans in La Vendée. A number of other desperate men were associated with them in a plot to blow up the First Consul on his way to the opera. Chevalier's machine was known to St. Régent, and his own was planned on the same lines, consisting of a barrel filled with powder, balls, grape shot, and grenades. This barrel, placed in a one-horse cart, was drawn to the corner of the Rue Nicaise, on the road from the Tuileries to the Rue Richelieu. St. Régent had made an exact calculation of the time the First Consul's carriage would take to pass from the palace to the point where the cart stood, and he had affixed a long match or time fuse which would explode the barrel at the proper moment. It so happened that the coachman drove faster than usual—he was said to be an expert whip; but another report hints that on this occasion he had drunk a little two much wine. Whatever the reason, he had passed the spot sooner than St. Régent had calculated, and the First Consul's carriage had just cleared the fatal machine before the explosion took place. Still, the shock was terrible. The carriage, although not seriously damaged, was nearly overturned; a number of persons in the streets, however, were killed and wounded, and many of the houses and shops were injured by the shot. Napoleon had been asleep in the carriage. As he

told the story in after years, he had had an especially hard day's work, and was so worn out that he had gone to sleep after dinner, and was with difficulty aroused to go to the opera. "I fell fast asleep again as soon as I was in my carriage," he has been heard to say, "and at the moment when the explosion took place I was dreaming of the danger I had incurred some years before in crossing a flooded river by the light of torches in the dead of night." This light is, of course, that of the explosion, which the First Consul at once realised when awakened by the noise and the shock.

Napoleon seems to have preserved a perfectly calm and impassive manner in the midst of the general confusion. His *entourage* would have persuaded him to return to the Tuileries, but he persisted in going on to the opera and in showing himself to the audience, who received him warmly. The danger had been very near, but Napoleon turned it to good account, for it gave him an excuse for reprisals. Over and above the actual conspirators, on whom Fouché's police had soon laid hands, he made out a list of suspected persons, to the number of thirty-three in all, whom he straightway sent to Cayenne, without any formal trial.

FIESCHI.

Fieschi's attempted assassination of Louis Philippe in 1835 was probably inspired by those of Chevalier and St. Régent. The day fixed was the fifth anniversary of the revolution of 1830, an occasion on which the king was in the habit of riding through the streets to review the Gardes Nationales and the garrison of Paris. He and his government were at this time exceedingly unpopular, for reasons which need not be detailed here, but the fact was so well known that the king's advisers had strongly urged him to give up the inspection. Grave rumours were current that he would be the object of some criminal attack. Many anonymous letters had reached the police warning them to watch over the personal safety of the royal family. Letters had appeared in some of the Continental papers hinting at some catastrophe on the 28th of July, the date of the

anniversary. In Germany and in Italy, at Coblentz and Turin, the words "infernal machine" had been bandied about openly. On the very day of the review, two travellers in Savoy had written the names of Louis Philippe and his son in a hotel register, and underneath them the words *requiescant in pace*. On the very eve of the anniversary, a gentleman of undoubted credit informed the commissary of police at the opera that there was an infernal machine all ready close to the theatre of the Ambigu Comique, and in consequence the Minister of the Interior had searched the neighbouring houses without result.

The king, however, whose courage was unquestioned, and this in spite of the many scandalous stories told at the time of his escape to England in 1848, persisted in holding the review. He had heard of the prevailing uneasiness, and so far realised it that in adjourning some public business until the 29th, he said, "I will deal with it then, unless, of course, I am killed to-morrow." But he started from the Tuileries about half-past ten on the appointed day, and, followed by a numerous staff, among them his three sons, the Ducs d'Orleans, de Nemours, and de Joinville, with many marshals, generals, and so forth. He rode slowly down the Champs Elysées and back, by the Rue de la Paix, to the Boulevards, reaching the Boulevard du Temple about half-past twelve. His reception had not been very cordial, the national guard had remained silent all along the route, but great numbers of people were in the streets enjoying the military spectacle, which, so far, passed off without *contretemps*. Suddenly, at this point, a dull, continuous explosion was heard, very much like that of bad file firing, or the successive explosion of small shells. The cavalcade was suddenly halted, probably with the idea of ascertaining the cause of the noise. But its effects were at once apparent—the king was seen to stand almost alone in the street, all around the pavement was strewn with men and horses, dead and dying. Further off there were many gaps in the crowd of spectators. The king himself was not entirely unwounded, a bullet had grazed his forehead, and another had wounded his horse: his sons were equally uninjured, although

the horses of two were wounded. With one sad glance around at the scene of devastation, the king decided to continue his progress, and rode on as though nothing had occurred. The total number of persons struck amounted to forty-two, nineteen of them mortally, and among those were the Duke of Trevise, otherwise Mortier, one of Napoleon's famous marshals, and four other superior officers. One or two grenadiers of the eighth legion National Guard, and several women and children, made up the total of the dead. Several generals and officers were among the wounded.

Meanwhile the police had been active. It was seen, after the first moment of dread surprise, that the fire had issued from a house on the Boulevard, No. 50, and clouds of smoke were still issuing from its windows when the police broke in. The smoke was thickest on the third floor, and M. Jacquemain, a commissary of police, who headed the searchers, broke down the door of a room which was seen to be the seat and origin of the catastrophe. Although filled with thick smoke, a strange machine was seen to occupy the whole of the window; the room was otherwise empty, but a grey hat was picked up on the floor. A closer examination of the machine showed that it was decidedly of an infernal character, a square platform of oak, resting on four supports, the two in the rear taller than those in front, so as to give a depression to the twenty-five gun-barrels resting on top. The remains of a train of powder passing along the inner ends of the barrels showed plainly how they had been discharged. There was the weapon, but not the person who had handled it, and, continuing the search, some of the police climbed up on to the roof. Looking around from that point of vantage, they caught sight of a man in the neighbouring courtyard, huddled up, with his head between his hands, while the blood flowed freely over his face from a tremendous wound in his head. He was quickly and easily secured, for in his wounded condition resistance would have been impossible. They carried him to the nearest police post, and there, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to speak, he gave his name as Girard. Very little doubt was entertained

that he was the author of the outrage. Later on he did not attempt to deny it. He pretended that he had worked alone, that the plot was his own idea, and that it was his intention to kill the king. It was quite evident he had been blown up by his own weapon. Some of the gun-barrels had exploded, and he was not only wounded in the head, as it first appeared, but also in the neck, shoulder, and hand. In this broken condition, and streaming with blood from his wounds, he had yet strength to stagger out, seize a rope, fasten it to the back of the house, and descend three storeys into the courtyard below.

The steps taken by the police to follow up this crime and unravel its mysteries bear witness to their activity and intelligence. They seem to have been soon satisfied that there were others concerned, but, as the prisoner maintained his story that he had worked alone, it was not easy to obtain clues. The first was supplied by the information obtained at the house, No. 50, where it was ascertained that three or four days before the outrage the prisoner had received a heavy trunk. But the trunk itself had disappeared; it was described by a cabman who had brought it as four feet long, with a wooden framework covered with black hair. Girard got rid of it on the very morning of the 28th. The cabman that took him up with his trunk had driven him as far as the Place Maubert, but soon afterwards Girard had taken it on his shoulders —it was now apparently very light—and walked off with it no one knew where. He refused to tell, but a marble-worker came forward to say that he had received a trunk on that date from a person answering to Girard's description, and with orders to keep it until it was called for by a M. Morey. Morey was discovered to be a harness-maker in the Rue St. Victor, and he came himself for the trunk two days after the outrage, accompanied by a commissionaire. The trunk itself was presently traced to the possession of a one-eyed girl, named Nini Lasavre, who, when questioned, admitted she had received it on the 30th of July, and that it then contained a few clothes. This trunk was

the means of identifying the prisoner under his proper name, which was that of Fieschi. It appeared that he had been a fellow-lodger a couple of years before with the marble-worker, to whom he had entrusted the trunk. He was not personally acquainted with Fieschi at that time, but recognised him in Girard—it was the same man; short, no more than five feet three, with dark brown hair and beard, and a strongly pronounced southern accent. The girl, Nini Lasavre, was also intimately acquainted with him under the name of Fieschi.

No further doubt, however, remained as to the man's identity when the inspector-general of prisons spoke to him without hesitation as a criminal who had served more than one imprisonment, and it might be well to state here what were his antecedents. Giuseppe Fieschi was of Corsican extraction, belonging to one of those nomad families that have no settled home in the island. He had been born in 1790, and before he was eighteen he had engaged in a light infantry regiment at Naples, whence he passed into the royal guard of Murat, the king. In 1815 Fieschi had deserted to the Austrians, but at the peace he returned to Corsica in a state of great poverty, having no resources and no trade. Here he endeavoured to secure some of the family property by means of forged documents, and was sentenced at the assizes to ten years' imprisonment. He learnt the trade of a weaver in prison, and after his release, having been ordered to live at Lyons, he continued there, living a fairly reputable and industrious life. But he was an irreclaimable blackguard, and he soon fell away and became known to the police, and was frequently in trouble.

Through Fieschi, who was no more than the hired assassin of others, the true movers in the outrage became known. They were chiefly members of a secret society known as that of the "Rights of Men and Citizens," and when Fieschi had betrayed them they were arrested with little difficulty. One was Morey, whose action with regard to the trunk has already been mentioned. He was a man

advanced in years—a mild-faced, self-possessed, quiet person, who stood his trial with great *sang froid*. Another was named Pepin, a noted republican, who had been mixed in various insurrections. The weakness of Pepin's character was extreme vanity; he had been drawn, no doubt, into his desperate crime by the desire of becoming a great personage in the republic that was to follow Louis Philippe's death. Another was Boireau, who was a common working-man, rough in manner, bold in speech, with the air of a tavern-haunter and a drunkard. The last was Bescher, a poor creature who had attached himself to the others, and whose most noted effort in the conspiracy was the composition of a song which began with the line, "We are tired of emperors and kings." Fieschi said at the trial that he had himself invented the machine; his story was that, as an old soldier, it had occurred to him that if a garrison besieged found itself suddenly reduced in numbers it might continue its defence by using a number of gun-barrels in a row. This, it may be said *par parenthèse*, is nothing more than the principle of our modern Maxim gun. Fieschi, when he had allied himself, or, more exactly, sold himself, to these truculent republicans, made a model of the machine, which was much approved of by them. They agreed that with a machine of this kind it would be easy to destroy the king and all his family. There must have been some money difficulties between the conspirators, and the sinews of war necessary for the purchase of the gun-barrels were not immediately forthcoming. It was fully intended to have made the attempt on the 1st of May, the date of the king's fête, but then, as there was to be no review, it was postponed to July. No pains were spared to make the explosion a success, and there were several rehearsals with the machine, and experiments made by driving a horse opposite the window at various paces to calculate the probable rate at which the procession might pass. According to Fieschi, Morey came in person and laid the barrels on the 28th, but Fieschi alone was present at their discharge. The end of the trials, which were very

prolonged, was that Fieschi, Morey, and Pepin were condemned to death, Boireau was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, but Bescher was acquitted for want of proof.

ORSINI.

On the night of the 14th January, 1858, Napoleon III., accompanied by the empress and General Roguet in waiting, went in state to the Italian Opera in Paris. The performance was for the benefit of a well-known singer about to be pensioned, and the house was well filled. Outside the usual crowd had collected to witness the arrival of the imperial *cortège*, which consisted of three carriages escorted by a lieutenant's detachment of Lancers of the Guard. The emperor's carriage was the last, and it was checked for a moment as it entered the archway while the carriages preceeding put down the chamberlain and other members of the imperial suite.

At this moment there was a tremendous explosion, followed by a rain of bullets and fiery projectiles; then a second and a third, and after that complete darkness, for the explosions had extinguished the gaslamps. One short pause of silence, then the night was made hideous with the cries of the wounded and dying, the stamping of terrified horses, the falling of fragments and shattered glass. The confusion was terrible; the havoc caused immense. The three bombs which had been recklessly thrown into the midst of the crowd surrounding the emperor's carriage had killed one of the Lancers, and numbers of inoffensive spectators were killed and wounded, a hundred and sixty in all; General Roguet in the imperial carriage was severely wounded, the emperor's cocked hat was perforated by a bullet, the empress had received a slight graze on one temple; indeed, all inside the carriage must have been killed outright had it not been lined with iron plates, no less than sixty-six bullet marks having been counted on the exterior surface. All about the streets ran in blood: the advertisements on the walls were stained with great splashes, there was blood on the empress' costume, on the uniform of the attendants. To allay the general

consternation, their majesties, with commendable courage, entered the opera-house and sat in their box quietly prepared to hear the performance as though nothing had occurred.

Just before the first explosion, one suspicious person had been arrested by the police as he was sauntering about the neighbourhood of the opera-house. He was recognised as one Pieri or Piercey, a man against whom the French authorities had been warned from Brussels. It was known that Pieri and another had started for Paris with some sinister purpose. As to that there was no great mystery, for a new manifesto had appeared in Mazzini's organ, the *Italia del Popolo* of Genoa, and another epoch of terrorism and acts of violence might be expected. Reports that infernal machines were being manufactured in England had reached the Paris Préfecture, and the fact was known that those who would use them were on the move. The London police had informed that of Paris of the departure of Orsini and three others, all known irreconcilables, followers of Mazzini but conspirators of a more reckless and murderous type. High officials in Paris were much blamed for their neglect in not "shadowing" and watching the men in question, and in the sequel both M. Baillant, minister of the interior, and M. Pietri, prefect of police, were obliged to resign their appointments. M. Claude, afterwards promoted head of the Sûreté as a reward for his acting in this affair, was one of the first to see Pieri; he had heard from independent sources that Pieri might be expected in Paris and with no good intentions. At his instance the arrest was made and the consequences were of the utmost importance. Through Pieri the police got at all the members of the gang.

M. Claude was now sent to make a search in Pieri's lodgings, which he knew, from sources already mentioned, were in the Rue Montmartre, at the Hotel de France and Champagne. The prisoner corroborated this by his own admissions, and it was found, in fact, that he had been staying here for a week or more under another name, that of Andreas, and that a Portuguese, named Da Silva, shared his room. The

latter was arrested at the hotel, and in his possession was a passport issued by the Portuguese consulate in London. Many suspicious articles were seized: a revolver, an ebony-handled dagger, and cases containing arms, with clothes, letters, and personal property that would be useful in identification. Andreas Piercey was the name inscribed on the hotel register, and it answered to a passport found, a German passport issued in Düsseldorf and received in Birmingham. The other name was entered as Da Silva, although he became better known as de Rudio, and his passport describing him as coming from Rio Janeiro. There had been another friend with Piercey at the hotel, one Pierre Surincy, a pretended Englishman, but of French origin. This proved to be an ex-soldier, Gomez by name, who had been acting as servant to Orsini. This Surincy, or Gomez, was arrested at a restaurant just opposite the opera-house soon after the explosion. The waiter had seen a man greatly agitated looking out of the window, pistol in hand. He gave himself out as the servant of an Englishman, Allsop by name, who was no other than Orsini. There was also a real Allsop in the business, who had been exiled from Paris after the *coup d'état*, and who kept very much out of sight.

Orsini was the life and soul of the plot. He was a wild enthusiast whom Mazzini had named the "Cracky." The veteran master was too slow and circumspect for his pupil, and Orsini was resolved to take energetic measures to bring about the freedom and unity of Italy. As he said at his trial, he believed that the only way to secure these great aims was by revolution. A revolution in France would certainly produce one in Italy, and to cause the first it was only necessary to assassinate the emperor. Orsini's antecedents were those of the reckless, but baffled, conspirator. He had come under the heavy hand of Austria for attempting to organise a revolt at Mantua; he had been sentenced to death, but the sentence was commuted into imprisonment for life in a fortress. From this he escaped and took part in the revolution in Rome, where he was a member of the constituent government. In 1853 he found his way to Vienna, and was

concerned in an attempt to stir up a mutiny among the Austrian troops. He was again sentenced to perpetual punishment in Mantua, from which, by the help of a devoted friend, he escaped.

Four persons were promptly put on their trial little more than a month after the outrage. These were Orsini, Pieri, Rudio, and Gomez, a fifth, Bernard, charged, although he was not in custody. The trial lasted two days, and ended in conviction. Orsini, Pieri, and Rudio were sentenced to death, Gomez to *travaux forces* for life. Only the two first named were guillotined. Rudio's sentence was commuted to "life."

MODERN ANARCHY.

There has been steady and continuous progress in the deadly agencies that aim at the wreck and ruin of property, and the wholesale destruction of human life. Murderous organisations have increased in size and scope; they are more daring, they are served by the more terrible weapons offered by modern science, and the world is nowadays threatened by new forces which, if recklessly unchained, may some day wreak universal devastation. The Orsini bombs just mentioned were mere children's toys compared with the later developments of infernal machines. Between 1858 and 1898 the dastardly science of destruction has made rapid and alarming strides. Orsini used a common fulminating or detonating powder, very inferior to the terrible agents—nitro-glycerine, dynamite, roburite, melinite, picric acid—the various forms of which the latest discoveries have placed within the reach of the desperado. Orsini's bombs were studded with bosses, on which he placed percussion caps. Now the political or anarchical dynamiter calls in the clockmaker, who contrives wheels and machinery working with dreadful precision, or applies scientific processes with consummate knowledge of their direful effects.

The most menacing of all criminal associations is that which is just now spreading universal terror. It is no part of my subject to trace the degeneration of the worst socialistic doctrines into the truculent practices of the Anarchists, whose

latest feats, aimed chiefly against crowned heads, have filled the civilised world with indignation strongly coloured with apprehension and dismay. I will leave to others to trace the work of the visionary and fanatic who have really inspired the crimes of the modern Anarchist. Those who have recklessly preached that "government is murder, that laws are by necessity an obstacle to progress, that they should be abolished, not by being abrogated or cancelled, but by being boldly transgressed and defied," must surely be held equally guilty with the murderous hands that struck down President Carnot, the Empress of Austria, and would have done other potentates and royalties to death. The harm is done by such theories as that the mere existence of law and police suffice to explain all crime, theories which the Anarchist readily interpret as a right to use bullet and bomb and the assassin's knife to wreck cities, spread devastation, and destroy hecatombs of innocent lives. The time is now approaching when such doctrines and the criminals who practise them will be dealt with as the enemies of the human race, and there are many evidences that the huge, and somewhat inert, mass of society, which has been hitherto a little too apathetic, is being roused into action in self-defence.

The unscrupulous agents of the new terror are, almost without exception, criminal in *esse* or in *posse*. It is well known to those whose special business it is to watch the Anarchists who so largely make England their abiding-place, that the bulk of them are persons of the worst character. They are mostly fugitives from foreign justice, habitual criminals or candidates constantly qualifying for a rest as the result of malpractices and the more or less daily commission of commonplace crime. The purlieus of Soho, their favourite habitat, continue to be filled with the scum and scourings of Continential cities. They come from all countries, Frenchmen, perhaps, preponderate, as might be expected, both because of their neighbourhood and of the great extension of the movement in France. Germans are also very numerous: the most advanced, too, for whose destructive bloodthirstiness ordinary socialism is too mild; pupils and followers of Most,

who have gone far beyond him, and for whom the *Freiheit* was altogether too mild. Austria, it is said, contributes the worst contingent, mostly Hungarians, who are deemed the most truculent and unscrupulous of all irreconcilables; one or two Polish cranks, several Russians, a few Spaniards, and a number of Italians, especially qualified by training and predilection for the dark deeds of the conspirator. They are cosmopolitan Anarchists, these last. One of them, well known to the police, was the moving spirit in the disturbance at Jerez, in Spain, when the town for the time was at the mercy of the Anarchists. Although several actors in this outrage were duly garotted according to Spanish law, the Italian instigator escaped to England. Similarly, there were French and Italian "comrades" behind the bomb incident at Barcelona.

Many of the Anarchists, especially the French, are expert swindlers, their favourite form of fraud being *estampage*, synonymous with our "long firm" depredations, and they often succeed in obtaining large quantities of goods. The Italians are more daring robbers; in their own country they are addicted mainly to sacrilegious breaking into churches and stealing church plate, a line of business they would like to still follow over here. But it is frequent and very serious complaint with them that English churches are, for the most part, poverty-stricken, and the risks in church burglary are by no means proportionate to the plunder that may be secured.

CONCLUSION.

In bringing my work to a conclusion I am constrained to repeat what I said on an earlier page. The subject-matter available has been so varied and considerable that, at the end, I am more than ever alive to the drawbacks I anticipated at the beginning. It has been impossible to constitute this a complete record of crime; it can make no pretence to be more than a survey, as comprehensive as possible within the limits, but falling far short, necessarily and inevitably, of a full catalogue of all crimes in all ages and in all countries. The

task has been rendered more difficult by the vitality of crime, its constant reappearance, its persistent presence among us in the same forms and under the same conditions as of old. Day after day the morning papers report cases that have had their prototypes in these pages. We have the malpractices of a Monson, reproducing and outvying the ingeniously contrived misdeeds of his predecessors in swindling and fraud; we have murder mysteries that defy detection, planned on the lines of many that have gone before; bodies found piecemeal that cannot be accounted for; foul murders in railway trains, in highways and byeways, in distant lands, with all the old motives—greed, jealousy, revenge; we have robberies on a more extensive scale almost than any herein mentioned, jewels of great price carried off in broad daylight from shops in the most public thoroughfares; ladies of quality still lose their handbags filled with valuables when travelling (and as I pen these lines a case as marvellous, a theft as gigantic as any that have gone before, is reported from Paris); we have burglaries as bold, as extraordinarily successful as any recorded under that head, country houses entered in the dead of night, houses in London squares despoiled during the dinner hour. And so it will run on, no doubt, to the end of the world. The writer who essays to deal with the abundant materials already existent and receiving perpetually new and noticeable additions, cannot hope to produce more than a partial and imperfect impression of the great and ever-changing, ever-moving panorama of crime.

INDEX

A

Aboriginal instinct in tracking, i. 18
Acqua Toffania, ii. 99
Adams Express Co. robbed, i. 439-40
Adventure, The scuttling of the, i. 373-75
Agar, and the South-Eastern Railway bullion robbery, i. 389-92
Alford, Mr., Attempted robbery, ii. 212
Ali, Mir Abdul, detective, ii. 411
Allah, Risk, accused of murder, ii. 88-89
Alleaume, Pierre, robs the Marquis Panisse-Passis, ii. 277-80
Allmayer, French swindler, i. 256-68
American bank robberies, ii. 222-24
Anarchy, Modern, ii. 469-71
Anderson, Mr., of the Investigation Department, i. 133-34
Andrieux, M., prefect of police, i. 92
Anglose, d', Marquis and Marchioness, Unjust conviction of, i. 152-54
Anthropometry, i. 15
Argenson, d', the elder, lieutenant-general of police in Paris, i. 45
Argenson, d', the younger, and the law of passports, i. 46
Aram, Eugene, i. 435-48
Armed burglars, ii. 209-12
Arthurs, the, highwaymen, i. 327
Associations, Criminal, ii. 419-20; of thieves, Italian, ii. 441-43; thievish, ii. 424-25
Aubertin, Madame, murderess, ii. 134-35
Aurora, the, Burning of, i. 383-84
Avril, betrayer of Lacenaire, ii. 72
Ayliffe, forger, ii. 359

B

Baccarat, Cheating at, ii. 350
Baccetti, and the Italian bank-note forgeries, ii. 408-10
Baillie, Mrs. Gordon, i. 289
Bailey, Rev. W., forger, ii. 364
Baker, James, the Netherby Hall burglar, ii. 203-5
——, William, the Netherby Hall burglar, ii. 204-5
Ballantine, Serjeant, on the Bow Street runners, i. 80, 81-82
Ballet, Auguste, murdered by Castaing, ii. 137-39
——, Hippolyte, murdered by Castaing, ii. 137-39
Balfour, Jabez, Frauds of, ii. 397-400
Bank burglars, ii. 212
—— note forgeries, Indian, ii. 410-14; Italian, ii. 407-10
—— robberies, American, ii. 222-24
Barber-Fletcher conspiracy, The, ii. 364-65
Barbier, Denis, and the Lafarge poisoning case, i. 199-201
Baréme, M., Murder of, i. 407
Bari, St. Nicholas, Manna of, ii. 99
Barnes, Ann, the baby poisoner, ii. 164
Barnes, Detective, and the Manning murder, ii. 38-41
Barnes mystery, The, i. 465-69
Barnet *See* Vivian, Dr.
Baronet, A bogus, ii. 338-39
Barré, and the murder of Mdme. Gillet, ii. 3-7
Barrington, George, *alias* Waldron, thief, ii. 281
Barrett, Wilson, robbery of his house, ii. 294
Barucci, Madame, and the Calzado-Garcia case, ii 351-54
Bastien, the murderer, ii. 50-52
Bateman, Wagner and, swindlers, ii. 401-2
Battersea case, The, i. 464
Bates, Strahan, Paul and, bank fraud, ii. 383-4
Baton. *See* Lacenaire
Battle Abbey broken into, ii. 201
Baum, Messrs., robbed, ii. 220-21
Belgian mail robbery, i. 392-94
Belgium, Bank of, Frauds on, ii. 390-97
Bell Star, female criminal, i. 282-83
Belvedere, the, Casting away of, i. 384
Benson, Harry, swindler, i. 271-79
Berenger, Raudon de, and the Cochrane case, i. 224-26
Bernays, M., Murder of, ii. 86-88
Berrington, Dr., mock clergyman, i. 269-71
Berry, murderer of Lady Mazel, i. 154-58
Berryer, lieutenant-general of Paris police, i. 47
Bertillon, M., and anthropometry, i. 14
Berwick-on-Tweed bank robbed, ii. 218-20
Beugnot, director-general of French police i. 60
Bianco, Dubois de, Murder of, i. 482-89

Bibliothèque Royale, the, Robbery of, ii. 263-67
Bichel, Andrew, murderer, i. 298-301
Bidwells, The, forgers, ii. 402-403
"Big Bertha." *See* Heyman, Bertha
Billings, murderer of Hayes, i. 469-73
Billoir and "The woman of Clichy," ii. 8-9
Birkbeck Bank, Robbery in, ii. 226
Bishop and Williams, murderers, i. 304-5
"Black Beard." *See* Teach, Captain
Blacks, Australian, power of tracking, i. 18
Blaizot, the Paris bookseller, and Louis XVI., i. 51
Blandy, Mary, murderess, ii. 114-18
Blight, Murder of Mr., i. 14
Blood, Col., attempts to steal the Regalia, ii. 232-34
"Blue Drop" diamond, The, ii. 238
Blueskin, ii. 190
Bodasse, Desiré, murdered by Voirbo, ii. 20-36
Boehmer, Elise, murdered by Pel, ii. 168-69
Bolam, Mr., accused of murder, i. 479-81
Bond, Mr. Thomas, and the De Tourville case, i. 316
Bonnet, Major Stede, pirate, i. 366
Boughton, Sir Theodosius, Murder of, i. 188-93
Bourrienne, prefect of police, i. 60
Bouvey, Anne, female pirate, i. 366
Bow Street runners, i. 75
Brace. *See* Nevison
Brady, bushranger, i. 431
Braganza diamond, The, ii. 237
Brannagan, Michael, and the Edlingham burglary, i. 217-23
Bravo Case, The, ii. 162-63
Brewerton, robbery in Cornhill, ii. 241-45
Brigandage, Definition of, i. 408; General account of, 408-12
Brigands, Sicilian, i. 409; Greek, i. 409; Spanish, i. 409-10
Briggs, Mr., Murder of, by Müller, i. 11, 402-4
Brinvilliers, Marchioness of, the poisoner, i. 41; ii. 101-14
Brown, Hannah, murdered by Greenacre, i. 489-93
——, Scottie, robbery in Cornhill, ii. 241-45
Brunell, innkeeper and highway robber, i. 161-63
Bruno, Antonio, thief, ii. 442-43
Brunswick, Duke of, The, and his diamonds, ii. 247-49
Bucket, Inspector, ii. 2
Bullion robbery on the South-Eastern Railway, i. 389-92
Buncher, forger, ii. 404-5
Burbidge case, The, i. 139-43
Burdell murder, The, i. 27
Burdett, Sir Francis, a patron of Vidocq, i. 124
Burgess, South-Eastern Railway guard, and the bullion robbery, i. 389-92
——, swindler, ii. 366-7
Burglars, Armed, ii. 209-12; Bank, ii. 212; Classes of, ii. 178; their methods, ii., 180-81; their tools, ii. 181-85
Burglary, Definition of, ii. 178; Epidemic of, 200
Burke and Hare, i. 302-4
Burnet, forger of Bank of England notes, ii. 404-5
Burton, *alias* Count von Havard, swindler, i. 266-67
Bushrangers, i. 412-433
Bushranger, A black, i. 417-20
Butcher, Chief-Inspector, i. 132

C

Cabmen, Parisian, i. 94-6
Caille, de, Isaac, impersonated by Pierre Mège, ii. 318-25
Caisley, Robbery in Cornhill, ii. 241-45
Calas, Jean, Judicial murder of, i. 164-71
Calzado, card-cheating, ii. 351-55
Cambo, Judge, sentences a man whom he knows to be innocent, i. 149-52
Camorra, The, ii. 421-23
Campbell, James, abduction of Mary Wharton, ii. 298
Canler, M., French detective, on Vidocq, i. 121, 125; the Huet murder, ii. 50-2; and Pagés, 74-6; his astuteness, 196-97; on thieves, 281
Cannon, Luke, burglar, ii. 190
Canter, Jack, American swindler, i. 255-56
Cappa, Domenica, and the Turin murders, ii. 57-61; and the Italian bank-note forgeries, ii. 408-10
Cards, Cheating at, ii. 347-56
Carnusso, brigand, i. 411
Carpentier, defrauds the Chemin de Fer du Nord, ii. 373-76
Carpet-bag thief, The, ii. 289-90
Cartouche, thief, ii. 425-29
Casey, robs a stockbroker's clerk in Hatton Court, ii. 273-74
Caspers, The, and the great gold-dust robbery, i. 387-89
Castaing, murderer of the Ballets, ii. 137-39
Catusse-Menegant Association, The, ii. 443-46
Cauty, bank robber, ii. 227-29
Cenci, Francesco, Murder of, ii. 81
Champignelles Mystery, The, i. 172-79
Chandler, Thomas, The case of, i. 120-6
——, agent for Wagner and Bateman, ii. 491-2

Charlon, Mère, murdered by Lacenaire, ii. 73
Chauffeurs, The, ii. 429-33
Cheating at Cards, ii. 347-56
Chellummyah, Vancutta, forger, ii. 412
Chemin de Fer du Nord, Frauds upon the, ii. 373-76
Chevalier plots against Napoleon, ii. 459
——, Victor, thief, ii. 445-6
Chevers, Dr., on burning of corpses, i. 475; on the stupidity of criminals, ii. 77
Chicago, Robberies in, after the fire, ii. 223
Chrétiens, The, thieves, ii. 433-36
City Police, The, i. 89-90
Clark, Daniel, murdered by Eugene Aram, i. 446-48
Clarke, Inspector, and the Benson frauds, i. 275
Clavé, Félix, and the Lafarge case, i. 205-6
Clements, Mr., murdered by Donohue, i. 414
Cleveland, Duke of, robbed, ii. 201
"Clichy, The Woman of," ii. 7-9
Clipper, The, scuttling of, i. 385
Cochrane, Lord, victim of a judicial error, i. 223-26
Cock, Constable, Murder of, i. 214-15
Coco-Latour, successor of Vidocq, i. 124
Codling, Captain, and the scuttling of the *Adventure*, i. 373-75
Cognard, Pierre, French swindler, i. 239-42
Coiners, ii. 415-17
Coining, ii. 415-17; Illicit, in the 18th century, i. 69-70
Cold Bath Fields Prison, attempted escape of Fauntleroy from, i. 77
Cole, Constable, murdered by Orrock, ii. 205-9
—, dock-swindler, ii. 377
Collet, Anthelme, French swindler, i. 233-39
Comerford, associate of Dignum, i. 415-16
Conan Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes," ii. 2
Confidence trick, The, ii. 283-88
Contesenne, Victor, rolls General Schram, ii. 199-200
Convulsionnaires, The, i. 46
Cook, murders Mr. Paas, i. 478-79
Cooke, Oscar, and the St. Louis express robbery, i. 401-2
Coram Street case, Great, The, i. 27
Cornell, Sarah M., Murder of, i. 35
Cornhill jewel robbery, ii. 241-45
Coster, Richard, swindler, i. 247-51
Cottington, Jack, highwayman, i. 330-31
Courvoisier, murderer of Lord William Russell, i. 11
Coutts' Bank, Clerk from, robbed, ii. 225-26
Craig and Allen Pinkerton, i. 143-46
Crawford and Balcarres, Earl of, his corpse stolen, ii. 305-7
Crime, various causes of, i. 1-8
Crimes of the Highway, i. 325-62
Criminal Associations, ii. 419-20
Croft, coiner, ii. 416-17
Croix, St., poisoner, accomplice of the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, ii. 105-8
Cromwell, Oliver, attacked by highwaymen, i. 328-30
Crosne, de, Thiroux, M., i. 50
"Cuff, Sergeant," ii. 2
Cummings, David, bank robber, ii. 222-3
Cureton, Mr., Robbery of, ii. 267-68
Custom House, The London, robbed, ii. 214-18

D

Dacoity, ii. 436-38
Darwell, highwayman, i. 342
Dauphins, The seven false, ii. 309-14
"Little Dave." *See* Cummings, David
Davis the Jew, bushranger, i. 416-17
Davria, Govind Narayen, "the prince of forgers," Indian criminal, ii. 410-11
Dazley, Sarah, murderess, ii. 175
Delahache, Murder of, i. 23
Delavan, M., and Vidocq, i. 122
Denman, Mr. Justice, and the Edlingham burglary, i. 223
Denovan, Mr., and the Mackoull frauds, i. 106, 111-16
De Quincey on the Ratcliff Highway murders, i. 386
Detective novels, French, ii. 2
Detectives, old and new, in works of fiction, i. 100; ii. 2; French, i. 116-28; English, 129-43; Pinkerton's, 143-46; private, 146-48
"Devonshire, Duchess of," Gainsborough picture of the, Robbery of, ii. 295-96
Dickens, Charles, "discoverer" of the modern detective, i. 130; "Inspector Bucket," ii. 2
Dignum, bushranger, i. 414-16
Diver, Jenny, *alias* Mary Young, pickpocket, i. 286-87
Dobbs, Hannah, accused of murdering Miss Hacker, i. 453-58
Dockyard and river police, i. 89
—— thieves in the 18th cent., i. 67-68
Dodd, Dr., the forger, ii. 361-62
Dombrowski, and the rouble note forgeries, ii. 406-7
Donellan, Captain, executed for the murder of Sir Theodosius Boughton, i. 188-93
Donohue, bushranger, i. 414
Dorset, Adjutant-General, and the conspiracy against Napoleon the Great, i. 59

Douglas, "Captain," *alias* "Sir Richard," swindler, ii. 341-42
Dover, Miss, mysterious case of, ii. 175
Downey, Annie, murder of, i. 35
Drew, Richard, highwayman, i. 327-28
Drouillet robs the Bibliothèque Royale, ii. 263-67
Drummond, Mr., Attempted murder of, ii. 176
Druscovitch, the detective, and the Benson frauds, i. 274-77
Dryad, The scuttling of, i. 379-81
Dubizy, Madame, murdered by Pommerais, ii. 150-52
Duboscq and the Lyons mail murder, i. 182-83
Du Camp, Maxime, on French detectives, i. 127-28
Dudley, Countess of, robbed of her jewels, ii. 254-55
Dumollard, wholesale murderer, i. 301-2
Du Moulin, Unjust conviction of, for coining false money, i. 163-64
Dunhills, The, family of criminals, i. 228
Duval, Claude, i. 333-35
Dyson, Mr., murdered by Peace, i. 319

E

Easterby and Macfarlane, and the scuttling of the *Adventure*, i. 373-75
Eastern Banking Corporation, Collapse of, ii. 386-7
Eccles, Betty, murderess, ii. 175
Edgell, George, and the Edlingham burglary, i. 220-23
Edlingham burglary, The, i. 215-23
Edwards, abducts Mr. Gee, ii. 301-2
Elder, swindler, ii. 366-67
Ellenborough, Lord, robbed, ii. 201
Ellison, the Bodmin murderer, ii. 79
Elmsley, Mrs., Murder of, i. 24
Elmstone and Whitewell, and the burning of the *Aurora*, i. 383-84
Elsbach, David, robbery of, ii. 210-11
England, Captain Edward, pirate, i. 366
English and French police compared, ii. 1
Epidemic of burglary, ii. 200; of poisonings, 163-166
Equerry, A bogus, ii. 275
Errors, Judicial, i. 149-226
Esposito, *alias* Randazzo, brigand, i. 411-12
Eustachy, Dr., attempts to murder Dr. Tournatoire, ii. 153-55

F

Failures of the Police, ii. 2
Fasci, Signor, captured by brigands, i. 409
Fauntleroy, the forger, i. 77; ii. 378-79
Female criminals, Some, i. 282-96
"Fences" in the 18th century, i. 168-69
Fenning, murderess of Mr. Turner, ii. 125-27
Ferguson, Richard, highwayman, i. 350-52
Ferraud, Murder of, ii. 3
Ferret, the, Theft of, i. 368-70
Feuardent, M., robbed, ii. 268-70
Ficellier, *alias* François, and Lacenaire, ii. 71-73
Fielding, Henry, and the suppression of crime, i. 72
Fielding, Sir John, on watchmen, i. 65; and the suppression of crime, 73-4; originates the horse patrol, 74
Fieschi, attempted assassination of Louis Philippe, ii. 460-66
Finger-prints, and the identification of criminals, i. 15
Flowery Land, The, mutiny on, i. 371
Forgery, definition of, ii. 357-58
—— of bank-notes in the 18th century, i. 70-1
Fossard, Etienne, French criminal, i. 118-19; robs the Bibliothèque Royale, ii. 263-67
Fotheringham, suspected of the St. Louis express robbery, i. 398-402
Fouché, French police minister, i. 52 *ff*; his character, 61
Fouquet, the French criminal, i. 41
Franz, Karl, and the Kingswood murder, i. 184-87
Freeman, Sarah, murderess, ii. 176
French and English police compared, ii. 1
French, confederate of James Mackoull, i. 111
Froggatt, confederate of Benson, i. 276-77
Frost, R. P. B., and Mrs. Gordon Baillie, i. 291-92

G

Gaillard. *See* Lacenaire
Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire" stolen, ii. 295-96
Gale, Mrs., Greenacre's accomplice, i. 491-93
"Galloping Dick." *See* Ferguson, Richard
Galton, Mr. Francis, and finger-prints, i. 15
Gambling in Paris, i. 44
Gaming-houses in the 18th century, i. 71-72
Garcia, card sharper, ii. 351-56
Garde Meuble, Robbery of the, ii. 234-5
Gardelle, Theodore, murders Mrs. King, i. 448-50
Gardiner, bushranger, *alias* Christie, *alias* Clarke, i. 421-25
Gardner case, The, ii. 80
Garesios, the Turin murderers, ii. 59-61
Garofalo, Baron, quoted, i. 3, 4-5
Garrotting, ii. 271-73

Garrow, Judge, on a case of mistaken identity, i. 179-80
Gee, Mr., Abduction of, ii. 301-2
Geering, the Guestling murderess, ii. 176
"Gendy, Long John," thief, ii. 240-41
Genyembre, H. W., highwayman, i. 327
"German Princess, The," female sharper, i. 285-86
Gervais case, The, i. 14
Gilchrists, The, and the robbery of the Glasgow coach, i. 360-62
Gillet, Madame, Murder of, ii. 4
Girard. *See* Fieschi
Glasgow Bank, City of, collapses, ii. 389-90
Goerlitz, Countess von, murdered by Stauff, i. 475-6
Gold Dust Robbery, The Great, i. 386-89
Gold, Mr., murdered by Lefroy, i. 12, 405-7
Goldsborough, accused of murdering Huntley, i. 452-53
Gomez, implicated in Orsini's plot, ii. 468-69
Goncourt frauds, The, i. 271-79
Good, Daniel, murders his wife, i. 476-77
Goron, M., the detective, and the Pranzini case, ii. 64-67
Graham, Sir Frederick, robbed, ii. 202-5
——, Sir James, and the detective system, i. 129
Gray, Andrew, robs the Isle of Man bank, ii. 229-30
Great Coram Street case, The, i. 27
Great Houses broken into, ii. 198-205
Greenacre murders Hannah Brown, i. 489-93
Grellet defrauds the Chemin de Fer du Nord, ii. 373-76
Grisons, Hogier, quoted, i. 96
Guenvive, French criminal, i. 118
Guerre, Martin, impersonated by du Tilh, ii. 315-18
Guidal, General, and the conspiracy against Napoleon the Great, i. 59

H

Habron, William, sentenced for murder, i. 214-15
Hacker, Miss, Murder of, 453-58
Haight, robs the St. Louis express, i. 398-402
Hammond, a case of mistaken identity, i. 183-84
Hannan Mary, the, Scuttling of, i. 376-77
Hare and Burke, i. 302-4
Harkes, Superintendent, and the Edlingham burglary, i. 216-23
Harriot, Captain, and the burning of the *Aurora*, i. 384
Harvey, General, "Records of Indian Crime," i. 15
Hatfield, John, swindler, i. 230-33
Hatton Court robbery, ii. 273-4
Hatton Garden Post Office robbery, ii. 256
Havard, Count von. *See* Burton
Hayes, Catherine, murders her husband, i. 469-73
Hemmings, The murder of, i. 450-52
Henderson, and the theft of the *Ferret*, i. 368-70
Henry, Madame, murders her husband, i. 473-74
Hérault, and the Abbé Coquet i. 46
Heyman, Bertha, American adventuress, i. 293-94
Highfield House, Attempt to rob, ii. 209-10
Highway, Crimes of the, i. 325-62
Hind, "Captain," highwayman, i. 328
Historic Stones, ii. 237-40
Hoag, James, a case of mistaken identity, i. 181-82
Hobbs, accomplice of Wright, ii. 396
Holiday, *alias* Simpson, burglar, ii. 188
Holxmann, Maria Anna, murdered by Rauschmeier, i. 493-95
Homicides, Wholesale, i. 297-323
Hood, Thomas, his poem of "Eugene Aram," i. 446
Hotel thieves, ii. 290-94
Houseman, and the murder of Daniel Clark, i. 446-48
Howard, the Manchester jeweller, robbed, ii. 245
Hugots, The, family of criminals, i. 228
Hue and Cry, The, Dublin, i. 13
Huet, Madame, Murder of, ii. 80
Huey, accomplice of Sullivan and Jordan, ii. 216-18
Hunt, Henry, bushranger, i. 431
Huntley, Murder of, i. 452-53
Hutchings, murderer, ii. 164

I

I.D.B. (Illicit diamond buying), ii. 257-263
Identity, Cases of disputed or mistaken, i. 172-87
Illicit diamond buying, ii. 257-63
Indian bank-note forgeries, ii. 410-14
—— poisonous drugs, ii. 100-2
Irving, Sir Henry, and the *rôle* of Lesurques-Dubosco
Isle of Man bank robbery, ii. 229-30
Italian bank-note forgeries, ii. 407-10
Ivy, Lady, Fraud of, i. 101

J

"Jack the Ripper," i. 28-29
Jalby, Paul, *alias* "Big Paul," robs the Marquis Panisse-Passis, ii. 277-80

James, The, American outlaws, i. 433-39
Jarvot, The murderer, ii. 78
Jaurés, The, thieves, ii. 433-36
Jefferson Borden, The, mutiny on, i. 371
Jeffrey, robbery in Cornhill, ii. 241-45
"Jeffries the Monster," bushranger, i. 431-2
Jegado, Hélène, the poisoner, ii. 103, 127-30
Jennings, Mr. Louis, and the Tammany frauds, i. 265
——, Unjust execution of, i. 161-63
Jewel robberies, ii. 231-70
—— thieves, Tricks of, ii. 250-56
Jewitt, Helen, Murder of, i. 35
"Jim the Penman." *See* Saward, James Townsend
John, Percy Malcolm, murdered by Lamson, ii. 155-56
Johnston, Sir John, abductions by, ii. 297-98
Jourdan, robs the London Custom House, ii. 216-18
Joyce, Eliza, murderess, ii. 175
Jud, the train-murderer, i. 404-5
Judicial errors, i. 149-226
Jukes family of criminals, i. 227

K

Keatinge, clerical impostor, i. 270-71
Kelly gang, The, bushrangers, ii. 446-57
Kelly, Sir Fitzroy, on the Cochrane case, i. 226
Kent, Constance, the murderess, i. 27
Kinck family, The, murdered by Troppmann, i. 310-14
King, Mrs., murdered by Gardelle, i. 448-50
King, Tom, i. 336-37
Kingswood murder, The, i. 184-87
Koh-i-nor, The, ii. 238
Kurr, William, a confederate of Benson, i. 272-77

L

Laborie, General, and the conspiracy against Napoleon the Great, i. 59
Lacassagne, Dr., on concealment of remains, i. 459-61; and the murder of M. Z., ii. 89-94
La Cata, pirate, i. 367
Lacenaire, French murderer, i. 5; ii. 70-74
Lachaud, defends Calzado, ii. 351-56; defends Carpenter, 375-76
Lachlan gold escort "stuck-up," i. 423-24
Lafarge, Marie, convicted of poisoning, i. 193-202; of theft, 202-7
Lafitte, pirate, i. 367
Lafone, Abbé, conspirator against Napoleon the Great, i. 58 *ff*
Lakey, Captain, and the scuttling of the *Clipper*, i. 385
L'Angelier, Pierre Emile. *See* Smith, Madeleine
Lambels, The, thieves, ii. 196-97
Lamson, Dr., murderer of Percy Malcolm John, ii. 155-6
Lane, Harriet, murdered by Wainwright, ii. 46-50
Langtry, Mr., robbed by Stacey, ii. 194-95
Laurie, Sir Peter, and the Coster frauds, i. 250
Lavender, the Bow Street runner, i. 114
Lawrence, Emily, adventuress, i. 287-88
Lea, detective, and the London Custom House robbery, ii. 215
Leautaud, Madame de, and the Lafarge case, i. 202-7
Lebiez, and the murder of Madame Gillet, ii. 6, 7
Le Brun, judicially tortured to death, i. 154-58
Lefroy murders Mr. Gold, i. 406-7
Lemaires, The, family of criminals, i. 228; ii. 433-36
Lenoir, French police minister, i. 50
Lennie, The mutiny on the, i. 371-72
Lenoble, murder of, ii. 10-13
Lerona, Émile, jewel thief, ii. 252-53
Lespinasse, thief, ii. 196-7
Lesurques and the Lyons mail murder, i. 182-83
Lewis, Francis, burglar, ii. 190-91
Liberator Society, The, ii. 397-400
Linden, van der, the Leyden poisoner, ii. 103, 130-32
Lisle. *See* Semple, Major
Littlechild, Inspector, i. 132
Loan office swindles, ii. 346-47
Locusta, the professional poisoner, ii. 98
Loder, Charlie, the black bushranger, i. 417-20
Lombroso, Prof., Researches of, i. 229
Lost property office, The, i. 89
London and Westminster Bank, Attempted robbery of, ii. 228
London Custom House, The, robbed, ii. 214-18
Louis Philippe, Fieschi's plot against, ii. 441-43
Lowenworth, and the rouble note forgeries, ii. 406-7
Lyons mail murder, The, i. 182-83
Lytton, Bulwer, his novel "Eugene Aram," i. 446

M

Macaire, murderer of Aubrey de Montdidier, i. 17
Macé, M. Gustave, and the Voirbo murder, ii. 13-36
Macdonald, forger, ii. 402-3

Mackoulla, The, and their frauds, i. 79, 106-116
Maclean, James, "gentleman" highwayman, i. 347-50
Macnaughten, Mr., of the Investigation Department, i. 134-35
Mafia, The, ii. 423-4
Mahossier. *See* Lacenaire
Mail-coach robberies, i. 352-62
Male, Samuel, a case of mistaken identity, i. 179
Malet, General, French conspirator, i. 58 *ff.*
Manchester, Jewel robbery in, ii. 254
Mandelbaums, The, receivers, i. 84-85
Manhattan well mystery, The, i. 34-35
Manisty, Mr. Justice, and the Edlingham burglary, i. 219-20, 222
Manna of St. Nicholas Bari, ii. 99
Mannings, murderers of O'Connor, ii. 37-41
Marie Antoinette, tumult at the marriage of, i. 49
Marine Insurance frauds, i. 372-84
Marriott, Robert, forger, ii. 362
Marrs, The, murdered by Williams, i. 306-10
Martin, Baron, and the Pellizioni case, i. 213
Martin, the Netherby Hall burglar, ii. 203-5
Maudsley, Dr., on the causation of crime, i. 2
May, accomplice of Sullivan and Jourdan, ii. 217-18
Maynard, last sufferer of death penalty for forgery, ii. 363
Mayne, Sir Richard, and the modern police system, i. 86
Mazel, Lady, murder of, i. 154-58
McCalla robs the Union Express Company, i. 394-97
McManus, the Bow Street runner, i. 75
Macnamara, Henry, hotel thief, ii. 290
McWilliam, Mr., of the City police, i. 135
Mège, Pierre, the false Isaac de Caille, ii. 318-25
Meiklejohn, the detective, and the Benson frauds, i. 273-77
Melville, Inspector, i. 131-2
Menegant, Catusse-, The, association, ii. 443-46
Menesclou, murderer, i. 481-2
Ménétret, Elodie, Murder of, ii. 302-4
Mercer, Henry, the bogus baronet, ii. 338-9
Mercier, Euphrasie, murders Elodie Ménétret, ii. 302-4
Michelland accused of poisoning Roe, ii. 170-1
Miles, Louise, adventuress, i. 288-89
Milner, Mary Anne, murderess, ii. 165
Milvain, Mr., Q.C., and the Edlingham burglary, i. 219-23
Modena, The sham prince of, ii. 325-29
Mogni sentenced for a murder at Saffron Hill, i. 213-14
Money Moses. *See* Moses, Emmanuel
"Moon of Mountains" diamond, The, ii. 238-39
Montargis, The dog of, i. 17
Montgomerie, Comte and Comtesse de, and the d'Anglade case, i. 152-54
Morgue, The Paris, i. 23
Moses, Emmanuel, and the great gold dust robbery, i. 388-89
Moss and the great gold dust robbery, i. 387-89
Motichand detects Indian forgeries, ii. 412
Mott, accomplice of Sullivan and Jourdan, ii. 216-18
Moulsey, West, burglary, ii. 192-93
"Mulled Sack." *See* Cottington, Jack
Müller, Franz, murderer of Mr. Briggs, i. 11, 402-4
Mullins, the Stepney murderer, i. 24-27
Muncaster, Lord and Lady, carried off by brigands, i. 409
Murderers, The pursuit of, i. 442-45; wholesale, 297-323
Murillo, Robbery of a, at Seville, ii. 295
Murphy, Peter, and the Edlingham burglary, i. 217-23
Mutinies at sea, i. 371-72

N

Naples, The Camorra at, ii. 421-23
Napoleon I. and Fouché, i. 53; and Savary, 54; views on police, 55; Malet's conspiracy against, 58; his forging establishment, ii. 413-14; Chevalier's plot against, 459; St. Régent's plot against, 459-60
Napoleon III., Orsini's plot against, ii. 466-69
Nathan, murder of, i. 35-36
Nathans, The, family of criminals, i. 229
Neald, Inspector, i. 132
Nelme, Mr., Murder of, ii. 166
Netherby Hall burglary, ii. 202-5
Nevison, *alias* "Swift Nick," highwayman, i. 331-33
New South Wales, Lawlessness in, i. 412-13
New York police, i. 97-99
Nicholas Bari, St., Manna of, ii. 99
Nicholas, Gabriel, first lieutenant-general of police in Paris, i. 42 *f*
Nicholson, Dr., on criminal psychology, i. 2
Noyes, forger, ii. 402-3

O

O'Connor, murdered by the Mannings, ii. 37-41
"Old Patch." *See* Price, Charles

"Old Tom," pirate, i. 367
Olive, Princess, ii. 314-15
"Orloff" diamond, The, ii. 238-39
Orrock, the murderer of Cole, ii. 205-9
Orsini plot against Napoleon III., ii. 466-69

P

Paas, Mr., murdered by Cook, i. 478-9
Page, William, highwayman, i. 339
Pagés, murderer of Madame Senepart, ii. 74-76
Paisley bank robbery, The, i. 79, 106, 111-16
Palmer, the detective, and the Benson frauds, i. 276-77
——, William, the murderer, ii. 139-43
Panisse-Passis, Marquis, robbed, ii. 275-80
Paraf, Alsatian swindler, i. 264-65
Parker, Thomas, a case of mistaken identity, i. 181-82
Packman, Dr., murder of by Professor Webster, ii. 83-85
Paris police, Ancient, i. 40-61; Modern, 91-97
Parsons, Wm., "gentleman" highwayman, i. 343-47
Partridges, The, and the robbery of the Calais-Dover mail, i. 358-59
Pasquier, prefect of police, i. 58; and Napoleon's forging establishment, ii. 413-14
"Patch, Old." *See* Price, Charles
Patch, the Rotherhithe murderer, i. 14
Paul, Strahan, and Bates, bank fraud, ii. 383-84
"Paul, Big." *See* Jalby, Paul.
Pauw, Madame de, murdered by Pommerais, ii. 147-52
Peace, Charles, burglar and murderer, i. 16; and the murder of Constable Cook, 214-15, 319-23
Peel, Sir Robert, founds the modern police, i, 83
Pel, the Montreuil murder, attempts to burn the body of one of his victims, i. 482; murders by, ii 166-70
Pellizioni, victim of a police mistake, i. 212-14
Peltzers, The, murderers of M. Bernays, ii. 86-8
Penal settlements in Australia, i. 413-14
Perreau, Robert and Daniel, forgers, ii. 359-60
Pickpockets, Modern, ii. 281-82
Pierce, and the S.E. Railway bullion robbery, i. 389-92
Pieri, implicated in Orsini's plot, ii. 467-69
Piesley, Jack, associate of Gardiner, i. 422-25
Pinkerton, Allan, and the case of Jeannette Villiers, i. 294-296
Pinkertons, The, i. 143-46; and the Sheridan frauds, i. 253, 255; and the Cantler frauds, i. 256
Pietri, M., and his secret police, i. 91
Piracy and robbery afloat, i. 363-85
"Pitt" diamond, The, ii. 235-37
Poe, Edgar Allen, and the Mary Rogers case, i. 34
Poinsot, M., murdered by Jud, i. 404-5
Poirier-Desfontaines, Murder of, ii. 53-55
Poisonings, Epidemic of, ii. 163-66
Poisons, Various kinds of, ii. 157-62
Pollock, Mr. Baron, and the Edlingham burglary, i. 222
Pommerais, de la, murderer of Madame de Pauw, ii. 147-52
Pompadour, Madame de, and the Paris police, i. 47
Police Act, First, i. 62; of Elizabeth, i. 63; of George II., i. 64; of George III., i. 64
Police Gazette, The, i. 12
Police, History of, i. 39; Definitions of, 40; Early systems of, 41; in Paris, 41; in England, 62; the modern, 83; the Paris, 91-97; the New York, 97-99; Mistakes of, 212-26
Poucet, the murderer, ii. 78
Prado, the murderer, ii. 69
Pranzini, the murderer of Mdme. de Montille, ii. 61-69
Press censorship, Paris, i. 43
Prévost, the murderer, ii. 10-13
Price, Charles, forger, ii. 403-4
Pritchard, Dr., murderer, ii. 152-3
Provincial police, The, i. 90-91
Public servants, Forgeries by, ii. 362-64
Pullinger, William George, frauds on the Union Bank of London, ii. 387-89
Purcel, Mr., attempted robbery of, ii. 211

R

Racham, Captain, pirate, i. 366
Rachette, The, scuttling of, i. 372-73
Raftopoulos, robs MM. Rollin and Feuardent, ii. 268-70
Railway murders, i. 402
Rann, John, "Sixteen-string Jack," i. 338-39
Rauschmeier, murders Maria Anna Holzmann, i. 493-95
Rawlins, Mistress, abducted, ii. 298-9
Readley, suicide of, ii. 88-89
Receivers of stolen goods in the 18th century, i. 68-69
Redpath defrauds the Great Northern Railway company, ii. 371-73
"Regent" diamond. *See* "Pitt" diamond
Régent, St., plots against Napoleon, ii. 459-60
Reisinger, Barbara, murdered by Andrew Bichel, i. 298-301

Renard, robs the Marquis Panisse-Passis, ii. 279-80
Regnie, La, French lieutenant-general of police, i. 42
Ribout, murderer, ii. 171-74
Richardson, Charles, and the Edlingham burglary, i. 220-23
——, burglar, ii. 198
River and dockyard police, i. 89
River thieves in the 18th century, i. 66-67
Robespierre, the revolutionary, i. 51 *ff.*
Robert, the murderer, ii. 50-52
Robson, defrauds the Crystal Palace Company, ii. 370-1
Rol, supposed poisoning of, ii. 170-1
Roger's bank robbed, ii. 218
Rogers, Mary, murder of, i. 34
Rohan, Chevalier de, i. 41
Rollin, M., robbed, ii. 268-73
Roques, accomplice of Weiss, ii. 132-34
Ros, Lord de, card cheating, ii. 349-50
Ross, Mr., captured by brigands, i. 409
Ross, the murderer of Caroline Walsh, ii. 85-6
Rouble note forgeries, Russian, ii. 405-7
Rouher, M., and his secret police, i. 91
Roux, Marie, otherwise Manning, ii. 37-41
Rowan, Colonel, and the modern police system, i. 85
Royal British Bank fraud, The, ii. 384-86
Rudd, Mrs., and the Perreaus, ii. 359-60
Rudge, the Netherby Hall burglar, ii. 203-5
Rudio, de, implicated in Orsini's plot, ii. 468-9
Rundell and Bridges case, The, i. 76-77
Rupprecht, Murder of, i. 30-34
Russell, Lord William, i. 11
Russian rouble note forgeries, ii. 405-7
Ruthven, George, the Bow Street runner, i. 81

S

Sadleir, John, Frauds by, ii. 380-83
Sailmaker, a, Unjust conviction of, i. 159-61
St. Croix. *See* Croix
St. Louis express robbery, i. 397-402
Sandor, La Comtesse, adventuress, i. 283-84
Santerre, Robberies in, ii. 434-36
Sartines, de, French police minister, i. 47-50
"Satan's Invisible Work Displayed," Reference to, i. 99
Savary, General, French police minister, i. 54 *ff* and Napoleon's forging establishment, ii. 413-14
Saward, James Townsend, "Jim the Penman," ii. 367-68
Sayer, the Bow Street runner, i. 75, 79, 114
Scholl, Aurelien, describes the *rastaquoere*, ii. 67
Schram, General, Robbery of, ii. 199-200
Scoltop, confederate of James Mackwell, i. 114-16
Seale, accomplice of Sullivan and Jourdan, ii. 216-18
Secret poisoning, ii. 97-104
Seidel, Catherine, murdered by Andrew Bichel, i. 298-301
Semple, Major, *alias* Lisle, soldier of fortune and swindler, i. 243-46
Senepart, Murder of Madame, ii. 74-6
Sevorn, The, scuttling of, i. 381-83
Shaffrass steals the "Moon of Mountains," ii. 239-40
Shaw, William, Unjust execution of, i. 158-59
Shaw steals the Duke of Brunswick's diamonds, ii. 248-9
Sheppard, Jack, ii. 189-90
Sheridan, Walter, American swindler, i. 251-55
"Sherlock Holmes," ii. 2
Sheward, the Norwich murderer, ii. 94-6
Shinburn, Max, swindler, i. 279-81
Shrida, stamp forger, ii. 413
Sicily, The Mafia in, ii. 423-4
Silva, da. *See* Rudio
Simpson. *See* Holliday
"Sixteen-string Jack," i. 338-39
Sleeman, Colonel, puts down Thuggee, ii. 438-41
Smith, Edward Bowman, forger, ii. 363-4
——, Madeleine, charged with poisoning l'Angelier, i. 207-11
——, loan office swindler, ii. 346-7
Smyth, the false Sir Provis, ii. 335
Solomons, gold refiner, and the great gold dust robbery, i. 388-9
S. E. Railway bullion robbery, i. 389-92
Spanish swindle, The, ii. 286-7
Spavild, Nicholas, highwayman, i. 327-28
Stacey robs Mr. Langtry, ii. 194-95
Stafford, Captain Philip, highwayman, i. 329-30
Stafford, the false lord, ii. 324-25
Stamps, Forged postage, ii. 413
Stanhope, The Hon. Augustus, card cheating, ii. 348
Star, Bell. *See* Bell Star.
Stauff murders the Countess von Goerlitz, i. 475-76
Stead, Mr. W. T., on the New York police, i. 99
Stephen, Sir James, on the Donellan case, i. 188
Stephenson, Rowland-, Frauds by, ii. 380-81
Sterne, Henry, steals the Duke of Beaufort's "George," ii. 281
Stewart, A. T., his body stolen, ii. 304-5
Stockbroker's clerk robbed in Hatton Court, ii. 273-74

Strahan, Paul, and Bates, bank fraud, ii. 383-84
Stratagem, Robbery by, ii. 224-27
Stromwalters, The, swindled by Thalreuter, ii. 329-34
Stupidity of criminals, Dr. Chevers on the, ii. 77
Stupp, murderer of Bianco, i. 482-89
Suffolk, Earl of, robbery of his pictures, ii. 294-5
Sullivan robs the London Custom House, ii. 216-18
Suttee, Origin of the practice of, ii. 100
Swendsen, Haagen, abducts Mistress Rawlins, ii. 298-99
"Swift Nick." *See* Nevison
Swindlers, Some famous, i. 227-82

T

Tajean. *See* Alleaume, Pierre
Tammany frauds, i. 265-66
Tardieu and the Voirbo case, ii. 17-18
Tarpey case, The, ii. 253-54
Tasmanian bushrangers, i. 430-33
Taylor, Meadows, Colonel, discovers Thuggee, ii. 439-40
——, Robert, the bigamist, ii. 339-41
Teach, Captain, buccaneer, i. 365
"Temple, Sir Granville," i. 10
Tester, S.E.R. clerk, accomplice in the bullion robbery, i. 390-92
Thalreuter, James, the "false prince," ii. 329-34
Thames police, Institution of, i. 66
Thefts, Classification of, ii. 177-78
Thibert band, The, ii. 433
Thicknesse, Councillor, *alias* Jim High flyer, i. 138-39
Thistlewood, the Cato Street conspirator, i. 81
Thomas, Mrs., murdered by Kate Webster, i. 465-69
Throckmorton, Mr., on Marine Insurance frauds, i. 375-76
Thuggee, i. 17; ii. 438-41
"Thunderbolt, Captain," i. 425-30
Thurtell, the murderer of Mrs. Weare, i. 81
Tilh, Arnold du, the false Martin Guerre, ii. 315-18
T'Kint, defrauds the Bank of Belgium, ii. 390-97
Toffania, the poisoner, ii. 99
Toupriant robs the Bibliothèque Royale, ii. 263-67
Tournatoire, Dr., Attempted murder of, by Eustachy, ii. 153-55
Tourville, De, wholesale murderer, i. 314-19
Townsend, the Bow Street runner, i. 75-76, 79-80, 114
Tracking, Extraordinary, by Australian aborigines, i. 18
Troppmann, the murderer, i. 16, 127, 310-14
Tryon, Mr., robbed by Turner, ii. 185-88
Turin, Mysterious murders in, ii. 57-61; thieves in, ii. 441-43
Turner, Col. James, robbery of Tryon, ii. 185-88
——, Miss, abducted, ii. 299-301
——, Orlibar, murdered by Fenning, ii. 125-27
Turpin, Dick, i. 335-38
Tweed, "Boss," and the Tammany frauds, i. 265-66

U

Usher, Mrs., the pickpocket, i. 79

V

Vasseur crushes the Chauffeurs, ii. 432
Vaughan, the Bow Street runner, i. 79
Vickery, the Bow Street runner, i. 76-77, 80, 356
Vidocq, the French detective, Career of, i. 116-24
"Villemomble, Mystery of," ii. 302-4
Villet, Hipplyte, thief, ii. 435
Villets, The, family of criminals, i. 228
Villiers, Jeannette, French adventuress, i. 294-96
Vincent, Col. Howard, i. 133
Vion, the murderer of M. Poirier Desfontaines, ii. 53-55
Vivian, Dr., *alias* Barnet, swindler, i. 267-69
Voirbo case, The, i. 14; ii. 13-36
Voisin, the poisoner, i. 41
Voltaire and the Calas case, i. 170

W

Wagner and Bateman, swindlers, ii. 401-2
Wainwright, murderer of Harriet Lane, i. 24; ii. 41-50
Wakefield, the brothers, abduct Miss Turner, ii. 299-301
Waldron. *See* Barrington, George
Walker, Messrs., robbed in Cornhill, ii. 241-245
Wallaces, The, and the scuttling of the *Dryad*, i. 379-81
Walling, Mr. G. W., New York police officer, quoted, i. 251
Walpole, Horace, robbed on the highway, i. 350
Walshes, Caroline, The two, ii. 85-86
Ward, *alias* "Captain Thunderbolt," i. 425-430
Warrington, Mr. and Mrs., Robbery of ii. 192-3
Waterloo Bridge mystery, i. 361-63

Watts, Walter, defrauds the Globe assurance office, ii. 369-70
Waugh, Petrie, Colonel, and the Eastern Banking Corporation, ii. 386-87
Weaver, and the St. Louis express robbery, i. 400-2
Webb, Charles, and the scuttling of the *Severn*, i. 381-83
—, George, burglar, ii. 191-2
Webster, Kate, murders Mrs. Thomas, i. 465-69
—, Prof., murderer of Dr. Parkman, ii. 83-5
Weiss, Jeanne, murderess, ii. 132-34
Wellington, Duke of, and Bourrienne, i. 60; and the modern police system, 85; use of forged French money, ii. 414
West Moulsey burglary, ii. 192-93
Wharton, Mary, abducted, ii. 298
Wheatley, the Hoxton burglar, ii. 210-11
Whicher, Inspector, and the Constance Kent case, i. 27-28
White, Huffey, confederate of James Mackoull, i. 111-14
Wholesale murderers, i. 297-323
Wild, Jonathan, ii. 424-25
Wilkie Collins, "Serjeant Cuff," ii. 2
Willett, Mrs., victim of a confidence trick, i. 294-96
Williams and Sons, Messrs., Robbery of, ii. 246-7
Williams, the Ratcliff Highway murderer, i. 306-10
Williamson, Mr., the detective, i. 130-31
Williamsons, The, murdered by Williams, i. 307-10
Wise, Edward, and the Chandler case, i. 102-6
Witrock robs the St. Louis express, i. 400-2
Wood, murderer of Hayes, i. 469-73
Woodstock, coiner, ii. 415
Woodville Lodge, Pictures stolen from, ii. 296
Wright, Jack, bank robber, ii. 224
—, Captain, and the theft of the *Ferret*, i. 370
—, the Hoxton burglar, ii. 210-11
—, the accomplice of Jabez Balfour, ii. 398

Y

Yankowskis, The, and the rouble note forgeries, ii. 406-7
Yates of Liverpool, Attempt to swindle the Crown, ii. 342-46
York, Case of mistaken identity at, i. 180-81
Young, Mary. *See* Diver, Jenny
Youngers, the American outlaws, i. 433-39

Z

"Zelie," female swindler, i. 283
Zwanziger, murderess, ii. 118-25

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